Vol. XIII. No. 49 March 1924

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SIR HORACE PLUNKETT writing in the final issue of the former "Irish Statesman" which appeared during 1919-1920, expressed himself as follows (18 months before the Treaty) :—

> *"It is our hope, however, that when the coming Irish State enters upon its national and international career, a new series of the 'Irish Statesman' will be forthcoming to fulfil its mission by offering the same counsel and advice in the building up of the new Ireland that it has submitted to those who are striving to lay its foundations."*

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Shan Bullock.
Aodh de Blacam.
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Henry de Courcy.
Senator James Douglas.
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WILLIAM ROBERT NOLAN, ESQ.
CHARLES HUGH O'CONOR, ESQ.
ALFRED T. COLLINS, ESQ., General Manager.

AUDITOR:

JEREMIAH BUCKLEY, ESQ., Chartered Accountant, 46 Dame Street

**HEAD OFFICE—COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN**

## REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS
OF
## THE HIBERNIAN BANK LIMITED

Submitted to the Shareholders at their Ordinary General Meeting held on Monday, the 28th day of January, 1924.

The Directors submit herewith the Statement of Accounts for the Half-year ending 31st December, 1923.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| After providing for rebate on bills, interest on deposits, and bad and doubtful debts and contingencies, the net profits for the half-year amount to ... | £55,833 | 3 | 1 |
| To which has to be added:— | | | |
| Balance of undivided profits from last Account ... ... ... | 12,731 | 7 | 5 |
| | £68,564 | 10 | 6 |
| The Directors have transferred to the Reserve Fund the sum of ... | £12,109 | 13 | 5 |
| And they recommend that the balance be applied as follows, viz.:— | | | |
| In payment of a dividend for the half-year at the rate of Eleven per cent. per annum (subject to deduction of Income Tax) ... ... ... ... | 27,500 | 0 | 0 |
| In reduction of Bank Premises Account ... ... ... ... | 5,000 | 0 | 0 |
| To next Account ... ... ... ... ... ... | 23,954 | 17 | 1 |
| | £68,564 | 10 | 6 |

A special profit of £37,890 6s. 7d. has been realized on Sale of Investments. The amount has been added to the Reserve Fund, which now stands at £525,000.

The Directors have to record with much regret the retirement, owing to advancing years, of their esteemed colleague, MR. JOHN MURPHY, who had been a Director of the Bank since 1894, and Chairman of the Board since 1900. They desire to express their appreciation of the valuable services rendered to the Bank by MR. MURPHY during the twenty-nine years of his Directorship.

The vacancy created by MR. MURPHY'S retirement has been filled by the co-option of MR. CHARLES HUGH O'CONOR. It is anticipated that this selection will meet with the approval of the Shareholders.

The Directors retiring by rotation are MR. MARTIN FRANCIS MAHONY and MR. THOMAS LEVINS MOORE. They are eligible and offer themselves for re-election.

In accordance with the provisions of the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908, it will be necessary for the Shareholders to elect an Auditor for the ensuing year. MR. JEREMIAH BUCKLEY, the present Auditor, offers himself for re-election.

By Order of the Board,
ALFRED T. COLLINS,
General Manager.

DUBLIN, 11th January, 1924.

# THE HIBERNIAN BANK LIMITED

Dr. BALANCE SHEET, 31st DECEMBER, 1923. Cr.

| LIABILITIES. | £ s. d. | £ s. d. | ASSETS. | £ s. d. | £ s. d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| To Capital, viz.:—100,000 Shares of £20 each—£2,000,000; amount paid up, £5 per Share ... ... | 500,000 0 0 | | By Cash in hand and with Bankers ... | 1,185,117 5 6 | |
| ,, Reserve Fund ... ... ... | 525,000 0 0 | | ,, Investments, viz.:— | | |
| ,, Deposit, Current, and other Accounts, including Interest due on Deposits ... ... | 14,164,341 3 2 | | War Loan and other British Government Stocks ... ... | 6,774,384 12 4 | |
| ,, Sundry Agents ... ... ... | 11,844 2 1 | | Corporation Stocks, Railway Debenture Stocks and other Securities ... ... ... | 126,597 12 10 | |
| ,, Rebate on Bills Discounted not at maturity ... ... ... | 12,699 11 11 | | | 8,086,099 10 8 | |
| ,, Profit and Loss Account ... £68,564 10 6 | | | ,, Bills Discounted (including Irish Free State Bills), Advances on Current Accounts, Loans, etc. | 6,972,102 12 10 | |
| Less: Transferred to Reserve Fund ... 12,109 13 5 | | | ,, Sundry Agents ... ... ... | 30,160 19 10 | |
| | 56,454 17 1 | | ,, Bank Premises and Furniture (Head Offices and 58 Branches), written down to ... ... | 181,976 10 11 | |
| | £15,270,339 14 3 | | | | £15,270,339 14 3 |

## PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT for Half-year ending 31st December, 1923.

| | £ s. d. | £ s. d. | | £ s. d. | £ s. d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| To Expenses of Management, including Directors' Fees, Salaries, Pensions and Allowances, Bonuses and Grants to Staff, Rents, Rates, Repairs, Revenue Taxes, and all other outlay ... | 124,899 7 3 | | By Balance from last Account ... | 12,731 7 5 | |
| ,, Amount transferred to Reserve Fund ... ... ... | 12,109 13 5 | | ,, Gross Profits for Half-year, after providing for Rebate on Bills, Interest on Deposits, Bad and Doubtful Debts and Contingencies ... ... | 180,732 10 4 | |
| ,, Dividend to be paid in February, 1924, subject to deduction of Income Tax ... ... £ 27,500 0 0 | | | | | |
| ,, Bank Premises Acct. 5,000 0 0 | | | | | |
| ,, Balance to next Acct. 23,954 17 1 | | | | | |
| | 56,454 17 1 | | | | |
| | £193,463 17 9 | | | | £193,463 17 9 |

### AUDITOR'S REPORT.

I have obtained all the information and explanations I have required in the course of my examination in detail of the foregoing Profit and Loss Account and Balance Sheet.

I have verified the Investments. Their market value as on 31st December, 1923, is in excess of the amount at which they stand in the Balance Sheet. I have also verified the Cash and Bills in hand at the Head Office.

The Balance Sheet is, in my opinion, properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of my information and the explanations given to me, and as shown by the Books of the Company and the Certified Returns from the several Branches.

JEREMIAH BUCKLEY (KEAN & Co.),
DUBLIN, 11*th January*, 1924. Chartered Accountant, Auditor.

MARTIN F. MAHONY,
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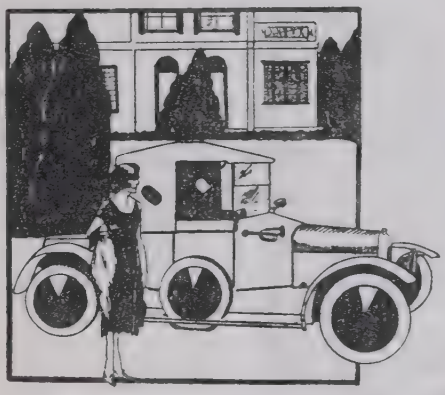

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VOL. XIII No. 49

# STUDIES

## An Irish Quarterly Review

MARCH 1924

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# AFTER THE FISCAL INQUIRY REPORT

BY C. H. OLDHAM

Professor of National Economics of Ireland, University College, Dublin.

"NO doubt, truth is omnipotent," said Coleridge, "but only to a mind that is well disciplined for its reception." Persons who have long been in the habit of assuming that protective tariffs are a direct road to industrial development have a mentality that often regards Protection and Industrial Development as meaning in practice the same thing. But they do not always mean the same thing in practice.

The business which the Fiscal Inquiry had to determine was this very point. Supposing changes in our import duties (or export duties), "intended to foster the development of industry and agriculture," were to be made, would these changes, under the peculiar circumstances of the Irish Free State, have that "intended" effect? Now, the effects are in no way determined or controlled by the mental intentions of anybody. The effects will result from the circumstances of the country by the operation of inevitable economic necessities or laws.

One of the peculiar circumstances is, of course, that this country is small. The capacity of our home-market to absorb the whole output of an Irish industrial factory is too limited, assuming that the factory is to be efficiently worked. Efficient production in a modern factory requires (1) the use of power-driven machinery on such a large scale that the overhead charges (because distributed over such a large output) will represent only a moderate addition to the total cost of production per unit of product; and (2) such a degree of specialisation in the products manufactured as will enable the economic production of the highest quality in a few lines or grades of goods

only, instead of the wasteful effort to produce a large variety of products without the possibility of establishing a reputation for the highest quality in any line of goods.

These two requirements—the economies of production on a large scale and the reputation for high quality due to specialisation of products in a few grades only—are to be found to-day in every successful industrial concern in Ireland : whether brewery, biscuit manufacture, distillery, bacon-curing establishment, tobacco factory, textile mill, or shipbuilding yard. And every successful Irish industry is manufacturing for two markets ; its very existence, on its present scale, depends on the retention of large export markets.

I think that none of these successful Irish industrial concerns gave evidence before the Fiscal Inquiry Committee, with one exception. The Committee drew the reasonable conclusion that a protective import duty, " intended " to secure for them the home-market, was a thing they did not want. Now, why so ? Would it not be all for the good if they had the home-market safely secured, and had thus only to fight for their export trade ? It would not be all for the good : impediments to importation would create new difficulties in exportation, and would put up a handicap that would injure their ability to export. So far from Protection being a direct road to industrial development, it would be the road to ruin for all those Irish industries that to-day depend on export for the sale of the greater part of their output.

Such is the inevitable result from the one unchangeable circumstance that our home-market alone is too small to support an industrial factory run efficiently on modern lines. This single factor, the small size of the country, puts Protection down in any policy that " intends " to foster industrial development in the Free State. It is not the only reason why Protection would be fatal, but it is enough. If one bullet kills Protection as a policy, why riddle the corpse with more bullets ? Take Jacob's

Biscuit Factory: their evidence to the Committee was that if Protection came, they would be reluctantly driven to shut down their large Dublin factory except for the small output wanted to supply the home demand: their large production for export would then be made in Manchester. Why must such a misfortune happen? Let us think out this thing further.

Protection would put up wages by increasing the costs of living; and because "it is not to be expected that labour will hold aloof from claiming its share" of the supposed increased profits. It would raise other costs of production by putting up the prices of materials. All of which would undermine the present ability of the larger Irish industries to export at a competitive price. In addition, a policy that restricts imports will in various ways make it more expensive for foreigners, including the English, to remit payments for the exports we could sell to them; and, in these unforeseen ways, will reduce the whole volume of Irish exports. In the familiar phrase (which is so difficult of comprehension to those unlearned in the principles that govern external trade) "the real payment for exports is obtained, not in money, but in imported goods." In sum total, there will be less possible export of all sorts; our large industries must surrender to our agricultural exports a larger proportion of what exportation there is remaining; and therefore the export of our successful industries will be much reduced everywhere, and in some cases (*e.g.*, biscuits, jute, and woollens) will be wholly destroyed. Thus, the policy of Protection, "intended to foster development," will destroy more industry than it can build up. In the Irish Free State (as in Holland, Denmark, or any other small country), machined industries must manufacture for export or remain small; which, for them, means remaining inefficient as producers. If the corpse is not sufficiently riddled with these bullets, there are other bullets still available. But leave it at that.

The most striking finding of the Fiscal Inquiry Report is also the first, viz., paragraph 66 : " From this survey of the evidence tendered it would appear that the volume of industry which is anxious to obtain a protective tariff is small compared with that which desires no change in the existing system." . . . " The Committee must assume that this view (objecting to the application of protection even to their own industries) is shared by the numerous and important industries that did not offer to give evidence."—The brewing and distilling industries, all industries connected with agriculture such as bacon-curing and butter-making, and agriculture itself are referred to, but there are others as well as these.—" Although these industries did not submit evidence, the Committee could not shut its eyes to their existence or their interests, and drew the conclusion that their non-appearance was tantamount to an expression of contentment with the present fiscal arrangements."

This paragraph requires emphasising, because, unless we recognise its significance, the whole value of the Inquiry is not perceived. Many persons have found this Report to be a most depressing document. But in like manner, if they wanted to form some conception of the physical health of the Irish people, an inquiry which investigated only the denizens of Cripples' Homes and Infirmaries would necessarily present a very dismal and disappointing picture. We must get rid of the fallacy that Protection means for us the same thing as Industrial Development. The Fiscal Inquiry Committee took evidence behind closed doors from any persons who felt the want of some artificial handicap against rival competitors to enable them to continue trading even in the Irish home markets. We have read in the Report a summary of the evidence relating to the condition of some forty-one groups of industry ; which agreed among themselves in nothing—except in " the assertion, from various aspects, of the inability of Irish industries to hold their own against

outside competition." It is natural enough, in such a case, that the great majority of those industries whose representatives gave evidence in favour of various degrees of protection " belonged to the class of the numerous small industries which have no great capital or highly developed organization, employ unskilled labour (largely women and girls) at low wages, and have a relatively small market."

The Committee had no great difficulty in showing that many of their disabilities were due to defects which Protection would not remove, but would rather perpetuate. However, it is not in the future of these puny, underdeveloped, often debilitated industries that Ireland has to look for industrial development. It is to " the larger exporting industries which do not need protection and to which the protection of articles that enter into their processes of manufacture would certainly prove highly injurious." Still more, it is to the agriculture of the country, and to the large industries that use in their manufacture the products of agriculture, that we must look. Therefore, in estimating the results of any proposal to protect Irish industry, the point of paramount importance must be the effect upon their interests. " In fact, the strongest opposition to protect them would come from these industries themselves."

The great value of the Fiscal Inquiry has been its clear, concrete demonstration that industrial development in the Free State cannot be " fostered " by import duties ; that Protection in that form would not here be helpful for development, but harmful : for it would kill our healthy industries more certainly than it could cure our infirm and inefficient ones. That is an important thing to have demonstrated, but it is a negative truth. With Protection out of the way, the problem of industrial development still remains. What is next to be done ? We want some positive principle for our guidance. Let us now look for it.

When people "intend" to do good (say, to advance native industries), and when the measures taken or proposed have effects exactly the opposite (say, to injure native industries), the explanation must be found in the uneconomic character of their actions. So, people may give money to beggars in the street, "intending" to help the poor; but the result of that uneconomic action will certainly be to multiply the number of beggars. Much of the activities on behalf of industrial development in Ireland is misdirected: it endeavours to find a sale for goods merely because they are Irish-made. This is operating on consumption, and is uneconomic: people rather should be taught to spend economically, *i.e.*, to buy for the best value at the price; and Irish-made goods must be left to stand on their intrinsic merits.

Again, the doctrine is preached that anyone who buys a foreign-made article thereby diminishes the demand for Irish products and reduces employment in Ireland. As an economic proposition this is flat nonsense; for the foreigner (whose goods you buy) will not make you a present, he expects to be paid. You may pay by cash, by cheque, or by a bill; but these things all mean nothing to him until he gets rid of them for value (in terms of his own money) to somebody who wants your remittance to purchase goods or services in Ireland. It comes to this that, if you buy goods from a foreigner, you put him under the necessity of finding some foreigner (if not himself) who wants to buy goods or services from Ireland. Now, whether I buy goods or services myself, or whether some foreigner is put under the necessity of buying an equivalent in Irish goods or services—is really a matter of little importance. The whole demand for Irish goods or services (which means the whole amount of employment in Ireland) will remain the same in either case. The direction of the demand (*i.e.*, the kind of employment) may differ—because my choice and the foreigner's choice may differ—but it must be a demand for the products of employment

in Ireland in each case. This thing is true in the same sense that $2+2=4$; to deny its truth is to reveal some defect in your own understanding. Therefore, there is no patriotic duty for any Irish person to give any preference in favour of Irish-made goods. But there is a duty to themselves (and to Ireland) to learn how to spend money economically—not always the same thing as buying most cheaply.

The principles of economic development form the difficult branch of knowledge ("know-how-to") called Economics. One might, then, suppose that the members of an Industrial Development Association would be eager students and advocates of Economics. But we live in Ireland, where the impossible thing is what always happens. Somewhere in his monograph on Robert Browning ("English Men of Letters Series") G. K. Chesterton makes a sparkling remark about the Browning Society—that it existed to rope in everybody who did not, and for ever could not, understand either Browning or his Works. Speaking literal truth, without any wish to sparkle, the only qualification for membership in our I. D. A. seems to be an inability to understand anything of economics. "*That is the idea of the I.D.A.*" I have been told. Perhaps the Browning Society does not injure the fame of Browning. If so, the parallel ceases. There is no doubt that the I.D.A. has done great and continuing damage to Irish industries. Its uneconomic actions have produced results the exact opposite of what was intended —it has prejudiced the Irish people against anything that is discovered to be "Irish-made." It has impressed upon us that Irish-made goods cannot stand on their merits (which is false), that it is the duty of Irish people to support Irish employment by buying Irish-made goods (which is false): in this way it has jockeyed us all into the notion that goods must be inferior in value merely because they were made in Ireland (which is false, too). Economic law

continues to operate whether or not we ignore its existence. I quote now from the Fiscal Inquiry Report :—

> 80. The Committee received a large volume of evidence from a number of witnesses, representing many different industries, pointing to the existence of a strong and decided prejudice on the part of the Irish public against certain classes of Irish products. Evidence of this kind was given by representatives of the confectionery trade, and of the cycle, flour-milling, boot and brush industries. The Committee has been assured that the "Irish TradeMark" in the case of one industry has been regarded by the Irish consumer as a deterrent rather than as an attraction. This would seem to point to the conclusion that the use of any national trade mark which is not accompanied by a reliable guarantee of quality is doomed to be ineffective, if not injurious.

Now one of the first things to be done to promote industrial development in Ireland is to spread a knowledge of Economics, which means enlarging the faculty (so rare among Irish people) of thinking correctly on economic subjects. "The Theory of Economics," says the new Cambridge Economic Handbooks, edited by J. M. Keynes, M.A., C.B., "does not furnish a body of settled conclusions immediately applicable to policy. It is a method rather than a doctrine, an apparatus of the mind, a technique of thinking, which helps its possessor to draw correct conclusions." Along with the cultivation of the faculty for economic reasoning, we want something like a patriotic passion (such as inspired Thomas Davis) for obtaining a wide knowledge of *relevant* facts about Irish Economics, for reducing these facts to quantitative measurement by collecting and systematising Irish statistics (now shamefully chaotic and, since the advent of our new Government, almost completely suspended), and for exercising skill in the application of economic principles to them so as to bring out their significance. We want the suppression of the futile activities of the Industrial Development Association, which can only be brought about by exposing their futilities and denouncing the injuries done to the reputation of Irish-made goods through their misguided pro-

paganda. We want quickly a smashing challenge and extirpation of the silly notion that there is any patriotism about buying Irish-made goods in preference for imported goods, or for any reason whatever except that they happen to be exactly the sort of goods we require and are good value at their price—not necessarily meaning the cheapest. All these things we want merely to clear rubbish off the site upon which our industrial development is to be erected, namely Ireland.

We are still in want of the positive principle which is to guide our building. It is as obvious as light (except to the blind), as persuasive as truth (except to the false), and as satisfying as honesty (except to the corrupt). An artist shows us light by contrast of his shadows; a scientist discovers truth by learning to discard errors; a moralist admires honesty when he feels contempt for the cheat. In short, the right road is not to travel along the wrong road. The failure of industrial development has in Ireland always come about when attempts were made to operate on consumption, *i.e.*, to find a sale for the goods, whatever they were. Protection is such an attempt —and it can only unfit us for an export. The Industrial Development Association makes such an attempt—and it has planted in Irish minds a prejudice that "Irish-made" must mean somehow badly made. The negative principle in industrial development is: *Don't operate on consumption.* Let the goods sell on their merits. The positive principle in industrial development is: *Operate only on production.* Improve the quality and quantity; improve the transport, marketing, and intelligence organizations; improve the display, and make the merits known—that all helps and helps always, that looks for a world-market when the goods are fit. Whether for the guidance of the Government, of voluntary associations, or of individual manufacturers—the one and proper principle of industrial development is *Operate only on production.*

We have had an impressive illustration in Ireland of how economic development can be promoted by operating upon production. The twenty years' work of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland in the development of agriculture was State action upon that principle. The magnitude of the Department's achievement is not enough realised, and cannot be adequately set out here. But an indication upon a few simple lines may be worth a passing reference just to show what can be done by State guidance without the blindman's-buff of Protection.

(1) *Tillage "yields"* :—The Department sought in many ways to improve tillage farming, where the motto applies : "It is the full crop that pays." By pushing agricultural education (in schools, in winter classes, on special demonstration plots, in personal visits to farms, gardens, dairies, etc., by some 139 itinerant County Agricultural Instructors—in fact, agricultural instruction was brought right to the door of the small-holder !) ; by seed-testing services (in central laboratories, for nominal fees) ; by analyses of artificial manures, as sold in shops to small farmers, and by advice as to their suitable use on particular plots of ground, etc. It was not spectacular work, and did not figure in the public press along with Sport, Politics or Crime. But it had results, which have been measured, viz. :—

IRELAND : AVERAGE YIELD OF TILLAGE CROPS.

| Per acre under | Yield, averages of 5 years | | Increase |
|---|---|---|---|
| | 1895-99 | 1913-17 | per cent. |
| Wheat (cwts) ... | 17.0 | 20.1 | 18.2 |
| Oats (cwts.) ... | 15.0 | 17.7 | 18.0 |
| Barley (cwts.) ... | 17.4 | 19.1 | 9.7 |
| Potatoes (tons) ... | 3.9 | 5.7 | 46.2 |
| Turnips (tons) ... | 14.9 | 17.3 | 16.1 |
| Mangels (tons) ... | 15.7 | 20.3 | 29.3 |
| Flax (stones) ... | 26.6 | 27.6 | 3.8 |

Take the average prices for the last five years and the average acreages of these crops (much too few acres, they were), then the increased yields in these figures mean additional receipts (not profits) to the tillage farmers of considerably over £8,000,000 per annum—that, from operating on production.

(2) *Cattle Breeds* :—Improvement of the breed by a process of continued selection, the use of pedigree stock, and the gradual elimination of inferior bulls, was taken over from the Royal Dublin Society by the Department in 1900. The main scheme is one of subsidising the sire, at an annual cost of about £17,000 for premiums alone. Various County Committees of Agriculture offer annually about 1,000 subsidies in the form of premiums (value from £15 to £30, according to breed) for high-class bulls of specified breeds—on the condition that small farmers of a certain valuation can have the use of such bulls at small fees. Mr. D. Twomey, A.R.C.Sc.I., has recently shown in evidence that Irish stores during the past twenty years have improved (as early maturers and quick economical fatteners) so much that the enhanced market value—as represented in intrinsic value irrespective of market fluctuations—is between £5 and £6 per head. The annual exportation (of above 800,000 cattle) has, on quality and merit, gained an increased value of above £4,000,000 per annum—this, by operating upon production. The improvement of Dairy Cattle by similar schemes has been extended since 1910 by measures for the promotion of cow-testing associations. The keeping of Registers of pedigree bulls, and of pure-bred dairy cows which reach the standard of milk-yield and are of good conformation, is a further method of operating on production. The schemes for the improvement of swine are on the same principle as that for cattle. The improvement of horse-breeding, by (*a*) registration of stallions, (*b*) nomination of selected mares, is supplemented in Ireland by precautions to prevent as far as practicable

the mixture of breeds: by delimiting the areas of the country in which the breeds approved are to be encouraged. An Act which came into force in 1920 now makes it an offence for any person to use a stallion for stud purposes unless the horse is at the time licensed: and only animals which on inspection are found sound and suitable will be granted licences. All this,—by operating on production.

(3) *Eggs and Poultry.*—Perhaps the most wonderful of the Department's achievements has been the development of this branch. Except the shipping of the produce, the entire industry (and all the teaching) is in the hands of women. The growth of the business is partly exhibited by the values of the exported products. Adding together three items (viz., Eggs, Poultry and Feathers), the exported values have been: £2,887,772 in 1904, £4,048,088 in 1913, £18,448,888 in 1918, £16,397,965 in 1920. Improvement of breed and the introduction into Ireland of that modern marvel called the "heavy-laying hen" have been promoted since 1912 by the annual Laying Competitions at the Munster Agricultural Institute, conducted by Miss L. Murphy for the Department. There private owners can enter "pens" (of six pullets each) for competition, and Miss Murphy keeps the records. The Latin Classic wrote of the mountain "in labour" producing its ridiculous mouse; but Miss Murphy tells how some marvellous pullets produce in a year an incredible mountain of eggs. Let us compare 1913 with 1920:—We find that, in the year 1913, 318 competing pullets laid 38,199 eggs, the average number per bird being 120.1; again, in the year 1920, 356 pullets laid 65,240 eggs, an average per bird of 185.98. In the former year the average yearly cost of food per bird was 5s. 8d.; the average price of eggs per dozen was 13.05d.; and the profit worked out at 5s. 6.8d. per bird. In the latter year, the cost per bird was 19s. 3.9d., the price of eggs per dozen was 41.62d., and the profit per bird was 34s. 5.2d.

We now have got another State Department in Ireland for Industry and Commerce, and the country would like to know what it is doing. If after the Report of the Fiscal Inquiry it will put aside all thought about Protection, and will gradually evolve a policy of industrial development based upon the single principle of operating upon production, then a similar record of achievement is clearly visible and ought gradually to be accomplished. If our Department of Industry and Commerce cannot evolve such a policy, it must mean that that Department has been put in the charge of incompetent people.

The country wants the publication of properly-interpreted statistics: of population, trade, prices, costs, and productive output. The country wants more Technical Education, which ought to be brought to the door of every small factory and business office. The faculties of Commerce in our Universities ought to be sufficiently endowed, and (like the London School of Economics since the War) should be greatly extended. They are the places to train the business administrators, the higher Civil Servants, the Statisticians, the Economists, and Consular Officers. They are to-day without Professorships of Business Organization and Administration, of Statistics, of Banking and Finance, of Accountancy, including Cost Accounting, of Economic Geography, and of Transportation by Rail and Sea. The public expenditure required for these extensions would about equal the sum now spent on pig-breeding. But I am not sketching out a policy of industrial development, I am only stating that the country expects to get such a policy from its Department of Industry and Commerce. While Protection poisons the air, we must continue to suffer from paralysis. But after the Fiscal Inquiry has disposed of Protection we can begin to get to work on a constructive policy, which should be guided by the principle of operating on production in daily co-operation with the producers.

C. H. Oldham.

# THE "OSCAR WILDE" SCRIPT IN ITS BEARING ON SURVIVAL

BY HERBERT THURSTON, S.J.

WHEN Fénelon, before he became Archbishop of Cambrai, wrote his *Dialogues des Morts* for the instruction of his royal pupil, he assuredly had no suspicion that in the course of a century or two the shades of the nether world would need no one to interpret their thoughts for them, but would claim to be able to communicate direct with the friends who were still living on earth. Rightly or wrongly, however, this is the claim which has been advanced by Spiritualists for now something more than seventy years. The earliest printed script which is extant dates from the close of 1851 ; but for my own part I believe that, though not recognised as such, automatic writing is older than the time of Fénelon himself. There is very much to suggest that the collection of revelations known as the *Mystica Ciudad de Dios*, by the Spanish Abbess, Maria Coronel de Agreda, were produced in this way.

The question, however, is beside our present purpose. I will only mention that since 1852 there have been literally hundreds of books published which purport to embody communications received from spirits in the other world either through automatic writing, planchette or the ouija board. Such publications have multiplied enormously, of course, in recent years ; but from the very first they have formed a type of literature which is in an extraordinary degree tedious and futile. Between the Scylla of dreary platitude and the Charybdis of flippant puerilities no way seems to have been left open to the unfortunate spirit which desires to communicate from the *au delà*. Some rather striking messages have been received through living-voice mediums, for the most part not long after the death of those who purported to speak ; but when great names in the literary world have attempted

to rival their earth achievements the results have been deplorable. Mr. Stainton Moses, who is regarded by many spiritualists (Sir A. C. Doyle among the rest) as an inspired teacher, many years ago protested against "the prevalence of illiterate Shakespeares and twaddling Swedenborgs," declaring that the very use of such names afforded strong presumptive evidence that "the intelligent operator at the other end of the line is not in all cases the person he pretends to be."[1] I have spoken previously in these pages of the complete oblivion into which the mediumistic writings have fallen which purported to come from the spirits of Ariosto and Charles Dickens.[2] Years ago Horace Greeley, who was very intimately connected with the early developments of the spiritualist movement in the United States, laid it down as an axiom of experience and as a serious argument against the authenticity of such communications that "those who claim through the mediums to be Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, etc., and try to prove it by writing poetry, invariably come to grief. I cannot recall a line of 'spiritual' poetry that is not weak, if not execrable"; and he goes on to anticipate that "Martin Farquhar Tupper, appalling as the prospect is, will be dribbling worse rhymes upon us after death than even *he* perpetrated while on earth."[3]

And now, after seventy years of frustrated expectation, there comes at last some script which has a distinct literary quality and which appears to be not unworthy of the brilliant writer from whom it purports to emanate. A gentleman who is still known only as "Mr. V." had for some time wished to develop the power of automatic writing. He was advised to seek the help of Mrs. Travers Smith, who has had a large experience in this branch of psychic research. She is a daughter of the late Professor

[1] *Spirit Identity*, p. 41. It is a curious fact that "Imperator," the control who was Stainton Moses' special guide and who purported to communicate many hundred pages of script, claimed to be no less a person than the Prophet Malachy.

[2] See STUDIES, Dec., 1919, pp. 637-638.

[3] Greeley, *Recollections of a Busy Life*, p. 240.

Edward Dowden, and was, till recently, well known in Dublin society. At first Mr. V. made little progress, but when Mrs. Travers Smith laid her hand on his while he held the pencil, the pencil began to write intelligent messages. But I will leave Mrs. Travers Smith herself to tell the story of what happened on the afternoon of the 8th of June, 1923 :—

As we sat down to write, Mr. V. said that he would like to keep his eyes closed, if that made no difference. I was pleased at the suggestion, as on several occasions I had found that this desire to work blindfold or with closed eyes had produced remarkable results. Almost immediately the pencil began to tap on the paper, then to move quite vigorously. The writing came in detached words as in normal handwriting. . . . A few sentences were written by the same communicator who had spoken on the last occasion. The message referred to his daughter Lily. When her name was written I was sensible of a change, a sudden interruption ; the pace became quicker, the pencil wrote : " No, the lily is mine, not his " ; and I asked : " Who is speaking ? " " Oscar Wilde," was written immediately. As the message continued, I looked at Mr. V., his eyes were closed and he seemed quite unconscious of what he was doing. I took my hand off his for a few moments : the writing ceased at once, the pencil tapping on the paper impatiently. I put my hand on again, and the message continued. It was written so rapidly that it was entirely impossible for me to follow it, and the hand of Mr. V. was so firmly controlled that I found it very difficult to move it from the end of one line to the beginning of the next.[1]

What the hand wrote was this :—

Lily, my little Lily—" No, the lily was mine—a crystal thread—a silver reed that made music in the morning. Pity Oscar Wilde—one who in the world was a thing of life. Bound to Ixion's wheel of thought, I must complete for ever the circle of my experience. Long ago I wrote that there was twilight in my cell and twilight in my heart ; but this is the last twilight of the soul. In eternal twilight I move, but I know that in the world there is day and night, seedtime and harvest, and red sunset must follow apple-green dawn. Every year spring throws her green veil over the world, and anon the red autumn glory comes to mock the yellow moon."[2]

[1] *Psychic Science* (the Quarterly Transactions of the British College of Psychic Science), Vol. II., p. 205.

[2] See *The Occult Review*, Aug., 1923, p. 79.

There are a good many more flashes of vivid description in the same manner, which is characteristically Wilde's. We are told how: "Soon the chestnuts will light their white candles and the foxgloves flaunt their dappled drooping bells." The communicator insists that few now "can hear the flute voice of beauty calling on the hills, or mark where her white feet brush the dew from the cowslips in the morning"; while he boasts at the same time that "there was not a blood stripe on a tulip, or a curve on a shell, or a tone on the sea but had for me its meaning and its mystery and its appeal to the imagination."

As Mrs. Travers Smith points out, the words "twilight in my cell and twilight in my heart" are an actual quotation from *De Profundis*, and in the same work we read: "There is not a single colour hidden away in the chalice of a flower or the curve of a shell to which, by some subtle sympathy with the soul of things, my nature does not answer."

I think it will be admitted by those who are familiar with Wilde's descriptive prose, apt at times to be rather flamboyant and over-ornate, that this is, to say the least, a remarkably good parody. Moreover the startling impression thus made was reinforced by another surprising circumstance—the handwriting, though rapid and intense, closely resembled Wilde's. There are several facsimiles of the script given in the articles which have appeared in *Psychic Science*, and by the kindness of Mrs. Travers Smith I have also been allowed to inspect at her house several specimens of the script itself. On the other hand, the British Museum possesses the original manuscripts of some of Wilde's plays and poems.[1] I have also consulted these, and there can be no possible question as to the close resemblance between the two, or indeed of the fact that the script aims at reproducing Wilde's handwriting. He had a curious trick of substituting a Greek α for the

[1] MSS. Additional, 37942 to 37948.

ordinary small English *a*. This feature appears, and is almost exaggerated in the script. Even more striking perhaps is the general character of the hand and the way in which letters belonging to the same word are separated from one another.

But let us turn to another specimen of the communications received, this being obtained on June 18, 1923, in the presence of Mr. Dingwall, the research officer of the Society for Psychical Research, a gentleman well known to me :—

Being dead is the most boring experience in life. That is if one excepts being married or dining with a schoolmaster. Do you doubt my identity ? I am not surprised, since sometimes I doubt it myself. I might retaliate by doubting yours. I have always admired the Society for Psychical Research. They are the most magnificent doubters in the world. They are never happy until they have explained away their species, and one suspects a genuine ghost would make them exquisitely uncomfortable. I have sometimes thought of founding an academy of celestial doubters . . . which might be a sort of Society for Psychical Research among the living. No one under sixty would be admitted, and we should call ourselves the Society of Superannuated Shades. Our first object might well be to insist on investigating at once into the reality of the existence of (say) Mr. Dingwall. Mr. Dingwall—is he romance or reality ? Is he fact or fiction ? If it should be decided that he is fact, then of course we should strenuously doubt it. Fortunately there are no facts over here. On earth we could hardly escape them. Their dead carcasses were strewn everywhere on the rose-path of life. One could not pick up a newspaper without learning something useful. In it were some sordid statistics of crime or disgusting detail relating to the consumption of pork that met the eyes, or we were told with a precision that was perfectly appalling and totally unnecessary . . . what time the moon had decided to be jealous and eclipse the sun.[1]

Those who have read Oscar Wilde's most amusing story called the *Canterville Ghost* can hardly fail to be reminded of the attitude of mind in which the writer approaches the subject. He looks upon the situation mainly from the point of view of the ghost, whose feelings are outraged by the American family who have bought

[1] *Occult Review*, Aug., 1923, p. 81.

his ancestral mansion. He is dreadfully upset when his carefully prepared and many times rehearsed effects fail to come off. He clanks his chains in the corridor at 1 a.m., and the American, Mr. Otis, comes out to present him with a small bottle of "Tammany's Champion Lubricator," remarking politely: "My dear sir, I really must insist upon your oiling those chains with this excellent preparation"; and above all he is frightened out of his wits when he encounters in a dark corner the bogey, constructed by the children out of a night-light, a hollow turnip, a sheet and a broomstick, which proves upon further inspection to bear the label, "Ye onlie true and original Otis spook."

There are many brilliant flashes in the Wilde script which are quite in the tone of cynical paradox which runs through such an essay as "The Decay of Lying." Take, for instance, the following, which was obtained by Mr. V., when working with another medium, a Mrs. L., who, I understand, is *not* identical with the famous Mrs. Osborne Leonard :—

Mrs. L., much excited, remarks to "Mr. V.": "You know I am not guiding your hand! I am perfectly honest." The hand writes immediately :—

"Honesty, madam, may be the best policy for the grocer, but it is the very worst for a woman with a past."

Mrs. L.: "Oscar Wilde! How dare you! What can you know of my life?"

"Pray don't be angry. . . . Charming women always have a past, and plain women never have a future."

Mrs. L.: "Thanks for the compliment, but I assure you I have been very moderate in my follies, very moderate indeed."

". . . . Ah! moderation! We do in moderation the things we don't like, and in excess . . . the things other people don't like us to do. That is all."

On the other hand there is a great deal in the Wilde script which is of a more serious nature, though it largely takes the form of extravagant self-pity and of lamentations over his present hapless condition. He declares that, "like Achilles in Homer, I would sooner be the

poorest ploughman on earth than lord of all the astral realms."[1] "When we come to you," he tells his automatists, "it is as poor stowaways, uninvited guests, who must perforce wait in the back rooms while the rightful owner makes merry in the lighted halls." Or again: "We strum out our mean music on borrowed broken lyres."[2] His language at times suggests a condition of things like that of the "unclean spirit that is gone out of a man and which walketh through places without water seeking rest" (Luke xi. 24). It almost loses its own individuality in passing from one shelter to another. "We become a sort of mental snowball, rolling through eternity and ever gathering fresh accretions from the brains through which we travel. Our minds become coloured as moorland streams are by the beds of peat or porcelain clay over which they pass."

Certain it is that the messages of the supposed Oscar Wilde are perceptibly influenced by the range of knowledge and interests of the mediums concerned. With Mr. V., who is a mathematical and scientific lecturer, we get many allusions to astronomical and botanical names and facts. When Mrs. Travers Smith receives communications from Wilde unassisted, through the ouija board, all these disappear, and we are in a more directly literary atmosphere. When Mrs. Travers Smith's daughter, who is an artist, intervenes, we get a tirade against Whistler. When another medium, Miss MacGregor, collaborates with Mr. V., we note a strong theosophical colouring and such strange psychology as the following: "The soul is no indivisible unity, no solitary shadow seated in its house of sin. It is a thing highly complex, built up layer upon layer, shell within shell, even as the little brown bulb of the hyacinth that thrusts out green shoots from the darkness." Everyone who has any acquaintance with Madame Blavatsky's *Isis Unveiled* will remember how frequently she comes back to this notion of shells. A

[1] *Occult Review*, Nov., 1923, p. 275. [2] *Ib.*, p. 271.

large infusion of extremely vivid imagery seems to be common to all the scripts, independently of the particular mediums employed. Here is a passage which would not be out of place in a mission sermon descriptive of the worm of conscience as it preys upon the imagination of the lost :—

A stage is set, and to the hollow music of the drums of doom, masked puppets, in horrible mimicry, play before us the drama of our lives. Missed Opportunities press their mocking faces close to us. Half-forgotten, long dead things crawl from their graves and gibber at us—slow-creeping things, trailing dreadful slimy shrouds. Desire stoops over her ashes and with scorched hands seeks to fan up the old flame. Death and Old Time look on and mock her with blackened grinning skulls. When she sees them she creeps wearily away. Remorse, a gaunt vulture, red-eyed and leprous-winged, watches from the air.[1]

Some part of the script has an evidential character, notably a communication the original of which I have seen, and which, if I mistake not, came through Mrs. Travers Smith's daughter working with Mr. V.[2] The supposed Oscar was asked to recall early memories, and the hand wrote down among other things :—

"McCree, Cree, no, that's not the name ; Glencree, where we stayed with Willie and Iso, and there was a good old man who used to look after our lessons ; a priest, Father Prid, Prideau."

It seems certain that no one present knew anything of Oscar's sister Isola, who died as a child, and there was nothing whatever to suggest any connexion between the Wilde family and Glencree ; but strangely enough, as Mr. V.'s brother has since pointed out, the priest referred to, Father L. C. Prideaux Fox, O.M.I., contributed an article to *Donahoe's Magazine* for May, 1905, in which he mentions that Lady Wilde and her children used to stay at Glencree, that she asked Father Prideaux Fox to instruct the three children (whose names, however, are not

[1] *Occult Review*, Nov., p. 272.

[2] It is a curious fact that when Mrs. Travers Smith's daughter replaced her mother in laying her hand on that of Mr. V., the writing which resulted was the same, but enormously magnified.

given), and that he baptized all three of them.[1] It is also interesting, though certainly not evidential, to find the communicator replying in answer to a question about his mother in the world of shades: "Yes, I have seen her. She has not really improved in the process of dying. She is less comely now than when Speranza used to lead the Intelligenza in Dublin in those days when we had still the relics of civilization among us." At the same time, when, on another occasion, a disparaging remark was made about Lady Wilde as "a half-crazy old woman who thought she could write poetry," the hand at once scrawled: "Please do not insult my mother; I loved and honoured her."

But the reader will probably ask—may not the whole thing be a fake, a practical joke? Would it not have been easy for Mr. V. to write or to procure some clever parodies of Oscar Wilde's dithyrambs and inverted aphorisms, to learn them by heart, to study and carefully practise his handwriting and then, after a pretence of unsuccessful experiments in automatism, to invoke the assistance of Mrs. Travers Smith, and at the psychological moment to pour them out at lightning speed for the mystification of the credulous? One point that might seem to favour this conclusion is the fact that though Mr. V. has given to those who have met him the impression of being quite unliterary, he really possesses a remarkable capacity for just that sort of pictorial description which is conspicuous in the script. His brother prints a letter of his, written from camp during the war, which might quite well have emanated from Oscar Wilde himself, and which actually contains a half-sentence almost identical with one reproduced above (p. 142). I italicise the phrase in question:—

> Here is *no ruddy autumn glory to mock the yellow moon*, but great empty spaces and windy skies filled at sunset with slate and smouldering crimson.[2]

[1] See *Psychic Science*, Vol. II., Jan., 1924, p. 322.

[2] *Psychic Science*, Jan., 1924, p. 315. Mr. V.'s brother further states that Mr. V. took every prize in literature at school, and on leaving school hesitated whether to read for honours in English or in Mathematics," p. 313.

Seeing that we do not even know Mr. V.'s name, one is bound to face the hypothesis that he may be playing a trick, and that when he professes ignorance of Wilde's life and writings, he is not quite sincere. If a clever man set himself to the task, it would be very easy to get up beforehand a few details and such names as Glencree, Prideaux, and that of Oscar's little sister.

However, I must confess that such an elaborate mystification seems to me, on the whole, improbable; first, because in view of the amount of script obtained through Mr. V. and the rapidity with which it comes, the effort of memory would be a very astounding feat; secondly, because where questions are asked it would be difficult to foresee them and provide Wildian answers beforehand; but thirdly, and more particularly, because Mrs. Travers Smith, unassisted, obtains script through the ouija board which equally purports to come from Oscar Wilde and which is said to be not inferior in quality[1] Of Mrs. Travers Smith's honesty I can entertain no doubt. She makes no exaggerated claims for the script, and I have heard Sir William Barrett and others who know her well speak of her with much respect.

The script, then, seems to be authentic in the sense that it has been produced without any conscious deception on the part of the mediums concerned. Whether it has for its author the disembodied spirit of Oscar Wilde is quite a different question. Space fails me to discuss the problem as fully as might be desirable, but one or two considerations may be outlined which strongly point to a negative answer.

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[1] I have not seen a sufficient number of specimens to form any judgment myself as to its literary value. Much of this ouija script comes at a prodigious rate—3,000 words in an hour. Already enough has been received to form a volume which will be published, I understand, before long by Werner Laurie. Many of the supposed Oscar Wilde's criticisms upon contemporaries, notably upon Mr. George Moore and, what is more surprising, upon Mr. G. K. Chesterton, are of such a character that wholesale expurgation will be necessary, as legal opinion pronounces them libellous. Besides these causeries, the same communicator is producing a play, one act of which has already been completed.

And to begin with, the burden of proof in all such cases must rest entirely with the claimant. It has hitherto been the belief of educated mankind that the dead return no more, at any rate that they do not come back to pay off old scores by libelling those against whom they may cherish a grudge. A rather terrible prospect would open out if a different economy prevailed. Also one cannot help feeling that there must be many millions on the other side who would have a good deal to say about the things of which they disapprove in this world, if by any possibility they could make their voice heard and get people to listen to them.

Assuming, then, that we are justified in refusing to recognise the identity of the communicator, unless his claim is convincingly made out, it is to be noted that the special interest of the Wilde case lies in this that the evidence is public and can be tested by everyone for himself. If I am told that there is good evidence for the identity of the American known as "George Pelham," or the English lady "Blanche Abercrombie," who communicated years ago through Mrs. Piper and Mr. Stainton Moses respectively,[1] this may be true, but I have to take other people's word for it. I know nothing about either of them personally; I do not even know their real names. But when it is a question of Oscar Wilde, I can read the script and read his works and his Life, and also I can study his handwriting and compare it with that produced by Mr. V. If this resemblance settled the matter, I should have no choice but to say that the script probably does come from Oscar Wilde. But does it settle the matter?

For those who accept ordinary Catholic teaching I am inclined to urge that no amount of evidence can bring conviction of the identity of any purporting communicator. In the penny Catechism which we learned in our childhood, the question is asked: "How can we show

[1] Both these cases are pretty fully stated in Sir Oliver Lodge, *The Survival of Man*, and in F. W. Myers, *Human Personality*.

that the angels and saints know what passes on earth?" In answer to which reference is made to the text in St. Luke: "There shall be joy before the angels of God on one sinner doing penance." Obviously there would be no purpose in praying to angels or saints if they did not know that we *were* praying or did not know what it is we ask. Many—I think most—devout Catholics believe that this knowledge is shared by the souls in purgatory; indeed, for all we know, it may be the common and necessary attribute of all disembodied spirits, including the souls of the lost, that they possess a telepathic and clairvoyant knowledge of distant occurrences—of everything, in fact, to which their attention is turned. What I am anxious to insist on is that while the belief that disembodied spirits know what passes on earth is perfectly familiar to Catholics, it impresses the non-Catholic public as a new discovery or a rash hypothesis. If a man seals up a ring, a coin and a letter in a packet and dies without ever revealing the secret of the contents to any living person, such people are apt to assume that when through a medium or by any other means a correct description of the objects in the packet is given before it is opened, such information must necessarily come from the spirit of the dead man himself. On the other hand, any normally instructed Catholic child would find no difficulty in believing that myriads of intelligences in the other world may know what the packet contains and what is written in the letter, just as well as the person who affixed the seals. While I do not say that this can be proved to the satisfaction of the sceptic, I do emphatically say that it is impossible to prove the contrary.

Now once admit that all that we do or say can be known to intelligences not trammelled by the conditions of existence in the flesh, then it seems to me necessarily to follow that no quite conclusive proof of identity can ever be given by a disembodied spirit. Every fact that it knows concerning its own previous existence may be

equally matter of knowledge to other intelligences, some, it may be, good and friendly, some malicious, some freakish. There can be no secret in those worlds beyond regarding anything which has happened in the soul's past life. The possession by some purporting communicator of what may seem knowledge of a most private and exclusive kind belonging to him alone is no guarantee at all that he is really the person he pretends to be. If during his earth life he hid away an important paper in a secret drawer and never disclosed the fact to anyone, there may be numberless spirits in the other world, both good and evil, who either observed the occurrence when it happened, or have been able to learn of it since from the minds of those who did. If they, for any motive, think well to personate the deceased, there is no limit to the amount of correct information they may give concerning his past—supposing always that they choose to "get up" the case as a lawyer gets up his brief.

Again, the imitation of the handwriting tells us nothing, startling as the fact must appear at first blush. It is not the dead man's fingers that hold the pen, nor *his* muscles which are working according to the habit which they have acquired during years of sitting at the desk. The whole process is of necessity a simulation, whatever may be the agency that is responsible for it. The same is true with regard to the voice, accent and phraseology of the dead which are reproduced in the hearing of a bereaved father or wife. The vocal chords cannot be the vocal chords of him they have lost. These, alas! are being resolved into dust in the bosom of mother earth. The sounds they hear have their origin in the throat of the medium, or, if you like, they come from an ectoplasmic reproduction of the organs of the dead located near the medium or in some mechanical trumpet standing hard by. In any case what is heard is not the voice of the dead but a *simulation* of that voice. Supposing the facts to be as believers state, they only go to prove that

certain denizens of the next world possess a to us inexplicable power of mimicry. And why should that power of mimicry not extend to the reproduction of style and thought, as well as to the physical accidents of voice or handwriting ?

If we could assume with certainty that it was impossible for disembodied spirits to possess any other knowledge of the earth plane than that which they carry with them, and if again it could be shown that there never had been any indications given by such communicators of a wish to deceive, we might be pardoned for accepting their claims more readily. But it is just in these two vital points that the case breaks down. Accepting the data presented in such volumes as those of Lady Glenconner, now Lady Grey, and Mr. Drayton Thomas on Book Tests, we have conclusive evidence that those on the other side follow all that is going on here among the friends whom they have quitted. For example, two at least of the books to which Lady Glenconner's son "Bim" purports to give references, were published *after* his death. *War Poems*, by X., referred to as the second book on the shelf in a room in the Glenconners' house at Queen Anne's Gate, was certainly not there in Bim's lifetime, because he was killed in September, 1916, and the book *War Poems* was only published in the October of that year. Another volume, *Ardours and Endurances*, was not printed until 1917, a whole year after his death, and yet Bim describes the exact position it had been given in a bookshelf at Glen. Moreover, he wishes his family to be told that "he takes an interest in all they do, that he knows all about their movements, that he can be with them in all they are doing." But if Bim himself can obtain all this information, there is no assignable reason why we should not suppose that other disembodied spirits are equally privileged. Neither is it easy to see why such knowledge should not be communicated from one spirit to another and be used for purposes of deception.

Again, there might be serious objection to admitting the possibility of personation from the other side if no evidence were forthcoming that such attempts had ever been made. But, on the contrary, the most accredited exponents of spiritualism everywhere assure us that there are whole troops of spirits whose one desire appears to be to deceive and impose upon those who are willing to hold intercourse with them. The classical exponent of spiritualism as a religious movement, Mr. Stainton Moses, repeats almost *ad nauseam* the most emphatic warnings against the danger of impersonation. The evidence of this propensity in the spirits who purport to communicate is overwhelming, but the point cannot be further developed here.

Undoubtedly there are mysteries in this matter of automatic writing which our psychology has not yet fathomed. That the subconscious mind of the medium or mediums is responsible for a great deal, both as to the form and matter, of what is written, cannot, I think, be questioned. At the same time no theory of cryptæsthesia or extended telepathy seems to me adequate to explain all the facts. I cannot persuade myself that any theory is admissible which does not postulate the interference of some outside intelligence, of a spirit or spirits in fact, influencing powerfully the mind of the medium. From this undoubtedly it would follow that the phenomena of automatic writing establish the existence of something outside and beyond this material world. But if we appeal to them as a proof of survival after death, it seems to me that the case breaks down; for survival can only be demonstrated by such means when the identity of the communicator is established. We must turn for our proof of a future life to other arguments, more metaphysical, it may be, but better founded in sound logic.

HERBERT THURSTON.

# MODERN PSYCHO-THERAPY AND OUR ASYLUMS

BY EDWARD BOYD BARRETT, S.J., M.A.

IT stands to the credit of the present generation that public interest has been aroused and the co-operation of the public won in the fight of science against tuberculosis, cancer and venereal disease. And it is to be wondered at that a like interest and a similar co-operation are lacking in the efforts of science to cope with the spreading evil of mental disease.

Thanks to this indifference of the public, our asylums are in a bad way. They are over-crowded. They are both understaffed and inefficiently staffed. Curable and incurable cases are herded together. There is practically no treatment. The percentage of cures remains at a very low figure. Public money is wasted. The asylums are unsuitable for their purpose in almost every respect. The rate of committals to asylums goes on increasing, and there exists no means of treating cases of incipient insanity. Curable nerve cases are allowed to develop into incurable cases. The public, ignorant and indifferent as regards mental desease, gives no encouragement to the setting up of nerve clinics or to the practice of the new methods of psycho-therapy.

The Annual Reports of the Inspectors of Lunatics for Ireland make sad reading. Lunacy in Ireland has increased steadily from 12,982 in the year 1880 to 22,868 in 1918. Yearly expenditure has increased to the huge figure of £852,061 in the latter year. In 1880, the proportion of the insane to 100,000 of the estimated population was 268. In 1918, it had almost doubled, and stood at 522. Meanwhile the rate of recoveries has sunk from the low percentage of 9.5 in the quinquennium 1893–97 to 5.9 per cent. in the year 1918. These few figures stand as an illuminating condemnation of the present

system—over twenty-two thousand inmates, costing for upkeep £852,061, and only 5.9 per cent. recoveries on the average number resident!

The most lamentable feature of the present asylum system is the absence of treatment. Apart from the many hardships that the unfortunate patients have to put up with—the poor and monotonous diet, the repulsive prison-like surroundings, the dreary exercise yards, the hideous clothing, the punishments for refractory patients, the uncongenial associates, the nerve-racking cries, the dirt and general gloom, the almost total absence of amusement and recreation—there is this appalling difference between the mental hospital (as an asylum should be) and the ordinary hospital, that in the latter each kind of disease is carefully treated by the best modern methods, whereas in the former no type of mental disease is fully treated.

If our public asylums[1] were instituted not only for the *humane* detention, too often not attained, but also for the medical care and, where possible, the curative treatment of the pauper insane, *they have grievously failed in their object.* Asylums may detain but they certainly make few attempts to cure their inmates. *Ninety-nine hundredths* of the medical treatment meted out to the insane poor in our public asylums consists of routine purging and drugging, prescribed indescriminately and, as a rule, grossly abused. Hardly a trace of any efforts at remedial treatment on modern lines exists![1]

Those who read the criticisms of Dr. Lomax Montagu[2] on the system obtaining in Prestwich Asylum, and at the same time take the trouble to observe that an almost identical system obtains in our midst, will be shocked at the horrors revealed. To put it bluntly, the patients committed to asylums are condemned to a degrading and miserable imprisonment for life.

[1] *The Medical Press*, Jan. 26, 1921. This quotation applies primarily to English asylums, but unfortunately it is equally true of our Irish asylums, save as regards the *drugging* of patients.

[2] Cf *The Medical Press*, Aug. 16, 1922—Oct. 4, 1922; also Dr. Lomax Montagu's book *Experiences of an Asylum Doctor*. We hope that Dr. Montagu's articles will be read before this paper is condemned as libellous and exaggerated.

One would suppose that it should be the first aim of asylum staffs to apply the best methods of treatment that science has evolved, and to keep *au courant* with psycho-therapeutic investigations. But there is little sign of this. The Medical Superintendent finds himself so engrossed in administrative duties (which should be done by a manager or steward) that he has little time to attend to patients. The zeal which, as a doctor, he should have for a generous outlay of money on medical requirements, is chilled by his anxiety as an administrator to cut down expenses. The Assistant Medical Officers for the most part obtain their posts without having passed any examinations in Medical Psychology or Psychiatry. Finding the Superintendent indifferent to modern methods of treatment and indeed, we may say, to any treatment worthy of the name, they, with some honourable exceptions, lapse into the old rut, and the cure of patients is left to chance. The exhaustive study of abnormalities and nerve diseases, and the enormous amount of profitable investigation thereon, which has been undertaken by psychologists since the beginning of the war, is for asylum staffs a *terra incognita*. And yet, it is not too much to say that the basis of a scientific method of mind-healing or psycho-therapy has been laid.

The classification of mental ailments has advanced very far. Nevertheless when a new patient is admitted into our asylums, a common method is to put him into a ward which is a combined " Reception, Observation, and Refractory Ward." It does not require much knowledge of mind disease or much imagination to see how injurious it is for, say, a melancholic patient, perhaps from a nice refined home, to be suddenly thrown into the midst of mental cases of all kinds, some violent, some of the lowest social rank, some of the most advanced forms of dementia. What would be thought of a hospital in which a child sick of measles would be placed, for a few weeks, among tubercular, cancerous and venereal cases ?

The treatment of nerve cases before the war was for the most part physical or external in nature. Drugs, dieting, change, rest, baths (hydro-therapy), and massage (electro-therapy) were almost the only remedies applied to all kinds of mind or nerve-troubles. There were of course also serum injections for types of general paralysis. The aim of the physician was *to cure the mind by treating the body*, and the assumption on which his method rested was that the cause of the nerve or mind trouble was bodily or organic *in every case!* A century previously this same assumption prevailed. The brain of the dement was then supposed to be dislocated in some way. It was thought that a sufficient amount of *shaking* would possibly force back the brain, or that part of it which was dislocated, into its proper place, and that recovery would result. As a consequence of this theory the patient, by way of treatment, was strapped into a chair which gyrated on a pivot. Then he was whirled round at a great speed. One marvels now at the crudeness of such treatment, and yet it was a fairly logical outcome of the premiss that all mind trouble has a physical basis.

Modern psycho-therapy does not question the existence of mental disorders based upon the decay or lesion of nerve-tissue. It could not do so, because post-mortem examination of the brain-substance in some cases of dementia has shown the presence of cell-degeneration.[1] Nor does modern psycho-therapy deny the effects on the

[1] In the "*Journal of Mental Science*," (Nov., 1923), two interesting articles by Dr. Edwin Goodall and Dr. Henry A. Cotton deal with the problem of organic causes of mental disorder. The latter adduces remarkable evidence to show that *chronic sepsis, springing from decay or disease of the teeth,* is a potent source of "functional" mental trouble. By his methods of detoxication, Dr. Cotton, claims to have won an increase of 49 per cent. of recoveries; and in practice detoxication meant *principally* attention to tooth sepsis. Needless to say in our asylums there are no dental specialists in attendance and no facilities for radiograms of the teeth, and so this important element of treatment is neglected. As regards the claim of Dr. Cotton that "functional mental disorder" is in reality "organic," it goes far beyond what his researches justify him in claiming. Dr. Goodall's article should show us how hopelessly behindhand we are in this country in the matter of bacteriological, toxicological, and haematological research bearing on insanity.

mind of disorders of endocrine secretions. It avails itself, when necessary, of those physical methods— drugs dieting, electro-therapy etc.—to which I have referred. But it points out that there is a large and common class of mind-troubles, which it calls *psycho-neuroses*, that are purely functional, and it treats such maladies by psychical as opposed to physical methods. It contends that the old opinion regarding "diseases of the imagination" was well-founded, inasmuch as there is a disordered working of the mind which can create disordered structures of "the imagination"—*i.e.*, purely mental maladies or psycho-neuroses.[1]

It is necessary at this point to examine the evidence which underlies the assumption of modern psycho-therapy as regards the existence of psycho-neuroses, or mind troubles which have no organic cause. At first sight it seems hard to believe that mental disorder can be found in one whose general health is good, and whose nerve tissue is neither diseased nor injured in any way. The close connection between mental functioning and nerve processes would lead one to suppose that in a *corpus sanum* there would always be a *mens sana*, and yet this does not seem to be so.

Proof in such matters is exceedingly difficult, owing to the fact that the physiology of the nervous system is not yet far advanced. If it were possible to adduce reliable tests of the healthy state of the nervous tissue, the matter would be easy. If in a clear case of obsession the nervous tissue could be shown by tests to be perfectly healthy, then the existence of psycho-neuroses would be demonstrated. But no reliable tests exist. The "knee-jerk" and "ankle-clonus" reflexes are helpful as tests,

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[1] Modern psycho-therapy deals chiefly with *neuroses* and *psycho-neuroses*. In the former type of malady (e.g. anxiety-neurosis) there is clear evidence of a disturbance of the internal secretions—the malady is both physically and psychically functional. In the psycho-neuroses, disturbance of internal secretions plays a minor rôle; the chief factor is psychical.

but they are by no means conclusive tests.[1] There may well be types of nerve deterioration or exhaustion which such tests do not detect.

Positive evidence as to the existence of psycho-neuroses is necessarily somewhat vague, somewhat hypothetical in character. On the other hand the negative evidence is strong. Let us take as an example of psycho-neurosis an obsessing fear. The patient is suffering from *agoraphobia*, or fear of going out into wide or public places. He cannot control this fear. It is irresistible for him. He shrinks from the thought of going out into the streets. He cannot get himself to go out. His conduct in this connection becomes abnormal. He is a slave to this very definite fear. His health meanwhile remains unimpaired, and apart from this eccentricity he is quite sane and normal.

In such a case there is ample evidence of a mental disorder; but there is no evidence whatever of any disease of nerve tissue. Further, as in a case of this kind treated by the present writer, the removal of the phobia leaves the patient in perfectly good health and perfectly normal. If this mental disorder had an organic foundation, some ill effects would persist even after the disappearance of the phobia; but no such ill effects do persist. Or again, if the trouble was organic, physical treatment would be the surest means of relieving it. But it is well known in such cases that suggestion alone, if skilfully used, cures and cures swiftly. There is in fine no evidence whatever as to the existence of nerve disease or nerve decay in such cases. The trouble seems purely psychical. As is well known there are certain mild, transitory "obsessions" that, from time to time, afflict us all. It may be a "catchy tune" that clings in our ears and worries us for days, or it may be an irrepressible, though foolish, anxiety that upsets our rest

[1] In Germany nerve-specialists have microscopic methods of testing nerve-tissue; but they are not wholly conclusive save in advanced forms of nerve deterioration.

for weeks together. Such an obsession is of the same nature as the deeper and more torturing obsessions that endure and make life a misery. There is a finely graded order of obsessions passing imperceptibly from one to the other, from the easily curable to the almost incurable. Now, we have no right whatever to postulate an organic origin for the very mild transitory obsessions that we all experience at times. Nor indeed have we any right to do so, even when the obsessions are more serious. It is only when we come close up to those incurable obsessions which verge on insanity that we have reason to suspect disease of nerve tissue or complete nervous exhaustion.

What I have said as regards obsessions, whether they take the form of irresistible fears or fixed ideas, or irrepressible impulses, holds also for very many forms of hysteria, not excluding hysterical paralysis, and for certain forms of neurasthenia. In all these cases psychical treatment of itself is competent to effect cures, and the patient when the psycho-neurosis is removed, suffers from no bodily ill-effects such as would persist if the trouble had been organic. The many cures claimed by M. Coué on behalf of " auto-suggestion," together with the authenticated cures of " faith-healing," go far to convince one that a disorder of mind can co-exist with a healthy body. Here, for instance, is a woman " paralysed " for a considerable time, a case of hysterical paralysis. It is her mind which is preventing her from using her limbs. The disorder which afflicts her is a mental one, a psycho-neurosis, not a bodily one. Some powerful suggestion works upon her mind. At once she is perfectly well again, and able to use her limbs as before. Hers was, as the ancients called it, a " disease of the imagination " or, as modern psycho-therapists call it, a psycho-neurosis.

The prevalence at the present day of such mind-troubles as we have been speaking of is very great, and the suffering they entail can hardly be exaggerated.

Such diseases, even though only diseases of the imagination, are real diseases. They are difficult to cure, and they are dangerous. Their danger consists in this, that if they are not cured, they deepen and harden and develop oftentimes into real insanity. It is difficult often to distinguish incipient melancholia or incipient paranoia from such psycho-neuroses, and certain it is that unless facilities for treating these cases of psycho-neuroses and incipient insanity be afforded by the establishment of nerve-clinics, there will be no diminution in the number of committals to asylums.

The methods of modern psycho-therapy, which we now propose to examine, are peculiarly suited to this important work of curing psycho-neuroses and incipent insanity, and yet these methods have not so far found favour in this country. It is customary in Ireland to await the development of the mental trouble into more or less incurable insanity before the patient is sent to the asylum, wherein he is likely to spend his days in physical misery.

The modern psychical treatment, for it is of that I propose to speak, consists mainly of two phases. The first phase can be called *mental exploration ;* the second phase *mental re-education.* " Mental exploration " involves a close examination of the patient's personal history with a view to determining the origin of the mental trouble. " Mental re-education " involves skilful suggestioning and the practice of mental exercises by the patient, if such are necessary. During these processes of analysis, suggestion and exercise, such adjuncts of the method as hypnotism, dream-analysis, association tests, together with many other minor devices, are used according as they are needed.

While purposing to examine critically these phases of modern psycho-therapy, I do not intend to deal with their theoretic aspects. As is well known, the modern view attributes very great importance to those activities

of the mind which take place beneath the threshold of consciousness, and many psychologists hold the view that the source of mental disorder is to be looked for in the regions of the unconscious. The part that repressed primitive instincts play in energising the obsession or hysteria is likewise a matter of controversy, on which it is not necessary to dwell here. It will be sufficient for our purpose to take notice of the psychical nature of the method and treatment as such, and to point out how entirely it is in accord with traditional good sense—whatever may be said of the theories that inspire the line of action actually followed.

Looking at the modern method as a whole, it seems to the present writer that *it is essentially a method of awakening suggestibility in the patient and of availing of the opportunity offered by suggestioning.*

*Psycho-analysis*, in spite of misrepresentations by its advocates and adversaries, is in effect nothing more than a skilful and elaborate system of rendering the patient highly suggestible. *Auto-suggestion*, its counterpart and complement, is the inner activity of the patient reacting favourably to suggestioning. Hypnosis is a special form which this activity, auto-suggestion, takes. It is not the result of magnetic influence or of a mysteriously transferred psychical fluid; it is a self-created, self-suggested state—"une croyance imposée," as M. Janet recently said to the present writer. The ultimate aim of modern psycho-therapy is nothing more than the old-time common-sense purpose of getting the patient to make the effort to shake off the obsession, not by will but by imagination, and so to cure himself.

If we consider in more detail the line of modern treatment, these views will, I think, be substantiated. To begin with, "mental exploration" opens the way not only to a knowledge of the patient's character, mode of life, experiences and difficulties, but it also, if successfully conducted, wins his confidence. The patient must

be led on to confide in and trust the therapist. He must be won to interest himself in the search for causal factors in his own past experiences. Self-revelation has many useful results. It is calming, educating; but, most important of all, it puts the patient in an attitude of dependence on the therapist and increases suggestibility. Incidentally it often leads to the discovery not only of the exciting causes of the mental trouble, but even of its deeper sources. The careful analysis of the patient's dreams and "associations" is also exceedingly helpful in getting a deeper insight into his mentality and experiences. The induction of mild hypnosis at an early stage is often useful and increases the suggestibility of the patient.

The duration of the phase of "mental exploration" must depend to some extent on the good effects which it produces. Sometimes, of itself, it is sufficient to bring about a cure; for it may happen that the patient, in searching his memory for the cause of his obsessing idea, will be brought face to face with the real or a supposed cause. At once he "sees through" the bewildering mystery of his obsession. "So that is how my obsession started," he will cry. "I see it all now. Wasn't it silly of me not to think of that before? I'm no longer afraid now. I know where I am now, and I'll be all right." In a moment he relives, as it were, the incident that occasioned his obsession; to use a technical phrase, "he discharges the emotion" that was energising the obsession. This phenomenon is called "abreaction" or "catharsis" (a purifying).

If such a phenomena takes place the patient is cured, at least for the time being. But one can neither count on securing an "abreaction" of this kind, nor can one count on its effect being permanent. The obsession may soon reassert itself, the new salutary point of view being lost. The work goes on as before, and the search is continued.

This phenomenon, "abreaction," might be likened to what happens when a person, lying in bed, sees a terrifying form which he believes to be a ghost, until he suddenly discovers an explanation for it in the recollection that he had hung his shirt when going to bed on the back of a high chair. The "phobia" or "obsession," just as the "ghost," is a structure of the mind, capable of being thrown from its position at the focus of attention by a clear realisation of its subjective constituents. Unfortunately the "phobia" structure is harder to undermine than the "ghost" structure.

The second phase of treatment consists in what may be called "mental re-education." We suppose that by this time the therapist has really won the trust and confidence of the patient, and that the latter has by various arts been rendered more and more suggestible. Unless the therapist has succeeded in securing this suggestibility his work is doomed to failure, and he should withdraw at once. Unless the patient has faith in the therapist and relies on him, co-operating as far as he can, no good will come of the treatment, for suggestioning will not succeed.

In "mental re-education" all depends on suggestioning. But there is an element in it which French schools of psycho-therapy emphasise—namely, mental exercises, which at times are necessary. Let us suppose that the patient is so held by and absorbed in his obsession that he quite loses touch with the outside world, it is obviously necessary to bring him once more into touch with it. If he is entirely absent-minded, "distrait," self-centred and introvert, his powers of concentration will need exercise. He must be made, first of all, to exercise himself in sense-perceptions. He plucks a flower, examines it closely, feels it, smells it, studies the colours and form. He pulls it asunder, counting, describing, and analysing it. Such an exercise, based on those of Dr. Vittoz of Lausanne, will tend to get the patient into

touch with outside, material reality. Above all they will to some extent loosen the hold of the obsession on his mind, and will open the door for suggestioning.

The suggestioning must be skilfully planned, and *indirect*. New interests must be aroused, new ideas stimulated, a new point of view awakened. Certainty of ultimate recovery must be kept alive, and a steady confidence engendered. At this stage, the skill and experience of the therapist are tested to the full, especially in the case of an obstinate obsession. The work, too, may take a very considerable time. But granted that the patient has become deeply suggestible, and that he co-operates to the best of his power, reacting by auto-suggestion, the cure of a psycho-neurosis that has not hardened too much, should be certain.

Hypnotism will help as a test of, and as an exercise in the suggestibility of the patient. If the latter is able, under the therapist's direction, to auto-suggest himself into drowsiness and sleep, and even, in such a state, to act as if free from the obsession, a clear indication is given of his suggestibility. But it is quite a misunderstanding to suppose that hypnotism itself cures. It can have no such effect. It is ultimately self-suggestion that cures.

As regards the part of *dream-study* in psychotherapy a few words may be necessary. This phase of the modern method is regarded by many as frivolous and absurd. It is far from being so. Of course it is not every patient who can remember and recount his dreams, but when such dreams are recounted to the psychotherapist they are of very great utility to him in determining the nature and source of the patient's mind-trouble. The dream is the product of mental work. *It is a very intimate and serious creation of the patient's mind*, even though it appear strange and fantastic in structure. It is a creation of the mind moved to activity by some unconscious urge or instinct or desire. What

is the urge or " wish " that leads to the creation of dreams? Is it not reasonable to regard the dream as a " discharge " from some source of trouble, from some " bottled-up " and repressed energy? Just as an " obsession " is an external manifestation of, or discharge of energy from, an underlying mental disorder, so it would appear is the dream. It happens that in neurotic patients the nerve-symptom and the night-mare spring from the same source; and it is all-important to discover that source. The dream helps to its discovery.

From the foregoing critique of modern psycho-therapy it will be seen that there is no element in the method which is distinctly new, save perhaps that of dream analysis. It is nothing more than the scientific application of the principles of good sense. Just as the elaborate system known as the " Weir Mitchell Rest Cure " is but a development of the kind of treatment a sensible mother would instinctively apply in case her young daughter became hysterical, so the somewhat elaborate methods of psycho-analysis and auto-suggestion are little more than the kind of treatment a skilful director of souls would apply *vis-à-vis* of a case of obsessing scruples. The new method is therefore founded on shrewd traditional common sense, and its value is all the greater for that reason. Scholastic Philosophy, of which Catholics are justly proud, is not to be considered superfluous because it is merely " good sense to the *n*th," nor is the new psycho-therapy to be considered superfluous for such a reason. Those who apply its principles, like those who apply the principles of Scholastic Philosophy, need a very careful training. The good psycho-therapist needs to be highly endowed with experience and psychological knowledge, and he needs to be a man of insight, tact, sympathy, and prudence —one who naturally commands respect and confidence.

It is sometimes said that psycho-therapy implies an invasion of the spiritual and sacred regions of the soul by one who is not a minister of God—and psycho-analysis

has been styled "a lay substitute for confession!" But it must be recognised that a mental obsession is of the natural order, *a mere disease pertaining to the mind*, just as rheumatism is a natural malady pertaining to the body. Obsession *per se* is natural, not supernatural, and only indirectly has it to do with the supernatural. If during treatment the therapist has to have a manifestation of personal experiences, some of which touch on passion and moral matters, he is thereby no more infringing on the rights of the priest than is the lawyer or the family physician who in the course of his work has also to listen to stories of sin. "Mental exploration" is not meant to be "a lay substitute for Confession." It is a search after the sources and origins of a mental disease, something quite different.

It should not, however, be forgotten that *per accidens* the new psycho-therapy may contain dangers for Catholics; but the safeguards which the Church has indicated in the matter of hypnotism will, if applied in this case, afford ample security.

Modern psycho-therapy, in fine, represents the best effort of psychology, in its present stage of development, to deal with the baffling problems of mind trouble. It relies on a vast mass of accurate observation of mental abnormalities. It has sedulously tested various means of treating nerve disease. In dealing with the individual case, it neglects no source of information that may have a bearing on the problem—and hence, as we have seen, it even studies dreams and word-associations. It is fully alive to the beneficial effects of external treatment in conjunction with purely psychical methods. It has had its striking successes as well as its failures. Its difficulties and limitations are obvious. Even a highly-trained psycho-therapist can only take on a few cases at a time, and each of these cases may last for months. A surgeon, on the other hand, can perform several operations a day, and when the operation is over, he is

free to take on other cases. It is financially and practically impossible to deal in an adequate way with all the nerve and mental cases that occur in Ireland. But what is to be looked for is a serious effort to cope with at least a fair percentage of curable cases.

To return to the thought from which this paper started. It is lamentable that public interest is cold and public co-operation non-existent in the fight against mental diseases. There should be a strong public demand for immediate reform of the asylum system, and the complete segregation and scientific treatment of curable cases should be insisted upon. Suitable asylums should be built—healthy, bright, beautiful homes, where patients would be enticed by every art to renew their interests in things. Nerve clinics should be opened in every populous district, where advice and treatment should be available for ordinary cases of nerve trouble and incipient insanity. The public should be educated in the matter of causal factors, and mental specialists should be sent to inspect schools, and school children, many of whom develop psycho-neuroses while in the class room.

The prevalence of nerve trouble is much greater than is realised. Delusions, hysterical symptoms, obsessions, sex abnormalities, and neurasthenia abound on every side, entailing much suffering and much evil. For all this there is at present little or no treatment. Ignorance and indifference prevail, while the danger increases.

E. Boyd Barrett.

# WITH THE PAPAL RELIEF MISSION IN RUSSIA

BY LOUIS J. GALLAGHER, S.J.

THE Roman Pontiff, as the provident Father of Christendom, sometimes finds himself obliged to call upon the Faithful for financial assistance to carry out the works of charity to which his exalted office so frequently summons him. The expression of his wish is all that is required to warrant the largess for which the Church is renowned, and this proverbial bounty was again exemplified when Pius XI asked for help for the famine-stricken people of Russia. No sooner did the heart-rending cries of the starving nation break upon the Vatican than the Pope, setting all else aside, devoted his time and energy to the breaking of bread for the millions of suffering Christians who stand aloof from his authority. Fully confident that the Church would answer his appeal, he sent a committee of relief into Russia almost before the generous offerings of the Catholic world had begun to pour into Rome, and the Soviet Government, unable to provide for its destitute people, welcomed the Papal Relief with enthusiasm.

As the Vatican records fully testify, the money subscribed upon the appeal of His Holiness was carefully handled, judiciously expended and exactly accounted for. The programme of relief, as detailed by the experienced and able Director of the Mission, was carried out in full and with perfect satisfaction on the part of the authorities at Rome. The purpose of the undertaking was amply accomplished in accordance with the wishes of His Holiness, and the Papal Relief Mission to Russia passed into history as the famine passed out of existence. The censor's barrier that has long surrounded Russia has kept the world in ignorance of much that it had a perfect right to know. Some few Italian papers have published accounts

of what the Papal Relief accomplished in Russia and of the obstacles overcome in accomplishing it; but Italian journals have very few subscribers on this side of the Alps, and it may be of interest to others of the generous-hearted givers to know how their munificent charity was administered.

In March, 1922, Father Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., Regent of the School of Foreign Service of Georgetown University, Washington, was commissioned to go to Moscow to report to the Vatican the conditions prevailing in Russia and the possibility of immediately opening relief stations. Before a month had passed he had visited the famine-stricken districts, submitted his report and opened an office for headquarters in Moscow. Then he returned to Rome to organise the Relief Mission, went to America to urge the need of immediate action for relief, and was back in Moscow on the 26th of July to establish stations in the various centres suggested by the Soviet Government. On the 24th of July eleven members of the Papal Relief Commission set sail from Bari, in Italy, and arrived in Odessa on the 4th of August. Of this band, three were Italians, two Czechoslovakians, three Germans, two Spaniards, and one Greek. This international group, with Father Walsh as Director and the present writer as his American assistant, formed the entire personnel of the Papal Mission. Russia is the land of languages, and in this respect the Mission was very well equipped. They spoke eleven different languages, and four of the party were sufficiently fluent in Russian to act as interpreters.

Difficulties began at Odessa, where the Russian authorities had not been informed that the group from Rome was *en route*. As a consequence they were forbidden to land, and were forced to spend ten days aboard the ship in Odessa harbour before moving on to Sevastopol. Here the customs officials insisted upon a minute examination of all their baggage, and they were obliged to embark on a Russian ship and proceed to Theodosia,

on the east coast of the Crimea. In the meantime Father Walsh had set out from Moscow for the Caucasus port of Novorossisk, which had been originally designated by the relief workers as their place of arrival. Communications were slow and uncertain; but fortunately an American ship at Novorossisk saved him from retracing his steps to Kharkov and down into the Crimea, a tedious trip of several days, by taking him across the Black Sea to Theodosia, where he arrived on the 18th of August and joined the weary and belated voyagers, who had taken forty-two days to make the journey from Rome. It was the original intention of the Pontifical Relief to scatter its stations throughout the broad expanse of European Russia. The Soviet Government, however, urgently requested that they concentrate for the time being in the Crimea, and especially in the districts of Eupatoria and Djankoy, which had gone without harvest for several years.

Eupatoria was formerly one of the most beautiful summer resorts along the fairy coast of the Crimea, but its condition in the summer of 1922 was typical of a great number of Russia's many prosperous and attractive centres. Before the war it had forty thousand inhabitants; in 1922 it had less than ten thousand. The Germans had shelled it, but without much destruction. The fury of the Revolution converted whole quarters of the town into heaps of debris and left its crescent of sandy beach littered with the ruins of villas and summer palaces. Then came the year of famine, which found it without food and left it without half its people. It was here the famine overtook a large colony of gypsies; an improvised cemetery with its hundreds of multicoloured and curiously wrought gravestones is all that remains to indicate their tragic history. Here, too, it was decided to begin the work of relief, and the difficulties overcome at Eupatoria were characteristic of those encountered at every station opened in Russia.

In written contract, signed by their Italian representative, Mr. Vorovsky, who afterwards met a tragic death at Lausanne, the Soviet Government had agreed to supply certain requisites for the work of the Papal Mission, as it was supplying the same for other relief organizations. Warehouses, dwellings and kitchen sites, with fuel and light and the necessary furniture, were all to be provided by the Government. Moreover, it was agreed that the Government should finance the transportation of foodstuffs and merchandise for relief, the official travel of members of the Mission and the use of telephone and telegraph for business purposes. In the beginning the local authorities showed an encouraging interest; but the truth of Trotsky's remark to the "Third International," that one great defect in the Communist Party is the lack of competent officials, was everywhere evidenced from beginning to end. The buildings offered for public feeding kitchens in Eupatoria were so dilapidated that a dozen were refused before one was accepted. Stoves were lacking, fuel was at a premium, and the problem of finding large vessels to use in cooking for a crowd was finally solved by Father Walsh, who took the abandoned naval mines from the neighbouring beaches and converted them into boiling pots.

The first kitchen was opened on the 29th of September and fed a thousand children a day—Russian, Tartar and Armenian. Fortunately it was the delightful Crimean summer time; for the children were in tatters, without shoes or stockings, and sparsely covered with rags. White bread and corn-grits, rice and cocoa and condensed milk were utterly unknown to these unfortunate innocents; but it needed little time and less urging before they became familiar, even to the point of discomfort. Within a month the whole district of Eupatoria was taken over from the American Relief Administration, and the Papal Relief was feeding twenty thousand children daily. By the end of October the Djankoy sectors in north Crimea

had been annexed and the numbers increased to almost fifty thousand.

With the work under weigh in the Crimea, that section was left in charge of the German members. The two Spaniards set out for Rostov-on-the-Don to open a distribution station. Three others left for Moscow to open student kitchens, and three for Ekaterinodar to begin the work in the Kuban. The local officials had arranged to supply two places on the Sevastopol-Moscow express for the two workers destined for the Capital; but when they arrived at Simferopol, two days before the time of departure for Moscow, they were informed that the places booked for them had been afterwards requisitioned by the wife of a member of the Central Commissariat, who was returning from her vacation spent in the Yalta palace of the former Tzar. On the following day they were again told that their second allotment of places had been taken by members of madame's suite, but that tickets would be provided when the train arrived. They came as directed; but neither tickets nor places were provided, and they were asked to postpone their departure for several days The excuses offered in this particular case may or may not have been genuine. The instance is cited as typical of a method very much in vogue among Communist officials : the method of inventing any story to defer a duty until it has to be or cannot be performed.

Those who had set out for the Kuban region took boat from Eupatoria to Novorossisk, and came in for their ample share of the difficulties. The journey was made on a Russian craft, which we shall do the honour of calling a tramp steamer. Places had been secured beforehand; but it was a mistake to imagine that places meant anything like state-rooms, or even a definite space in which to sleep. From stem to stern the ship was crowded with a bedouin horde of Russians, Turks and Tartars, with heaps of luggage of every description, from household

furniture, domestic fowl and swine to the ever-present samovar, without which the Russian never leaves home. There were first and second class tickets, which lost their class value as soon as paid for. Everything aboard the ship was last class. On decks and between them, on stairs and under them, on and under and around the tables in the dining-room luggage was stacked and its owners were bivouacked for the cruise. A bell was rung for dinner and again for supper, which merely meant that those who were sleeping on the tables were to get down until meals were served to those who cared to pay for them. The voyage lasted three full days, though the same ship could have made Novorossisk in thirty-six hours but for the lengthy stops at Crimean ports, at each of which the passenger list was augmented instead of decreased. It was a blessing of heaven that the Black Sea, with its reputation for sudden and violent storms, lay as quiet as a lake from beginning to end of the trip. The available lifeboats could have accommodated only a small percentage of the passengers, and life-preservers were evidently left ashore to make room for baggage.

At Ekaterinodar, now called Krasnodar or Red Town, the Government officials were alert and interested. This place had formerly been a refugee centre. A tour of inspection plainly showed it was still in the throes of hunger. Due to the ever prompt and business-like ways of the American Relief Administration, supplies had already arrived and kitchens for two thousand children were immediately opened. The refugees and the orphan children in Russia have created social problems which the Soviet Government has been unable to solve even up to the present. The dissolution of homes begun by the war and furthered by the Revolution was appallingly increased by the famine. In the summer of 1922 an eminent Russian authority stated that there were more than four and a half million children dependent upon the Government. The town of Krasnodar had seven

orphan asylums, all of which were in the most lamentable condition of poverty and neglect. On the eastern border of the town, near the marshes, a notoriously malaria-breeding quarter, there was a large red brick factory, which had been stripped of all machinery and furniture and taken over as a refugee centre. Two thousand refugees had been harboured there for more than a year of the famine period, and when the Papal Mission arrived the place was being used as an orphan asylum. As equipment the factory was furnished with fifty cot beds for seven hundred children, and other than these there was not a stick of furniture—table or chair or other common article—in the building. The weather was cold, and save the one fire in the kitchen, down in the cellar, the building was unheated. Nearly all the windows had been boarded up for want of glass. Every child in the place was ghastly in appearance, frightfully thin and suffering from malnutrition. Day and night they lived in two large halls, and so wretchedly were they clad that many of them had only a meal sack for covering, worn as a dress, with the corners clipped for arm-holes and a slit made in the seam for fitting on over the head. At night they slept on the floor, huddled together like sheep, and in the daytime they followed the sun around the floor in an effort to keep warm.

One can readily imagine the solace afforded by Papal charity in relieving such conditions as these. All the children in the factory and several thousands of others in this district—almost, if not wholly, as destitute as these—were fed with substantial American food and clothed with warm garments made from good Italian textiles. Medicines and other hospital supplies were furnished through the American Relief, and the inmates of the orphan asylums of Krasnodar took on a much improved appearance. In the summer of 1922 there was a great exodus of children from all parts of Russia to Moscow, and it was a common sight in travelling, even from the Ural Mountain district, to see little boys, from eight to ten or

twelve years old, riding underneath the trains. At every stop they would climb out as the train came to a standstill and run into the station in search of food or go along the train begging at the windows. Then, as the train moved out, they would crawl beneath the cars again, take their places, and ride there for hours at a time, or, if need be, through the night. Moscow had no accommodation for them. The city has been so congested for several years past that whole families of six or seven are living in single rooms, whilst the basements and cellars are being used for living quarters.

Where Relief Organizations are operating the children problem has been more or less satisfactorily solved. The State can take them into custody, and the foreign societies can provide for their support. The refugee question, however, is far more difficult of solution. It is a common sight, at the way stations along the numerous railroad lines, to come across a refugee train that has been sidetracked for several weeks. They are usually long trains of ordinary freight cars, each one with a chimney protruding through the roof or sticking out at the door. These box-cars are crowded with men, women and children, who live in them for whole months at a time. Though the train may be halted for weeks, the men cannot seek employment, as they can never be certain of the time of departure. This is the most ragged and neglected class of people in the land, and they consider themselves very fortunate when they chance to be delayed in a town where a relief society is operating. Their larders are then stocked for the rest of the journey, and the Pontifical relief has frequently been carried far into Siberia by thus supplying the unfortunate refugees.

Who are they and where are they going? They are some of the millions who have been scattered over the country by the fury of revolution and famine, like leaves in an autumn tempest. From the Volga they fled west and south. From Ukrainia and the Crimea they went

to the Caucasus and even to Turkestan, and from distant Siberia they came as far as the Volga, where they found whole towns deserted, and added to the death-rate totals in all the cities along the banks of the great river. The refugees travel as the railroads can accommodate them; but the railroads are in such a crippled condition that they cannot accommodate those who have paper to pay for transportation. The Papal distribution stations at Rostov and Krasnodar were continually supplying the demands of refugees who were setting out from these points for distant parts of Russia, or who were passing through to various destinations.

In opening a district for relief in a country that was all awry, foreigners had necessarily to adapt themselves to unexpected circumstances. Officials of the new regime were everywhere enacting a melancholy commentary upon government. Their sense of arrangement as well as their ideas of authority were frequently sufficient to tempt one to a little honest anger, were it not for the ultimate motive residing in thousands of hungry children. Though the local authorities were always informed weeks ahead of the coming of the relief workers, it inevitably happened that lodgings were not to be found for a long time after arrival, and the strangers were forced to put up in the Soviet hotels. Now a Soviet hotel is no enviable place of residence. Formerly there were excellent hotels in nearly all parts of Russia; but they have suffered a degrading metamorphosis in being transformed into apartments for the families of Communists. A family to a room is the ordinary regulation, though at times two rooms may be accorded. There are no common kitchens. The primus stove serves as kitchen range, and as the fumes of the family tea machine, known as the samovar, are obnoxious and even dangerous, stove-pipes have been projected out of windows and through walls, blackening the exterior of the building and giving it the appearance of a foundry. With few or no hotel employees, the

common parts of the house become more common and less proper with the lapse of time. Yet the small town hotels are not singular in their abandonment; for even the Kremlin, where the only thing new is a government with no passion for nicety or reverence for gentility, has assumed much the same appearance of squalor and neglect.

The preparation of kitchens was sufficient advertisement to summon every needy child in the vicinity, and they were all needy. Where possible, the public kitchens were opened in or near the schools. All children under fourteen were received, or over fourteen if they had not finished the school grade corresponding to that age. School teachers who brought classes of children to the kitchens were permitted to eat with them, as were mothers who brought their babies. People who prepared the fuel and cooked the food and those who served in the kitchens or about the premises were allowed a double daily ration; but no one was permitted to carry food away. The kitchen manager was given a weekly ration or pioch. The food was purchased from the American Relief Administration in Russia. It consisted of flour for white bread, corn-grits, rice, lard, sugar, cocoa and condensed milk. Quantities were carefully and scientifically measured to produce a meal of the standard calories recommended by physicians for the circumstances, and there was no waste of food whatever. The menu was changed three times a week, and there was never a complaint of monotony. The children were registered, and a list of attendance was kept every day. Absence without sufficient excuse meant denial of further feeding, though there was no case on record of such dismissal. Children's homes were supplied every fortnight with an allowance of food per child and with double portions for employees who worked gratis. Hospitals were furnished with adult portions and extra quantities of the food most needed. Homes for the aged, the blind, and the crippled, and even the prisons, were cared for by the distribution stations, nor was there any

institution or private family, which after inspection proved to be in need of food, that did not receive its due allowance of Papal charity.

Before the winter had set in there were four large centres of the Papal Relief in full operation. The districts of Eupatoria and Djankoy in the Crimea counted fifty thousand children in Papal kitchens. The Krasnodar branch was feeding some ten thousand children in kitchens and providing for as many more of the population by private distribution to families. The Rostov division had taken over several homes, had opened public kitchens for adults, and was feeding upwards of twelve thousand, while the Moscow Papal Student Relief had secured another ten thousand against the rigours of a Russian winter. In less than four months after undertaking their work, the Pontifical Delegation of thirteen members had taken a thousand Russians into employment, opened two hundred and sixty-nine public kitchens, and were feeding eighty-two thousand people daily. The work increased in proportion to the generous donations of the Catholic world; and in another two months, with every station growing and another district to be opened further east, the Papal Mission was to double what it had already accomplished.

In December, 1922, the city of Orenburg, as centre of the Bashkir and Kirghiz Districts, north of the Caspian Sea, sent a delegation to Moscow to ask the Papal Relief Organization to come to the aid of their hungry populations. Orenburg stood high on the famine death-rate lists, and had it not been for the indefatigable labour of the American Relief Administration for more than a year, what might have happened among the starving millions there is beyond imagination. But the American Relief Administration, generally known in Russia as the A.R.A. or the Ara, had left the place, forced to do so by the unwarranted interference of local representatives of the Central Government. With Moscow so far away, these

officials had disregarded contracts and determined to administer the foreign largess themselves. The matter was taken to Moscow, with the result that in October, when feeding two hundred and thirty-six thousand people daily, the A.R.A. retired from Orenburg, the only feeding district in Russia in which it was forced to close during its several years of gigantic work. The famine, however, was not so easily dispensed with, and in December the people forced their delegates on to Moscow to beg the Ara to return and to petition the Papal Relief for assistance. Promises were made, and new contracts were drawn up and signed. All the deference at their command was tendered by both central and local officials, and with two large districts of hungry people awaiting a reply, both organizations decided to undertake operations on their behalf.

One grows into the "Timeo Danaos" habit when dealing with the Bolsheviki. The Orenburg committee had finished all necessary preparations and were waiting with great anxiety to instal the relief workers in their dwellings and offices. Two members of the American Relief left Moscow for Orenburg on the 16th of January, 1922, and a third joined them at Samara. Fortunately they had been assigned a special car, such as it was; for on arriving at Orenburg they were forced to live in this car for two whole weeks before the Government Representative could be persuaded to vacate their house. Not a hand had been moved to prepare for their coming, nor had a foot been stirred by way of preparation for my own instalment as representative of the Papal Relief. However, I was more fortunate than those who had gone before me. Leaving Moscow on January 25th, I arrived in Orenburg on the 29th, after spending a night snow-bound on the steppes about a hundred miles from the journey's end. With the temperature at 30 degrees below zero (Fahrenheit), the prospects of living in a Soviet hotel were none too inviting, and this was avoided only by the

kindness of the Americans, who offered lodgings until a mission dwelling was prepared. It took a month to renovate a small ruined house for living and office quarters, during which time the Kirghiz district, south of Orenburg, was being inspected and organized for feeding. Three central stations for the Papal Mission were chosen along the Tashkent railroad at Aktiubinsk, Akbulak and Djeroon. Warehouses and offices were opened in each of these towns, and a country four hundred miles long by two hundred and fifty wide was taken over for relief.

Outside of the cities in this particular district it was necessary to begin a new system of distribution, as great numbers of the Kirghiz lead a wandering gypsy life upon the steppes in little colonies governed by the patriarchal system. Formerly they were wealthy in horses and cattle ; but now their herds consisted of a few stray goats and sheep, remnants of the flocks that preserved them against annihilation by the famine. Where little towns or settlements were found, the nomads were persuaded to settle in the vicinity and to bring their children to the kitchens ; where it was impossible to centralize them, smaller kitchens were opened for the colony, and the elders transported food from the nearest centre.

With the coming of the spring and the melting of the snows, the Ural River asserted its domain over the surrounding country. The steppes were converted into a mighty lake reaching to the circle of the horizon, and whole villages were discernible only as fleets of dwelling houses. Bridges were washed away, and the city of Orenburg, which is built above the plains, was cut off from the exterior world for several weeks. Thousands of country folk took refuge in the town and were fed by the relief societies until they could return to their homes, to live there for another year, when they would again be evicted by the floods. What with the trials of travel and the fury of floods, the rigours of Bolshevik regime and the Soviet supervision of work and wages, Orenburg presented

a never-ending variety of obstacles. Yet the work was interesting because of its novelty, and immensely consoling because of the kindly and generous attitude of the people at large. Letters of thanks from individuals and institutions were received in great numbers, and many unique and varied testimonials were forwarded to Rome. The Papal insignia, the tiara and the keys, which hung in all the kitchens and in every building occupied by the Mission, was honoured as the symbol of Christian Charity and looked upon as a sign of security.

The Central Government had requested the Papal Relief to provide for twenty thousand children in the Orenburg District. In less than a month after operations had begun, the Mission had opened one hundred and eighty-six kitchens and was feeding twenty-five thousand children and one thousand adults. The numbers increased with every day, and at the coming of the great floods in April there were three hundred kitchens in operation, feeding forty thousand five hundred children and fifteen hundred adults. One thousand eight hundred and eighty people were receiving a daily allowance of food by private distribution and four thousand children and nine hundred and fifty adults had each received a complete outfit of clothing.

Toward the beginning of June rumours began to spread that relief work in general would soon be concluded in Russia. The three hundred Catholic Mission kitchens had been supplied until the 15th of June, and the next month's rations had not yet come. Following the order for the retirement of the A.R.A. word came from headquarters to liquidate the Orenburg Division of the Catholic Mission and to return to Moscow, if possible, by the 20th of June. The situation was acute as viewed from various angles. There were trainloads of supplies stalled hundreds of miles away on the other side of a demolished bridge, and there were fifty thousand dollars' worth of textile goods in two freight cars somewhere along a line

of five hundred miles of track. An experienced railroad inspector was engaged to locate the cars of textile goods and to convoy them to Orenburg as soon as possible. After four days of travel he found the cars near Samara, one of the largest railroad centres in Russia. At this junction more than a thousand cars had been halted and promiscuously side-tracked, because of the flood breaks along the numerous radiating lines. Four days later the light of hope broke through the foreboding clouds when the inspector arrived in Orenburg with the cars, having ushered them along a congested road and by a dozen trains that were scheduled to arrive before him.

There were ninety-eight bales of cloth in the textile assignment, containing forty-three thousand metres of materials varying from heavy blanket and overcoat weight to flannelette and muslin of every conceivable colour and pattern. The process of distribution was designed to conform to the brief time allotted to accomplish it. Children's homes were supplied in bulk with cloth sufficient to clothe every child according to standard patterns and measurements, and individual distribution was made to needy adults.

The poor, the halt, and the lame were there in abundance, and they were all cared for according to their needs. Workers' unions, guilds and crafts, societies and organizations of every calling, pursuit and vocation made application for the Catholic Mission textiles. However, the distribution was not to be a wholesale donation. Institutions were the primary charge, and the children's homes were first to be cared for. Settlements for the care of invalids and the aged came next, and then the refugees and the unemployed. After this there was a large distribution to individuals, based upon actual poverty and need as reported upon by a regular system of inspection. Committees were formed to provide for the needs of different classes and groups. There was a Catholic committee as well as one for the Lutherans, and

the Orthodox Bishop headed the society for the provision of Russian priests and their dependants. More than a hundred priests and their families were furnished with clothing, as they had been with a generous donation of food for several months just passed. The priests from the districts were among the poorest of the applicants. Riding in from the country in shaky and perilous-looking equipages drawn by sleepy horses or by still more comatose camels caparisoned in patches of harness and knotted ropes, the priests appeared in clerical garments of dubious antiquity; but their manners were as gentle and edifying as their habiliments were poor and regrettable. Long beards and longer locks they all had in common. They were poor and needy, and in many cases suffering from want more than they cared to tell. They had come a-begging, and they did it with the greatest modesty and respect, realizing, as they did, that the Papal Relief was intended for all. Several times the Central Government Representative, appointed to assist the foreign relief organizations, insisted that the Papal Relief Mission should cease distributing food and clothing to the Orthodox clergy. But the Papal Relief was not obliged to ask his advice regarding individual distribution, and the Orthodox clergy were generously supplied.

Though the textiles absorbed attention for the moment, the larger and more important item of food supply also had its attendant difficulties when the time arrived for concluding the extensive work of child feeding. There were forty thousand children being fed in the district and two thousand adults in the City of Orenburg. The three hundred kitchens had sufficient rations to last until the 15th of June, or for one week to come. The flood-delayed cars had just brought in two hundred and fifty tons of American commodities, and a month's supply of food was placed in the city kitchens and in the local distribution station in a single day. That may seem like a simple question of transportation, and so it would have been with

a few auto-trucks at one's disposal; but with miniature wagons drawn by the leisurely hassock-footed dromedary, and when one must form a train of a dozen such absurdities to make a truck load, it requires considerable effort to supply ten stations in a widespread city. Two days later thirteen freight cars, twelve of food products and one of textiles, were *en route* for the districts.

The schedule was complete to date; but it was running too smoothly to accord with past experience. According to contract, railway transportation was to be paid by the Central Government. The Government, however, had informed the railways, but not the organisations, that such payment had ceased on the first of June. Now the railways are considered the most business-like branch of the government departments, and as rolling stock was much in demand, they continued to live up to their reputation by unloading the thirteen cars of merchandise belonging to the Papal Mission into their own warehouses as fast as they were received at successive stations. For a time it looked like a very abrupt closing of the district, with thousands of children deprived of a month's food. An agent from headquarters in Orenburg was dispatched to release the supplies, and he succeeded in doing so, but not without involving himself in still more serious difficulties. In leaving for the districts he decided to take along a camera and to bring back a pictorial history of the kitchen work among the Kirghiz peoples of the steppes. When the cargo of food had been recovered, he rode off into the verdant plains in quest of Kodak game. One must understand the workings of the secret police in Russia to really appreciate what followed. As the agent was about to board a train to return to Orenburg, he was accosted by an officer carrying a long gun.

"What pictures have you been taking?"

"Pictures of the children in the kitchens and of the people on the steppes."

" Where are the pictures ? "

" Right here."

Then the agent handed over a roll of exposed film just taken from the camera. The officer was unrolling the film to examine the pictures when he was informed that the film had not as yet been developed and that he had already ruined half of the pictures.

" Oh yes," he replied, " I've heard stories like that before. Anyhow, you and the camera are arrested. You have been taking pictures to get the lie of the land."

The agent was marched off to prison, and the camera and films were taken for further examination. On the following day the present writer, with the Representative of the Soviet Government, set out to negotiate a hundred miles of the steppes, in a government machine, in an effort to liberate the incarcerated agent. Fortunately the 1914 model machine fell a victim to all the various weaknesses of auto senility and neglect. Tyres burst, spark-plugs plugged instead of sparking, and the gas was too anaemic to nourish such an ancient system. After half a dozen pauses we decided to return, and crawled back to the town with two of the Kelly Springfields minus their inner tubes. These were happy accidents, for when we arrived in Orenburg the agent whom we had set out to free was awaiting us at the depot, having managed his own release.

About a week before leaving Orenburg, the Local Directors of the A.R.A. and of the Catholic Mission were tendered a dinner by the Kirghiz Government Officials and the Central Government Representative. No such Russian function is ever complete without a long line of speeches, and this affair was no exception to the rule. The Governor, the Mayor, the heads of all departments and their secretaries, all held forth in after-dinner eloquence, of which the general tenor was an offering of sincere thanks and of congratulation for the work accomplished in the district by both organizations. Testimonials

of thanks, printed in gold, were presented to the Directors, and a classical concert followed. There are probably no people in the world with a better appreciation of high grade music and of genuine oratory than the Russians. Every little town in the land has its local Rochmaninof, and one could almost choose at random from a crowd and find an aspiring Demosthenes to harangue a gathering. Actors, or artists as they are called, abound in every little city, and judging from the numerous petitions for food and clothing sent in by unemployed artists it would seem that Orenburg must have been a Thespian refuge when the local Broadway was more prosperous than at present. Shakespeare is played regularly in extensive repertoire, Grand Opera is widely advertised, and here as elsewhere the town is cinema wild, particularly about American and German films. The main street of the town affords a good promenade, and it seemed to be part of everyone's daily routine to make an appearance on it at sundown and to take a few turns in the neat little park that terminates the road on the European bank of the Ural. In June it was lightsome until nearly eleven at night, so folks retired late and got up late, worked six hours a day, even in this period of reconstruction, and allotted a major portion of the day, together with numerous holidays, to recreation and idleness. Most of these people were very poor, and some of them were certainly hungry; but incentives to thrift were lacking, and the tendency to save for the future was waning apace with the gradual decline of paper currency.

The Orenburg Division was the last of the Catholic Relief Depots to open in Russia and the first to terminate its work. It was looked upon as an emergency to tide over the winter period in a section of the country that was especially needy. In less than four months this Station was feeding forty-five thousand people daily and had furnished clothing to nearly nine thousand. The feeding was scheduled to continue for another month

after the official closing, as sufficient food was stored in every kitchen to last until the middle of July. During this extra period the Government was supposed to operate the feeding posts, and one important phase of the process of liquidation was to obtain receipts from the various centres for everything left at their disposal. Of the food supplies remaining after the kitchens were supplied an allotment of several tons was forwarded to the needy colonies in the district of Orsk, and a consignment of five tons was allocated to a committee for the care of homeless children.

The foreign relief organizations had left Orenburg in a position to take care of itself. Only a small part of its almost limitless arable space had been planted; but, apart from accident and supertaxation, the harvest should have been sufficient to meet the needs. In June, 1923, the outlook was encouraging. Along a thousand miles of railway, from Orenburg to the very edge of the city of Moscow, save through the richly wooded sections of the district of Simbirsk, there were fields of waving wheat as far as the sight could reach on either side, and this constitutes but a single lane of the wheat fields of Russia. One wonders, when gazing across such a cereal sea, where people enough could be found to consume it all. Bringing coals to Newcastle sounds reasonable when compared to sending flour to Russia. Yet Newcastle was rather short of coal during the war, and Russia had war and revolutions and famine. The day is as yet far distant before poverty and hunger will be entirely banished from this paupered land of wealth; but relief given gratis can reach a period of saturation, exercising a baleful influence upon a people's initiative.

L. J. Gallagher.

# GAELIC AND ANGLO-IRISH LITERATURE COMPARED

BY AODH DE BLACAM.

WHEN the Gaelic movement began some thirty years ago its objects were declared to be: firstly, the revival of Irish as the primary language in Ireland; and secondly, the study of existing Gaelic literature and the cultivation of a modern literature in the national language. The Gaelic enthusiasts have succeeded in saving the language from extinction and have brought it back into the schools, into commerce, and, during the last year, into public affairs; so that its survival is assured if the nation continues to desire its preservation. In the matter of literature, however, the Gaelic revival has been comparatively a failure, and this reacts upon the movement as a whole by reason of learners of Irish still having to depend upon the English language for reading matter and intellectual sustenance. Let us look into the condition of literature in Irish and consider whether there are signs of renaissance.

When the Gaelic revival began, the Gaelic tongue had not been used for prose composition for nearly three hundred years. The conventions of seventeenth century Gaelic prose were quite strange to modern Irish, so that any work modelled on the Gaelic classics would be a mere scholarly *pastiche*, remote from the living language. Therefore, writers had no ready-formed medium in which to express themselves, and a vast amount of experiment and criticism had to be gone through in the taming of the Irish sentence. The Gaelic press for thirty years

has been full of conflict on points of style. The bad Irish which was printed at the beginning of the century by experimental writers has been ridiculed out of existence, and to-day no Irish is printed save what will pass a drastic and even pedantic criticism. If the same standards were applied to the writing of English very little of what is printed in that tongue would appear. In consequence, matter has been wholly sacrificed to grammar and style.

All this has, indeed, diverted energy from literary creation, but the discipline has not been valueless. A reader, ignorant of the Irish tongue, will yet read with interest and profit Dr. Gerald O'Nolan's recent manual of prose composition.[1] The learned author takes selections from such varied writers as George Bermingham, Arnold Bennett, Jeremy Taylor, Dr. Johnson, Professor Raleigh, and Matthew Arnold, and discusses their respective styles, showing how they differ from a typical Gaelic style. As a rule, in preparing their sentences for a Gaelic dress, he breaks them up and rearranges them. Allusions, abstract phrases, and oblique modes of expression he utterly refines away. To please the Gaelic mind, he says, all must be direct, concrete, elemental. Thus, when he translates Arnold, that favourite term Philistinism disappears and an explanatory phrase is used instead. Some critics will say that this is a wrong mode of translation, and that the original author's style should be as nearly as possible reproduced in the new language. But complete assimilation of the matter to a Gaelic effect was the practice of Irish translators in former times, and in Dr. O'Nolan's book the reader may see the repugnance of the Gaelic mind to allusion and its devotion to strictly logical order. He will see that the most abstract, philosophic authors, when done into Irish, are severely plain, and express their meaning in short, racy words that a countryman could understand.

[1] *Studies in Modern Irish*, Part III. (Educational Co. of Ireland).

The efforts to purify Gaelic style have been as salutary as the study of Latin in former times. In its concreteness and intensity of idiom Irish closely resembles Latin, and whether it becomes the primary language of Ireland once more or only remains a secondary study, we may rely upon its exerting much of the refining influence of the old humanities. But it must not be assumed that this tendency in the writing of Irish means also a return to the classic books of the Gael. On the contrary, there has been an absolute break with Gaelic literature, save only the songs of the eighteenth century poets who rank as analogues of Robert Burns. Canon Peter O'Leary, from whose work in Irish almost every living Gaelic writer derives, was largely responsible for the neglect of other phases of the national literature. The early Gaelic revivalists, who were in the tradition of the Ossianic Society, valued the Fenian sagas, read Keating, and studied the poetry of the old syllabic metres. When, however, they adopted in their writing classical but obsolete words and idioms, they provoked a ridicule of " book Irish " by native speakers. It was true that if Irish was to become an effective literary medium, living Irish, *cainnt na ndaoine*, must be employed. O'Leary horrified the academic by writing the language in grammatic forms which were incorrect according to classic rules and by boldly using words which the people had adopted from English and acclimatised since the classic period. He substituted popular idiom for literary convention. He wrote in short, clear sentences, instead of in long, rambling ones. What he wrote was understood by every native speaker, and was relished by all who loved the vigorous living idiom. His style, therefore, became the standard of modern writing. He made a modern literature a possibility. His ridicule of " the scholars " was sometimes jarring, though perhaps it was necessary in order to establish the living speech as the literary standard.

One cannot, however, but regret the indifference to classic literature which followed. There is a wealth of romance, of dignity and subtlety in texts like *The Flight of Diarmuid and Gráinne* which may require some scholarship for its appreciation. But when our classics are once more appreciated without the attempt being made to substitute their language for the living speech, we may hope that an educated taste will appreciate a style following O'Leary in its modern intelligibility, but flavoured and dignified by reminiscence of the literature of the prouder days of old. The educated English reader does not expect his author to use no words save what are common among the illiterate. He delights in Charles Lamb's archaisms, and he often finds a scholarly author the clearer for the introduction of words that are seldom or never used in speech. Thus words may be obsolete in speech and living in literature —as, for example, the useful word with which I have begun this sentence. The same will be true of Irish. In the speech of the people we have the vocabulary of a certain familiar rural life. But literature, which accepts all ages, places and conditions as its province, will require a larger vocabulary, and this it can only get from the literature of richer times and minds, or from abroad.

Canon O'Leary has largely but not completely standardised Irish prose. He is at his very best in *Séadna*, a folk novel which contains pictures of old-time peasant life that will never be surpassed. Its atmosphere is that of the Delectable Hills, and there is a suggestion of allegory, especially in the conclusion, when someone asks what has become of Séadna and another answers: "He has gone away with the King's people." Although an excellent translation [1] has been made, this book cannot be enjoyed in the full without a knowledge of the racy idiom in which it is composed. Thus the author justified his choice of a medium. If we ask why this

[1] *Shiana*, (Browne & Nolan and Fallon).

masterpiece does not win hosts of students to the language, we have to answer that the fault lies in the restrictions of the theme. Unhappily (shall we say) folk allegory does not grip the modern mind as might a renaissance drama or the tragic satire of *Don Quixote*. O'Leary, it may be said, failed to develop the language for the expression of the modern mind.

No work of O'Leary's has had a larger circulation than his translation of the *Imitation of Christ*, which goes into edition after edition, appealing, with its exquisite intimacy of style, to the devotional mind. His rendering of the Gospels shows that his Bible, when published, will be a national classic. Here the necessity of close adhesion to the original has checked his tendency to garrulity, which has often made his redactions of old Irish tales too diffuse. His *Craos-Deamhan*, a redaction of a mediæval satire, has through it a flash of poetic emotion that makes it almost as fascinating as *Séadna*. His posthumous *Don Ciochóte*, only some chapters of which have appeared, is disappointing to lovers of the Ingenious Hidalgo, failing, as it does, to convey the Latin pomposity of the original, although Canon O'Connell declares that he prefers it to Cervantes' work. These and other works from his pen appear to many critics to lack the more dignified elements of a highly-cultured literature. They prefer, for instance, Canon O'Connell's revision of the Protestant Bible, which retains a flavour of literary formations parallel to the archaisms of the Bible in English. This school of opinion equates O'Leary's Irish with the Kiltartan English in which Synge was composing a version of the *Imitation* when he died, and in which Lady Gregory has made folk versions of the Fenian and Red Branch tales which charm like children's versions, but lack epic force. All considered, we might perhaps be right in declaring that *Séadna* is the one original work in modern Irish which will be read for its own sake, as long as the Irish language lives.

While O'Leary's works sell by the hundred thousand yearly, being sought after by every student of the language, the writings of Mr. Padraic O'Conaire are almost unique in being bought by general readers as fast as they appear. He has published half a dozen books of short stories which remind us of Maupassant in their sombre moods and in their apt technique. He has also a novel describing an Irish exile's adventures in low life, which recalls *Les Misérables*, and a pantomime-like Desert Island story for children.[1] The sexual motif is seldom absent from Mr. O'Conaire's tales, and he is gifted with elvish humour, gentle humanity, and a fine vein of patriotism. Whatever he writes, whatever we think of it, is pre-eminently readable. For this reason, champions of the language are thankful for him because he induces people to read Irish for pleasure instead of as a task. But if we examine his work critically, we have to record that his style is somewhat thin and lacking in richness, like the style of a rapid journalistic writer. Had he been gifted with a luxuriant manner like Synge's, he might have made of his themes terribly vivid stories which would be classics like the tales of Poe. But his stories read as well in translation as in the original. One is almost tempted to wonder why he chose the Irish language to write in, seeng that he says nothing which could not be said with equal, if not greater, subtlety and force in English. Some enthusiasts have ranked Mr. O'Conaire with the greatest of modern short story writers; but the critic feels that the writer would require the perfect linguistic richness of Canon O'Leary before he could justly receive this praise. Good tales, told as if in a foreign and uncomfortable medium, fall something short of literature.

*An Seabhac* is author of three original books of

[1] Translations of some of this author's short stories may be read in *The Woman at the Window*, and of his children's story in *The Land of Wonders* (Both Talbot Press).

humorous fiction—tales of countryside fun as meritorious as the tales of Lynn Doyle in English. This writer fully justifies his choice of a Gaelic medium ; for, unlike O'Conaire, he says things with a richness and vividness that would be lost by translation into another language. Unhappily, there is nothing in the books he has written so far to rank him among creative writers. Seumas O'Grianna has written a novel in Donegal Irish, entitled *Mo Dha Roisin*, which describes life in the modern Gaeltacht with an intimacy of idiom and humour that it would be impossible to copy in translation. His tale is the tale of young people's sacrifices in 1916, and many chapters are profoundly moving. The book, however, is lacking in craftsmanship. Mr. Patrick MacGill, who comes from the same county and describes the same people in English, cannot convey the Gaeltacht atmosphere so perfectly, but his novels have an architecture and a sustained power that is wanting in the Gaelic writer. When Mr. O'Grianna goes outside the description of folk life and has scenes in Dublin, the story is broken by passages of incredible crudity. The same want of design and of power to describe things other than the habitual and traditional, is seen in *Tusa, a Mhaicin*, by Fionn MacCuail, another writer from the same district, who, however, points the way to a livelier mode of writing than we have met in the Gaelic novel, having many sparkling passages of romance. If we were to examine, one by one, all other living writers of Gaelic fiction we would find the same want of that finished technique which is essential to the composition of a tale that will compete with foreign fiction.

It follows from this that the creation of a really readable Irish fiction awaits the coming of some novelist or group of storytellers who, by force of genius, will fashion a technique and create a tradition, even as Scott, with his romantic novels, set a headline for the expression of the Scottish genius of romance that has given us so large a school of writers—Stevenson, Crockett, Buchan, etc.

In other phases of literature the language revival has been even less productive. We have no essayists, no historians, no dramatists, and very few poets who use the Irish language. It is not surprising that poetic composition in Irish is scanty, for the technique of Gaelic verse is exceptionally difficult. The syllabic metres of old can be used only by finished scholars, and are, therefore, employed only by a few writers of high academic qualifications. However, in these metres of Horatian delicacy, Dr. Bergin, Mr. Piaras Beaslai and some others have made poems that deserve a place in any anthology and may be described as holding the same place in Irish literature as the poems of Dr. Bridges hold in English, though lacking in startling quality of inspiration such as we find in a considerable number of contemporary Anglo-Irish poets. As for the more popular metres of accented verse, these are scarcely easier media. The eighteenth century verses, which are the norm of this poetry, are so thickly studded with rhymes, with every accented word chiming on a fixed vowel, that the lines are often strings of adjectives chosen for their sound values almost irrespective of sense. The tradition of Gaelic poetry, identified as it is with this luxuriant rhyming, would make a simpler form of verse-writing false to the Gaelic ear, and thus the poet of to-day is held from expressing himself with the freedom in points of style enjoyed by writers of English. Just as Gaelic fiction awaits the coming of a master storyteller, so Gaelic verse awaits the coming of poets as revolutionary as Walt Whitman, who will fashion some new poetic medium and give a new rhythm to the language. It is not exaggerative to say that only five or six poems have been written in modern Irish which can be compared with Anglo-Irish poetry, and the whole body of creditable verse composed since the revival began could be printed in a small pamphlet.

The contrast between this measure of achievement

and the Anglo-Irish literature of the same period is amazing. It would almost seem that in Anglo-Irish literature we were considering the art of a different country. Irish literature in the English tongue has, during the past thirty years, not only exceeded in profusion and distinction all that has been written in English in former ages in this country, but it has been marked by a national individuality both of style and matter which mark it off unmistakably from English literature. Several Anglo-Irish writers of the period have won international fame, and their works rank among the literary classics of our epoch. The Anglo-Irish dramatic movement has attracted the attention of all countries. Once again, the paradox has been verified that the most national literature has the most cosmopolitan appeal. To what are we to attribute the contrast between the brilliance of Anglo-Irish letters and the literature of Gaelic?

Anglo-Irish writers, while they were not troubled with grammatical difficulties, and had syntax and vocabulary ready-made, were by these very advantages handicapped. For the great models of English writing were, in the nature of the case, steeped in English tradition, and the Irish writer, when he copied the niceties of the English classics, brought an English atmosphere into his work. Many Anglo-Irish writers were attracted by the notion that in the Gaelic tongue they would escape from English associations and find, as one of them said, "a new language to enwomb new ideas." Their study of Gaelic did not make them writers of Gaelic, but it invigorated their English. Dr. Hyde's translation of the Songs of Connaught, in an Anglo-Irish dialect imitative of the Gaelic, was followed by Synge's plays and Lady Gregory's books. Henceforward, Anglo-Irish writers had a model of dialect more dignified and more graceful than the speech of Carleton's characters. Anglo-Irish speech was no longer represented in its baser and more ludicrous forms. This had much the same

effect on Anglo-Irish writing as would a return to Bunyan or the English Bible in England. It liberated Irish writers from the journalese phrases of London English, and gave them a rhythm, idiom and mode of thought distinctively national, being, as it were, Gaelic at second-hand. Thus, the discipline to which Gaelic writers were submitting themselves was repeated without the greater and, as it were, mechanical difficulties of vocabulary and grammar. The Anglo-Irish writer, therefore, had many of the national advantages of the Gaelic writer without his more serious difficulties. He had only to resist English influence, while the Gaelic writer had to modernize a language that, in many ways, resisted that treatment. But the Anglo-Irish writer had one advantage over the Gael that has so far been decisive. The future development of Gaelic literature depends upon the issue which we will now glance at.

The Irish language ceased to develop at the end of the Middle Ages. We have it to-day spoken by a people who have never been influenced by the ideas and emotions of the Renaissance. It is, as it were, a tongue surviving from the Middle Ages in a mediæval *milieu*. In this respect it is unique among the languages of Europe. But the influences of the Renaissance, for good or bad, have coloured modern life. Never will Europe return to the folklore mind. The Gaelic speaker who learns English enters into a world which, be it better or worse than his own, is wider, more intricate, more complex. His father is happy to tell and hear Fenian stories which have heroic passages and humorous subtleties that refined and dignified the mind of the race down the centuries. But something in the modern world makes him critical of those old tales, couched as they are in a dialect that is largely obsolete, even in the Gaeltacht, owing to the impoverishment of Gaelic life. The tales were created in the pride of the Middle Ages and cannot live when that pride has gone, unless they receive a new

embodiment proper to our own times. In the modern speech the new generation finds journalism and literature that appeal, not to the vague old memories, but to the individual mind. In Anglo-Irish literature (to take the highest embodiment of the new spirit that he will find) there are the frank, vivid outlook on life that came with the Renaissance and the influences of that strange intellectual excitement which covered Europe with a new architecture and a new art. Once the Renaissance has touched a nation—and it touched Ireland through the Anglo-Irish makers of the eighteenth century—the old order of things cannot be preserved or restored.

If this analysis is right, we may say that Gaelic literature can only come to fruition in the future if it receives the Renaissance spirit. This does not necessarily mean, of course, that it must accept all that the Renaissance stood for or abandon all its traditions of the past. But it means, in the first place, that Gaelic writers of the future must do as the *Pleiade* did in France, break boldly with the worn-out technique and accept bravely the need to modernize their medium. They must cease to be bound by native influences. And they must open their minds as well as their vocabulary to the European heritage. But when they accept the world they will rediscover Ireland.

The Renaissance was born of the marriage of the past and the future. Men discovered the artistic riches of the ancient world just at the time when the work of the explorers was filling them with hope for the future. Henceforward, they were not content to live from day to day as their fathers had lived. They believed that the ancients were greater men than they; for ancient art, like all ancient things of which the craftsmanship has been lost, appeared almost miraculous. But looking forward with stimulated energy, the men of the Renaissance hoped to emulate the masterpieces of the past. The result was, not indeed a mere imitation of the past,

but an altogether new and brilliant departure. Now we in Ireland have received the Renaissance too late to be much excited by its classical discoveries, but we have a past of our own, classics of our own, which may be all the more rich in suggestion because they have been less exploited than those of Greece and Rome. Already Anglo-Irish literature, in works like Mr. Yeats's poetry and many excellent prose works, has borne fruit from the return to Gaelic epic and saga. It is therefore all the more curious that the Gaelic movement itself has shown but little interest in the Gaelic classics, the very source from which it might derive the Renaissance excitement.

The reason for the poverty of Gaelic letters is, then, psychological. It lies in the absence of the Renaissance mood. Gaelic writers have not yet acquired that forward-looking enterprise which would free them of bondage to literary convention. They do not use the past as a source of inspiration, but as a source of grammatical models. They are true to the letter, but unmoved by the spirit. It remains to be seen whether the writers of Gaelic will yet show themselves as intellectually alert as the writers of English, and will, by brooding on the poetry of the past, create a renascent literature—free of the worn-out themes of Greece and Rome, free too, of the bad things of the European Renaissance, but captivating to the mind of the race and creative of intellectual and material nobility.

Aodh de Blacam.

# MAURICE BARRÊS: AN APPRECIATION

BY VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD

THE death of Maurice Barrès (Dec. 5th) came as a greater shock to France than that of any other man of letters of to-day could inflict. Though over sixty years of age, his vigour, his versatility, his personal charm still preserved for him an impression of youth which deepened the national sense of a premature misfortune in his loss. Like Montaigne, we are told, death held no terrors for him; all through his life he had been wont to contemplate it with a certain pensive pleasure, whether for himself or his friends—is he not reported to have exclaimed in the flippancy of his youth: "Que la mort de M. Renan sera intéressante!" And of recent years, writes M. Bourget, he was often obsessed by a sense of the little time he had left in which to convert his countrymen to the ideas on which he set store. Providence ordained that death should come to him as he would have wished: he was able to write and work up to the very last, dying of heart failure after an illness of a few hours.

All will agree that his literary output was prodigious, covering a long forty years from the first slim *plaquettes* in which, as a *déraciné* from Lorraine, he recorded his early "Sensations de Paris" from the heights of the Quartier Latin, down to the much-discussed "Jardin de l'Oronte," the autographed copies of which only reached his friends on the very eve of his death. There were the novels of almost every type—romantic novels, regionalist novels, the long *romans de moeurs*, with their scathing picture of the France of the Panama scandal, besides the three early volumes not easy to label, of the "Culte du Moi" series. Add to these his books of travel—to Venice, to Greece, to the near East—his journalism and his propaganda pamph-

lets, and finally the whole ten volumes of his " Chronique de la Grande Guerre," the collection of those daily articles in the *Echo de Paris* which constituted Barrès' personal contribution to victory. No purely literary man need blush for such a record, and it had its official reward in his election in 1906 to the French Academy.

But Maurice Barrès, for good or evil, was something more than an *homme de lettres*. He sat in the Chamber, he dabbled furiously in politics, he was, in his youth, a deluded follower of Boulanger ; he was President, after Déroulède's death, of the Ligue des Patriotes ; he was a bitter anti-Dreyfusard, he was a controversialist at once skilful, ironic and unscrupulous. Thus on the life of his own day his vivid personality exercised a real influence, and though he had enemies in plenty and critics of bitter hostility, public opinion in France generally approved the gesture of the Government when the President of the Republic and his Prime Minister attended officially the funeral obsequies at Notre Dame presided over by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris.

At the moment, indeed, it has been M. Barrès' services to France rather than his services to literature that have been uppermost in men's minds. His patriotism would seem to have had all the qualities and all the defects of that disturbing virtue : it was sincere and passionate, but it was also exclusive and unjust, and in the end ruthless. For Barrès, as for most men with no international sense, love of country was the highest and purest emotion of which he could be capable. For such men their country becomes deified : right or wrong it claims their unswerving allegiance, indeed it becomes to them scarcely credible that their country can be in the wrong. Yet one remembers Nurse Cavell's dying words : " Patriotism is not enough," words which no one in authority had the honesty to inscribe on her monument at Trafalgar Square. The Catholic conception of a supernational spiritual power ought to supply the corrective to

that national egoism which is the standing menace to the world's peace, and to that hysterical chauvinism to which in times of crises every nation is liable. Unhappily, in effect, the Catholic man in the street is as easily blinded by national prejudices as his neighbour, and a great educational work is needed to make us all understand the true Catholic principles of international relations.

All through the war Barrès, with his vivid, inspiriting articles, rendered his country real service; his war propaganda was invaluable in making the civilians at home more bellicose than the combatants at the front. And that was the precise aim of war propaganda. Unhappily neither M. Barrès nor other propagandists changed their methods when the Treaty of Versailles was presumed to bring peace to Europe. No one has done more than he to maintain in France that temper which is the despair of all true lovers of peace, the temper that makes her cling vindictively to her pound of flesh, the temper that seeks to perpetuate in the rising generation all the sentiments of hatred and revenge born of the war. In all this Barrès made himself the mouthpiece, not of the French people who fought in the trenches and brought back an intense loathing for war, but of the bourgeoisie, of the stable, conservative portion of the nation, strongly buttressed on the army and the traditional conception of national "glory." Hence the violence of the attack made on the memory of Barrès by the French advanced Socialists and Communists.

It is, perhaps, in this connection that he merits the title of a "prince of the bourgeoisie" conferred on him by M. Thibaudet in his latest estimate (*Nouvelle Revue Française*, Jan. 1, 1924) of the man whose biography he wrote a few years ago, placing him between Maurras and Bergson as a formative influence on twentieth century France. Certainly Barrès was in no sense a democrat. He loved the people we are told by his biographer, but "en patron," and as one who did not and never had be-

longed to them. His refined elegance, his irony, not less than his absorption in the world of ideas, kept him aloof from the plain virile life of the people. His fastidious sensibilities can have found no counterpart in the hard common-sense of the French peasant. The more kindly bourgeois side of his nature was probably seen at its best —so we gather from various sources—in the paternal house at Charmes-sur-Moselle, on the borders of Lorraine, the home of many generations of the Barrès family, where, in his later years, the novelist spent his leisure hours in a spacious and pleasant simplicity, on friendly terms with all his neighbours. This was his real home, both spiritually and by inheritance.

M. Barrès has always maintained, in the face of certain critics, that there is complete continuity of development throughout his literary productiveness and that he has no youthful errors to abjure. Consequently, if one seeks to understand his work as a whole, one must go back to those three early volumes "Sous l'Œil des Barbares," "Un Homme Libre," and "Le Jardin de Bérénice," constituting the Culte du Moi series, volumes which it may well be will become his most permanent literary monument. For whereas his later books deal mainly with subjects of a temporary or local interest, these treat of matters of perennial fascination: the reality of the Ego and its relation to the outside world, and not merely as metaphysical speculations, but in the revelations of a troubled and super-sensitive soul. For the Philippe of these volumes is Barrès himself, educated at the lycée of Nancy and sent to Paris to make his way in the world. He is like d'Annunzio in this that he writes almost always about himself and with an equal candour. These volumes, then, profess to describe the five or six years of apprenticeship to life of an intellectual young Frenchman of the day who thinks for himself. Our morality, our religion, our sense of nationality, from which (he tells us) we might have drawn a rule of life, having collapsed, we have to

concentrate on the sole reality, the Ego. It is not only the contest of the Ego with the outside world, *i.e.*, the Barbarians, as represented by the struggle of Philippe against those around him who would mould him to their image, but the contest of the Ego with itself so as to arrive at a full knowledge of its own nature and whither it is tending. Hence the necessity for the Culte du Moi. Thus the books are not merely self-revelatory: they are the sincere exposition of an attitude towards life, pursued unfalteringly, and a justification for it. Judged from the Christian standpoint it is quite true to say that the books are morbid, unhealthy, instinct with pessimism—though M. Barrès does not fail to record his indebtedness to St. Ignatius in regard to the practical methods of self-analysis he has pursued—but it is equally true that they are amazingly keen in their analysis, free from all pedantry and full of a delicate perceptiveness clothed in language marvellously terse and crystalline for so young a writer. The charm is undeniable. What, so it seems to us, no one can discover in them is any appreciation of Catholic tradition in the thought and faith of Europe. They lie wholly outside the Christian orbit.

The first volume of the trilogy, "Sous l'Œil des Barbares," paints the awakening of adolescent youth to conscious life, first through books, then through the revelations that Paris affords to the young provincial. The unfolding of a life of ideas is coincident with an initiation into the emotions of sex, leading the young man to a state of scepticism and suffering verging on despair. Throughout "Un Homme Libre" the student Ego grows and develops. Philippe's aim is to be ardent and clear-sighted. He learns in contact with life and by travel: at Milan before da Vinci's pencilled Head of Christ, amid the undying loveliness of Venice, and finally in his own Lorraine. At the close he is able to boast to his friend Simon that he has become in truth "a free man," who knows himself and has himself in hand.

In artistic treatment " Le Jardin de Bérénice " marks a great advance on its predecessors. Here the theme is no longer presented in a series of reflexions linked loosely together by incidents, but welded into a well-balanced composition. It tells of Philippe in action, offering himself as a Boulangist candidate to the townsfolk of Arles and spending his leisure hours with Bérénice, a " petite fille sans moeurs," who inhabits a lonely villa in a garden on the outskirts of Aigues-Mortes. No one more skilfully than Barrès could have described the decadent influences of Bérénice's pitiable childhood nor painted with a more living atmosphere the Musée du Roi René in which so many happy hours of her youth were spent. Bérénice, in a sense, is the female counterpart of Philippe ; she is the instinctive child of the people, full of a past of which she is unconscious. If a novelist is to relate with a candour that in Barrès' case amounts to pitilessness the life history of this ruined girlhood, it could not be presented in a more poetic light than in these pages. And the wide landscape around Aigues-Mortes, with its arid, desolate plains and its mournful remains of an earlier civilisation, provides the exact setting that is needed to convey an impression of restrained melancholy. It is a fascinating and a haunting book, even though we cannot accept Bérénice as typical of as much of modern life as her creator holds her to be.

Thirty years of fruitful literary labour and varied patriotic activity separate the publication of " Le Jardin de Bérénice " from that of " Un Jardin sur l'Oronte." And yet there is something of the mood of the former that re-emerges in this, the very last novel that can reach us from M. Barrès' pen. It would seem as though for a moment the author had flung off his moral responsibilities as a moulding influence in the destinies of France and, with a touch of Gallic malice, had indulged in the luxury of writing an Eastern tale of love and infidelity and adventure. The glamour of the Orient, with its fabulous

wealth, has fallen upon him, and this amusing, irresponsible, Syrian romance is the result. Think how portentously seriously M. Barrès has taken himself and has been taken by his friends—and above all by his biographer, M. Thibaudet—as the re-creator of " l'Energie Nationale," the defender of the Bastions de l'Est, the mouthpiece, throughout the war, of the Union Sacrée, and some of us at least will sympathise with the holiday mood whose manifestation others have found so regrettable. For with characteristic *légèreté* M. Barrès has not been able to keep Catholicism out of his pages, and, gently ironic, has seemed at least to imply that the methods of Christian missionaries in the Near East are sometimes of dubious wisdom, and that the conversion of beautiful ladies from the harem may still leave much to be desired in their after-conduct. And this at a time when the whole prestige of France in the East is closely bound up with the success of her religious congregations. *Noblesse oblige*, and M. Barrès must surely have forgotten for the moment the very solid obligations binding a man in his position. Meanwhile he has enriched French literature with a slight and frivolous but very charming fantasy.

It has been inevitable, perhaps, that a good deal of controversy should have occurred at times over M. Barrès' religious attitude, and that Catholics, eager for his soul's salvation, should sometimes have read into his writings more than the author himself intended to put into them. Then a pagan and indelicate book such as " Un Jardin sur l'Oronte " causes more distress than the actual circumstances warrant. M. Albert Thibaudet, his exhaustive biographer, sees in his religious sympathies little more than a " vague sentimentalism." Barrès tells us repeatedly in his various books how the profound inspirations of his life came to him from dying Venice, from " les boues malsaines de Torcello," from Cordova or Toledo, never from Jerusalem or Rome. Henri Massis, in his recent " Jugements," discusses Barrès frankly between Renan

and Anatole France, and with every admiration of him as a great man of letters, admits sadly that his religion was at fault. It would indeed be impossible to find any Christian motive in the vast mass of his fiction—clearly not in the pages of the Culte du Moi series, or of its successor "L'Ennemi des Lois," which leads up to the moral principle that "refined sensibility will suppress all immorality." Again, in the whole solid block of work represented by the "Energie Nationale" trilogy, one of Barrès' greatest achievements, the subject of religion never enters. The one novel, of course, treating of a directly religious theme is "La Colline Inspirée," a subject that appealed to him because it was essentially regional and *lorrain*. And in it he presents the faith in strong, vigorous lineaments, it is true, but bereft of all beauty and tenderness, a faith composed largely of superstition and fanatical violence. Even allowing for the fact that the tragic figure of the priest, Leopold Bailleul, was a creation any novelist might be proud of, one wonders why the author regarded the book, so M. Thibaudet reports, as his most perfect composition. For the pious reader the story is both perplexing and painful.

The present writer has come across but a single page in all the Barresian output which might be inspired by Christian faith as distinct from sentiment. It is the account in "Un Homme Libre" of Philippe's visit to the Brera when he stands before da Vinci's Head of Christ. Gazing at the marvellous drawing, he understands that Christ accepts all—"even the meanness of his friends"; that the smile on his lips pardons all the Judases of this world, and it dawns on him for the first time that without goodness there can be no full comprehension of life. Thus for a fleeting moment Barrès would seem to have dimly realised what pain and renunciation may stand for in the scheme of the universe, but his instinctive pagan sympathies quickly re-asserted themselves.

Sympathy with and a certain admiration for the

Church in France were necessary adjuncts to his patriotism, largely built up as it was on history and tradition. His eloquent appeal for the neglected churches of France will be widely and gratefully remembered; but it was an architectural and national, not a devotional, appeal. He takes his little son Philippe to Domremy and to Lourdes, as described in some charming pages of the "Amitiés Françaises," but it was all as part of the educational process that was to turn the boy into a "digne petit Français." Yet, admitting all this, it is clear that in his later years Barrès felt himself in many ways in union with his Catholic friends, although he never joined them in their worship. This emerges implicitly from the two volumes of his "Enquête au Pays du Levant," published just before his death, in which his personal relations with the members, male and female, of the French Catholic missions he visited were clearly of the most cordial kind. And it is expressed in definite language in a letter he wrote almost on the eve of his death to Père Jalabert, S.J., and quoted in the Etudes (Dec. 20):—

"Les catholiques m'ont généreusement comblé toute ma vie. Ils ont bien senti que j'étais leur frère et l'un du troupeau fidèle; que je ne mettais rien audessus des gloires et des vertus de notre religion. . . . Je suis un écrivain français, un modeste fils de l'Esprit, qui sait, qui sent ce que notre meilleure civilisation doit à l'impulsion du Christ et à l'Eglise, et leur doit chaque jour."

These words, written to a priest and a personal friend, are doubtless the nearest we shall get to the last thoughts on religion of the great writer France is mourning to-day, whose name, since the War, has been associated rather with controversy than with letters. He stood for a National Cause and defended it skilfully with any weapon that came handy, not always weapons of truth and justice. But his many Catholic friends will welcome his words to Père Jalabert in all their cordial sincerity, feeling that as his end drew near, the differences between them were appreciably lessened and that in desire at least he was almost within the fold. VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.

# UNPUBLISHED IRISH POEMS

## XXV—On the breaking up of a School

EDITED BY PROFESSOR OSBORN BERGIN, D.LITT.

THIS is an elegy by Tadhg Og O Huiginn on his elder brother and teacher, Fearghal Ruadh. The date of Fearghal's death is not recorded, but it must have been later than 1391, when the father, Tadhg mac Giolla Cholaim, died; for Fearghal is given the title "O Huiginn" (§§ 18, 20, etc.), implying that he was head of the family. Tadhg Og himself, "chief Preceptor of the poets of Ireland and Scotland," died in 1448. His poems, beginning with an inauguration ode to O'Neill in 1397, are well preserved in MSS.; the religious ones have been edited by Father L. McKenna, S.J., in *Dán Dé*. He was an ancestor of Tadhg Dall, whose poems have been edited for the Irish Texts Society by Eleanor Knott. On the following, which was probably composed at the close of the fourteenth or the beginning of the fifteenth century, O'Grady remarks (*Cat.* 366)—"Here we find great affection for the near kinsman, admiration for the poet and gratitude to the kind preceptor, coupled with a becoming diffidence in his own merits, expressed well by the author who at the time of writing was just turned of thirty."

I give a normalized text from three MSS., the Yellow Book of Lecan, the Book of O'Conor Don, and 23 D 14 (R.I.A.).

### Tadhg Og O Huiginn cct.

1. Anocht sgaoilid na sgola,
leabtha uadha a n-aontomha:
do-ghéna lucht gach leabtha
déra re hucht n-imtheachta.

2. Iomdha ag loighe, lór do sgís,
aréir san bhaile a mbímís:
gion gur goire um nóin anocht
loighe dhóibh iná dúsacht.

3. Glóir an bhaile 'na mbíodh sinn—
a hionnamhail ní fhaicim,
a Dhé, do neamhghlóir aniogh;
seanmóir don té do thuigfeadh.

4. Ionadh coinne ar chionn tSamhna
do bhíodh 'gun aos ealadhna:
aoinfhear amháin dá maradh,
níor sgaoileadh dháibh dealaghadh.

5. A lucht do bhí 'na bhaile,
lér mian ceard is comhnaidhe,
do bhí adhbhar far fhuath libh
labhradh na gcuach do chluinsin.

6. Do-chuaidh ar sgaoileadh don sgoil
gach fear dána 'na dhúthoigh :
ní thiaghair a toigh athar
ó shoin d'iarraidh ealathan.

7. Fada liom sgaoileadh don sgoil
do-chonnarc re cois Fhearghoil :
foide iná an sgol do sgaoileadh
gan m'oide ag cor chomaoineadh.

8. Oide d'iarraidh 'na ionadh,
rob usa dhóibh deilioghadh :
breath bhroide, a Dhé, dá dhalta,
dá mbé ag oide iasachta.

9. Mar táinig sgaoileadh na sgol
a gcrích nEireann tré Fhearghol,
tig sgaoileadh sgoile Banbha
roimhe d'aoinfhear ealadhna.

10. Tuigid féin, fa fáth cumhadh,
gur éigean dóibh dealughadh,
sgol Dalláin ina dheaghaidh,
d'andáigh as na hoideadhaibh.

11. Do buaidhreadh do thuirse thruim
an dámhsain Dalláin Fhorguill :
níor anmhain dáibh níor dheadhail,
amhlaidh don dáimh déidheanaigh.

12. Sgola uaisle innse Fáil,
a gcédchumha um cheann Dalláin :
do ló sgarthana na sgol
is mó a n-athchumha um Fhearghol.

13. Moidhidh don bhrón bhíos fam thuinn
ag aithne m'aosa cumuinn :
a ndiaidh sgaoilte na sgoile
biaidh m'fhaoilte 'na heólchoire.

14. Mé a dhearbhráthair 's a dhalta,
gearr dá éis budh ionanta :
deithbhir mar oide ní fhuil,
foide beithir gan bráthair.

15. Dá dtugtha ré dheise dhamh,
nó ní budh shia do shaoghal,
bíodh mo shlán bheith mar do bhá,
ar leith atám ó theasda.

16. Tríocha bliadhan do bhí mé,
nó ní as fhoide, dom fhínné,
lán dom anáil ón uabhar,
crádh d'fhagháil gurbh ionnfhuaradh.

17. Do díoghladh do dheochaibh bróin
mo threise 'na thigh chomhóil :
má dho-rinne mé macnas,
is tinne, a Dhé, an díoghaltas.

18. Dom ullmhughadh níor áil lais
mo bheith adhaigh 'na égmais :
gur léig sé ar an énlaith inn,
mé a n-énbhoith re hÓ nUiginn.

19. Guth oram budh aimhleas damh
ós íseal ris an ollamh,
beag dtaraidh don té adéradh,
dé am aghaidh ní fhuiléngadh.

20. Ó aois leinbh do léigeadh rinn
(Dia dhá íoc re hÓ nUiginn !)
gach rún frithir dá bhfaghadh,
gur mhithidh dún dealaghadh.

21. An oideacht do-ním aniogh
dá dhaltaibh d'éis an fhileadh,
Fearghal Ruadh do-roighne soin,
truagh, a Choimdhe, nach cosmhoil.

22. Rinn onóra agus aoibhe
dhamh re cois a chomaoine,
liom a gcartaigh croidhe thinn
tar dhaltaibh oile I Uiginn.

23. Ní shaoilim go bhfuighe an fear,
dá mbeinn choidhche dá chaoineadh,
d'éis an tsaothair fuair Fearghal,
uaim a dhaothain doimheanman.

24. An chumha go dtuga a treas,
dénamh seice isé ar n-aimhleas :
is é chráidheas an croidhe,
mé ag áineas tar m'eólchoire.

25. D'éis m'oide dhá ndeachadh dhíom
do shealad éigin m'imshníomh,
gearr bhíos an chumha so ag clódh,
gríos is urusa dh'fhadódh.

26. Gul ós aird ó nach áil linn
a ndiaidh Fhearghoil I Uiginn,
truagh mo chuidse don chumhaidh,
a tuigse uam d'osnadhaigh.

27. Feadh mo ré ní dulta dhamh
don bhaile a bhfaca Fearghal :
ní mharad na botha a mbeinn,
gotha carad ní chluinfeinn.

28. An leaba a mbíodh araon rinn
dá bhfaicinn d'éis I Uiginn,
a dtéid thoram dom thuirse,
léig oram go n-íocfainnse.

29. Ionmhain both dhiamhair dhána
aithnim d'éis a theasdála :
a bhoth fholamhsa ar mh'aghaidh,
comharsa níor chleachtabhair.

30. Gan mharthain do mhac Aine,
rug don éigse a hamháille :
mar théid clár a taoibh thunna,
do sgaoil fál na foghluma.

Anocht.

## Translation

1. To-night the schools disperse ; thereby are beds[1] left widowed ; the folk of each bed will shed tears at parting.
2. Many lay down—how weary ![2]—last night in the home where I dwelt, though this eve they are more like to watch than to lie down.
3. The glory of the home I dwelt in—O God ! I see nought so inglorious to-day ; it is a sermon to one who could understand.
4. The men of art had ever a tryst against Allhallowtide ; were but one man[3] living, their departure would be no dispersal.
5. O ye who were in his dwelling, in quest of art and residence, well might ye loathe to hear the utterance of the cuckoos.[4]
6. When the school dispersed each man of art went to his own homeland, none cometh since then from his father's house in quest of art.
7. Long seemed to me the dispersal of the school that I saw by Fearghal's side ; longer than the dispersal of the school is it to have lost my teacher's kindness.
8. It were easier for them to separate than to seek a teacher in his stead ; it is a doom of captivity, O God, to his pupil, if he be with a strange teacher.
9. As the dispersal of the schools came into the land of Erin through Fearghal, so came of old the dispersal of Banba's school through one man of art.
10. They understood— it was a cause of grief—that they must part, Dallán's school, after his loss, because they trusted not the teachers.
11. That company of Dallán Forgaill[5] were afflicted by heavy sorrow ; they could not stay, they could not part—so it is with the latest company.
12. The noble schools of Isis Fáil—their first sorrow was for Dallán ; at the separation of the schools greater is their fresh grief for Fearghal.
13. The sorrow that dwells within me breaks forth as I recognise my comrades ; after the dispersal of the school my gladness will turn to lamentation.
14. I was his brother and his pupil ; not long may I abide after him ; for a teacher there is no haste ; longer shall one be without a brother.

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[1] On the beds and the separate huts where the students were taught to compose in the dark, see No. X.

[2] or " sad." [3] *i.e.*, Fearghal.

[4] The schools used to break up about the 25th of March.

[5] The reputed author of the *Amra* or Eulogy on Colum Cille. A romantic account of his death and the choice of a successor is found in *Imtheacht na Tromdháimhe.*

15. If the lifetime of two men were granted me, or even a longer life, I despair of being[1] as I was; I am alone since he departed.
16. For thirty years or longer, I bear witness, I was full of my breath from pride, until anguish came to cool me.
17. My prowess in his banqueting hall has been punished by draughts of sorrow; if I have lived riotously, O God, the punishment is sorer.
18. For my training he would not have me one night away from him. Till he loosed me against the birds,[2] I was ever in one hut with O Huiginn.
19. A reproach against me to my hurt, made in secret to the ollamh—little profit it was to anyone who should utter it; he would not endure a breath against me.
20. From childhood he would share with me (God reward O Huiginn therefor!) every eager design that he formed, till it was time for us to part.
21. The teaching that I give to-day to his pupils after the poet's death, it was Fearghal Ruadh who made it; O Lord! would that it were like his.
22. The very summit of honour and kindness towards me together with his favour is mine in the charter of a sore heart beyond O Huiginn's other pupils.
23. Though I were ever bewailing him, after the pains Fearghal took, I think not that he will get grief enough from me.
24. Until grief has given its onslaught, it is hurtful to me to avoid it; it torments the heart that I should be mirthful despite my sorrow.
25. Should my care leave me for a space after my teacher, soon does this grief return; it is a live coal easy to kindle.
26. As I am unwilling to weep aloud after Fearghal O Huiginn, sad is my share of the grief; it may be known by my sighing.
27. While I live I may not go to the home where I saw Fearghal; the huts I might dwell in abide not; I should not hear the voices of friends.
28. If I saw after O Huiginn the bed in which he was wont to be with me, believe me, I should pay for the sorrow that passes me by.
29. Dear is the mystic hut of poesy, which I recognise after his loss; O empty hut before me, thou wast not wont to have a neighbour.
30. That Aine's son lives not has robbed poesy of her gaiety; as a plank goes out of the side of a cask, the wall of learning has broken.

OSBORN BERGIN.

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[1] lit. "let it be my challenge (defiance) to be."

[2] A striking metaphor from falconry. Young hawks, too, like bardic students, begin their training in dark rooms.

# CANCER PROBLEM CONSIDERED

BY C. M. O'BRIEN, M.D., L.R.C.P.
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THE medical profession to-day is convinced that, in the whole history of medicine, from the dawn of science to the present, there is no single malady which has aroused public sentiment amongst all nations to the extent that cancer has done. Nor is there any single word in any language which conveys such horror and foreboding to the human mind as does the term "malignancy." Cancer was known to the ancients, and its study has engrossed the attention of every generation of scientists from the days of Hippocrates to this our own time. The tragedy of the whole thing is that, as regards its actual cause, we stand to-day where the ancients stood, baffled and bewildered by darkness and impenetrable gloom, despite the millions spent almost yearly on cancer research. That this is so there is no gainsaying. How long it shall continue who can tell ?

It cannot be conscientiously advanced as a cause of our failure that present-day cancer workers are dwelling too much in the scientific methods of the past, or that they are not sufficiently receptive of new ideas. To the writer, at least, the most pregnant sign of the ultimate fulfilment of their object is the infectious zeal which animates the great and ever-increasing army of efficient and willing workers in every nation. Notwithstanding the heavy toll which some of the modern methods have already exacted, these workers have established a high standard of usefulness and heroism for other ardent spirits to emulate.

In the limited space at the disposal of the writer a few of the outstanding features of a typical cancer shall be enumerated in the hope of enabling the ordinary individual to realise, before it is too late, that something abnormal exists in his economy, and that its immediate

investigation by a medical man is imperative. The early beginnings of cancer are often obscure and very difficult even for experts to interpret. The trouble is sometimes superficially situated, sometimes deep, sometimes painful, frequently not. Often a hard nodule is perceptible somewhere beneath the skin; just as often a mere scale or scab is the sole and only source of suspicion. Caution is always desirable with old scars, fissures, or moles anywhere on the surface of the body, but particularly on the face, near the corner of the eyes, bridge of the nose, both temples, lower lip, side of tongue near jagged teeth, gums and floor of mouth, the breast in females (with or without a history of previous injury), the liver (preceded perhaps by attacks of gall stones and jaundice), the stomach, with a history of long-standing dyspepsia, with or without pain, or vomiting. Grounds for suspicion become increased when the lymphatic gland nearest the growth becomes hard and shotty, forming a kernel near the angle of the jaw in a man who has had a sore lip for months, which he avers is due to the shank of an old clay pipe. The crust or scab on the face gives no trouble, except slight itchiness and bleeding perhaps whenever the scab is removed, as with the towel when washing. The suspicion should become still further quickened when the foregoing symptoms are found in a person who has already passed the meridian of life and who is feeling ill and losing weight without any visible cause.

It must be borne in mind, and it cannot be too strongly emphasised, that in medicine generally, but in cancerous disease more especially, it is false economy—bordering on insanity—to suffer in silence, whether through fear of knowing the worst from the doctor or through any other cause, real or imaginary, until a period is reached when the local disease has become general, and all hopes of permanent beneficial interference whether by surgery or otherwise have vanished for ever. There is at least one golden rule in surgery, to which the writer knows of no

exception, a rule honoured and respected by medical men of standing in every country—viz., where the cancer has become widespread, attacks the lymphatic glands, or involves important organs, surgical operation is not justifiable except as a palliative measure for the relief of pain.

Sound common sense (a faculty with which the Irish people are as richly endowed as are the people of any other nation) might be efficaciously exercised in counselling against the danger of delay in seeking early medical advice, counselling against the allurements of the herb doctor, charm doctor, bonesetter, quack and charlatan, who profess to hold in secret possession a sure remedy for the cure of cancer, while adroitly pronouncing every lump cancerous and every cancer curable without any operation. As a consequence, a busy practitioner will meet yearly, in the course of his practice, many cases of patients who never had cancer, and who have suffered acutely from the indiscriminate use of certain plasters containing pitch with arsenic incorporated very often in lethal doses, while in others the cancer has been so incompletely removed that recurrence of the disease has been known to set in within a few weeks, to be followed soon after by death in terrible agony.

Every attempt to solve the very complex problem of cancer has so far been doomed to disaster. Pathology and bacteriology, after years of desperate encounter, achieved a signal victory under the generalship of Professor Koch, who ran the Tubercle Bacillus to mother earth in 1882, compelling Nature to divulge her secret as to the cause of consumption, though unfortunately not its cure. But these sciences, Pathology and Bacteriology, which serve so successfully in tracking down the cause of consumption, have so far been unable to do more than point out to us to-day certain things " which cancer is not." The grand secret as to the actual cause of cancer still remains locked in the womb of time. Whether or not this secret shall ever be born is a question respecting which there exists and has ever existed the widest diversity

of opinion. So far it has checkmated and bewildered the greatest scientific minds.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL THEORY OF CANCER.

Sir James Paget, the eminent London Surgeon, whose yearly takings never exceeded £23 13s. 0d. during the first seven years of his practice, nor £100 until he was eighteen years a surgeon, lived to enjoy over £10,000 yearly for some years before he retired. Referring in later years to this waiting time, Paget says : " Looking back over these years of long waiting, the sight seems dreary. There was very little of what is commonly thought pleasure in them, very little besides that of my engagement, which was so happy that there seemed no need of patience, and there was what was commonly called poverty. An average of £100 a year was not much with which to pay fifty guineas a year for rent and to appear like a gentleman, though it might be a scientific one, and to eat and drink enough, to work hard, and to buy clothes and books and pens and ink—not much for one who would even pretend to be in practice. My father was becoming constantly poorer, and it was necessary for me to borrow money in order to meet some of his liabilities." You may ask what has all this to do with cancer. Why repeat it here ? It was Goldsmith who said : " The greatest object in the world was a good man struggling with adversity." Paget was a great and lovable man because he struggled manfully and uncomplainingly with adversity, and the pluck and grit which he displayed should serve as an incentive to the readers of STUDIES, whether in medicine or outside of it, to hold on and fight on, always remembering that in the gay lexicon of youth there is no such word as failure.

If Sir James Paget was not the actual father of the constitutional theory of cancer, he unquestionably proved himself its most conscientious and brilliant exponent. He added to the literature of cancer more than any other man of his time. It has been the good fortune of the writer

to have known him in the flesh and to have benefited by the charm of his personal teaching. Hence if the writer quotes him freely, the unquenchable spirit of fealty which a grateful pupil owes to his dead chief must be held responsible.

Paget on the constitutional theory :—

> The more I have seen of cancer as occurring amongst families whose family history is known, the larger becomes the number of cases in which well-marked inheritance can be traced. I can count as actual facts not less than one in three of the patients with cancer in whose families the occurrence of cancer is well known. A large number die before they have manifested the cancerous disposition which is in themselves. For, paradoxical as it may seem, if a man have not outlived the utmost age of man, we are bound not to believe that he might not have been the subject of cancer ; for cancer is eminently a disease of degeneracy, so that, unless a man have lived to the full age of life, he may have died of some other disease than cancer and never have manifested the cancerous tendency which he yet conveys to his offspring.
>
> The cases are very far from rare in which offspring die of cancer long before their parents. The parent lives and maintains that cancer was never known in his family ; but a few years elapse, and then the parent dies of the same disease as the offspring.

Paget wrote thus in 1874. Yet in November, 1887, in a lecture on cancer and cancerous diseases delivered at the College of Surgeons, London, he sets aside with a wave of the hand the old doctrine that cancer is a constitutional disease. "I have not," he said, "used the word constitutional, for it has become as indefinite and misleading in Pathology as it seems to be in politics. I believe that micro-parasites or substances produced by them will some day be found in essential relation with cancer." So we see that in science as in politics important and far-reaching pronouncements made to-day are often greatly watered down or wholly withdrawn to-morrow. But there is always this difference. The scientist yields gracefully to the adverse pressure of the microscope, or perhaps the telescope, and one can invariably understand and appreciate his sudden change of front. With the politician it is otherwise.

### THE IRRITATION THEORY OF CANCER.

Any long continued irritation, mechanical or chemical, including under the latter heading the effects of toxins resulting from micro-organisms, permanently alters the mechanism of cell division and ultimately produces cancer. Cases of the first-mentioned type (mechanical irritation) are met with amongst the workers in certain trades —handling aniline dyes, tar, paraffin, soot (chimney sweeps' cancer). Radium, X-Rays and Ultra Violet Rays, pressure as in the case of the pipe stem, slight injury to an ordinary wart, mole or naevus are also causes of the disease. Cancer from irritation or injury is a strong argument against the third or parasitic theory.

### PARASITIC THEORY OF CANCER.

This theory was first propounded by Adams, who gave the following definition of a parasite :—" Every new formation which contributes to the body no serviceable structure must be regarded as a parasitical element in that body, alike foreign and injurious to it." Sir John Bland-Sutton, the present President of the College of Surgeons, London, in his recent work, *Cancer Clinically Considered*, says : " The frequency with which cancer attacks the large intestine is in favour of those who believe that cancer is due to a micro-parasite, probably something which is taken in with uncooked food or water. Indeed I feel so strongly in this matter that for many years I have avoided eating all sorts of uncooked vegetables. Much as I enjoy salad with my chicken or my cheese, I do not touch it."

Cohnheim's and Thiersch's theories will be briefly referred to for want of space. The first mentioned attributes cancer to awakened growth of embryonic tissue, while Thiersch maintains that the cancer is due to a fight between epithelial cells and loops of blood vessels.

Certain articles of diet, over-indulgence in flesh-eating, tomatoes, strong tea, salt and sugar are often cited as causes of cancer. But cancer was known to the ancients

before sugar was heard of. Vegetarians have died from cancer times beyond count; Hindoos have suffered from cancer, and they as a race eat meat very sparingly, if at all. The horse and the cow, both familiar and well-known vegetarians, frequently die of well authenticated cancer. The pig appears to be immune from cancer, but perhaps he is not allowed to live long enough to develop it.

### Cure of Cancer.

If the writer were asked for a definition of the word "cure," as applied to cancer, he would hesitate before answering; if pressed for an explanation for such hesitancy, he would recall what happened in 1906 when he pronounced cancer to be curable by Radium, at the annual meeting of the Governors of his hospital. A well-known citizen and alderman of Dublin, at a public meeting of the Municipal Council, sprang to his feet in the council chamber and said that, as there was no case of cancer ever cured, it was degrading to find a person touting thus for public subscriptions. Unwilling to take his knock-out, at least in the first round, self-composure with some effort was maintained by reflecting that Galileo, the very father of science, was threatened with fifteen years' penal servitude for saying the earth moved. But Galileo was right, and he knew it. The writer was right when he said cancer was curable by Radium if judiciously employed, and he knew it. Few knew it then; every one knows it now.

Perhaps the following definition of the term "cure," as applied to cancer, might meet the approval of most operating surgeons, pending something more comprehensive: The complete removal of the original growth (verified as cancer by the microscope) without any recurrence for at least six years, the patient meantime having received no treatment whatever.

In a previous paragraph the writer has dealt with that form of cancer which all surgeons consider unsuitable for operation, viz., cancer which has already attacked the

lymphatic glands and so has become general. He will now consider (*a*) *deep circumscribed cancer*, (*b*) *superficial circumscribed cancer*. Both are amenable to treatment. From experience derived from many years' personal observation in hospital wards here and abroad, the writer has convinced himself that deep-seated circumscribed cancers are best treated by the surgeon, and during this period he can recall many brilliant achievements which, in his opinion, could not be realised by any other method.

On deep X-Ray treatment of cancer, popularly known as the Erlangen Method, the writer has seen nothing either in Great Britain or Germany to justify his recommending its employment. He believes this method, in its present form, to be fraught with danger both to the patient and to the operator, and it is not a specific cure for cancer.

### Superficial Circumscribed Cancer.

It is with the latter type of cancerous disease that the writer's life has been most closely identified, and it is in the cure of the latter form of the disease that modern science has made the greatest advance. In an opening paragraph the writer stated that, in the ebb and flow of cancer research, the most hopeful sign of ultimate triumph which he saw was the countless numbers of able lieutenants ready to take the field for frontal or flank attack, steeled by the knowledge that all or nearly all the great discoveries of the last forty years in this domain have followed each other with a well recognised rhythmical sequence. In 1882 Professor Koch discovered the cause of consumption ; in 1890 he introduced Tubercline as its cure. In 1894 Professor Finsen, of Copenhagen, proved that, by concentrating certain rays (ultra violet) of the solar spectrum, he could kill not only the Tubercle Bacillus, which Koch failed to master, but he could also cure superficial circumscribed cancer. In 1895 Roentgen startled all Germany, and indeed the scientific world generally, by discovering rays (X-Rays) which rendered the human

body transparent, and which were also curative. In 1896 Bacquerel discovered that Uranium emitted rays akin to X-Rays, but weaker. Doubtless it was this important link in the scientific chain which led to the discovery of Radium two years later by Madame and Monsieur Curie.

Of all the scientific discoveries of modern times, and it may be for all time, that of Radium by the Curies pre-eminently stands out. This discovery was not, like that of X-Rays, made suddenly and by accident, but had been led up to by the researches of Finsen, Becquerel and Roentgen, to be ultimately crowned by the analytical work and genius of the Curies. The writer was fortunate in procuring a really reliable specimen of Radium Bromide in 1903, which has been used without intermission in the treatment of cancer ever since, with most gratifying results. The market value of Radium then was £1 per milligramme ; its value to-day is £18 per milligramme. After twenty-one years' practical experience, both here at home and at several scientific centres on the Continent, the writer has convinced himself that, when Radium is judiciously employed, it has no equal in the cure of superficial circumscribed cancer. Recurrence of the cancer is less likely than in any other method of treatment, and the deformity is nil.

## Cancer Statistics.

The quarterly report of the Registrar-General for the third quarter of 1923 (56 urban districts in Leinster, Munster and Connaught, and the 10 urban districts in Ulster which are within Saorstát Eireann) shows the death rate from cancer was only 71 per 100,000. The official figures also show a much lower cancer death rate in Ireland than in England. The death rate from cancer in Saorstát Eireann might be fixed approximately at from 2,800 to 3,000 annually. The writer believes that cancer is on the increase, but how much of the increase is real and how much is imaginary no one at present can truthfully say.

### Need of a National Research Institute.

Of all the departments of scientific medicine research work is by far the most expensive. Its laboratories and staffs of trained and untrained officials necessitate an ever-increasing expenditure, which has already reached prodigious dimensions in those countries which have relied principally on philanthropy to supply the sinews of war. With all the expenditure and all the negative results of cancer research in the past, the writer is convinced not only of the wisdom of the expenditure, but also of the necessity for further vigorous research in the future. He is also convinced that philanthropy is wrong in principle, and that in practice it will never solve the cancer problem, because it can never ensure continuity, co-ordination and discipline, all of which are so vitally essential for ultimate success. Philanthropy may meet the necessary expenditure for a while; but a period is certain to ensue when the good Samaritan (who after all is only human) will grow weary in well-doing, hastened perhaps by the absence of tangible results. Besides, philanthropy in cancer research must necessarily prejudice the voluntary hospitals.

The writer believes that, if the Government of Saorstát Eireann grapples with the cancer problem, it will solve it, and with half the effort and one-fiftieth the expense. Let it keep cancer research wholly and solely under its own control—no sidetracking by huge committees of privy councillors, superannuated judges, and all that jazz. Establish one central depot, worked by the best brains of whole-time Government officials paid a decent wage. Prohibit the establishment of a series of depots, with their attendant expenses, all jealous of each other, without co-operation, co-ordination, and very often without discipline, thus reducing science to the level of a paying concern which grows pig-fat on the elusiveness of cancer and the gullibility of the philanthropist.

C. M. O'Brien.

# THE EMPIRE OF AMEN-RA AND TUTANKHAMEN

BY M. BODKIN, S.J., M.A.

*Che fece per viltate il gran rifiuto.*
Dante, Inf. cant. 3.

IT seems not unlikely that the discovery of the Ancient World, begun a century ago by Champollion and Layard, may yet mean more to the men of the twentieth century than the discovery of the New World by Columbus and Cortez did to the men of the sixteenth century. Undoubtedly the most important thing about the recent excavations in Egypt has been the way in which they have stirred the imagination of the civilized peoples. Treasure-seeking, of course, makes its appeal to almost everyone. Most of us have toyed with the day-dream of some rare find: an Ardagh chalice shining up at us from the brown bog dust, or a gleam of the Armada's gold beneath the shifting, sunlit waters on a Western coast. Perhaps it was the vicarious satisfaction of this desire, which the late Lord Carnarvon's great discovery provided, that first fascinated the man in the street. For though his find has had its special significance for philosopher, scholar and artist, it has also reached the minds and emotions of millions for whom social and artistic systems, theories of progress and decay are normally too remote from the business of daily living to mean very much.

It is not extraordinary then to find a real curiosity concerning the early Empire of Egypt, its great God Amen, and his youthful saviour, Tutankhamen, whose

three thousand year old tomb has at last been opened. Unfortunately little is known about the details of this particular emperor's reign. It is nevertheless quite certain that it was of vast, perhaps unique, importance in the history of the Ancient World. But the work of Tutankhamen's life was largely negative, and to appreciate it properly it is necessary to take a wide view of the development of empire and religion in the Egypt where he came, probably only half consciously, to affect vitally the largest issues.

Upon the rocks above the Second Cataract, year by year, four thousand years ago, the Egyptians inscribed the rise and fall of the Nile's waters; so that to-day we can read the story of fluctuating prosperity, fat years alternating with lean ones, flood and ebb following one another in irregular but unceasing sequence. So in the valley of the Nile, from Napata in the south to Pelusium in the Delta, we trace, inscribed on rock, tomb and ruin, the larger history of civilisation in Egypt during five thousand years before the coming of Christ. Here, too, rise and fall follow one another. During that time thirty "Dynasties" ruled the two lands of North and South Egypt. But even before them there were kings of all Egypt, and before them, with origins lost far in the oblivion of the past, there were letters and laws, palaces, temples, and tombs.

Between the day of the great pyramid builders and the day when the young Tutankhamen was laid in his tomb, two thousand years rolled away. Egypt remained. She passed through many vicissitudes, but there was no lasting break in her story, no unbridged gap. There were periods of great glory and prosperity under the VI and XII Dynasties. These periods have left us in a wealth of remains a picture of a national life, organised and complex, with an art and religion distinctive and well developed. Between these periods came eras of depression. The VIII, the XV and XVI Dynasties were

foreign, probably Asiatic; under them Egypt was, if not conquered, at least in some degree in bondage. But always she absorbed, with a readiness that reminds us of Celtic Ireland, what foreign elements did penetrate her territory, and remained to a marvellous degree self-reliant. Practically unaided from without, she developed within herself the seeds of a civilization, planted perhaps by foreigners originally, but in an age so remote that the flowers we find them producing had long since become indigenous to the Nile valley. A slight expansion, southward down the river, eastward to Sinai, west to the gold and sapphire oases—that was all. The first great Empire of which history holds any record grew, flourished and decayed without, as far as we are aware, affecting Egypt in any noticeable way. Babylon under Hammurabi rose to greatness about 2250 B.C. and impressed her culture as the substratum of all future political and social orders in Southern Asia Minor and the Eastern Mediterranean lands. But there was no collision with Africa. The River of Egypt had not yet overflowed. Usertsen III and the Amenemhets ruled aloof in Thebes, and the nation grew up untouched, or all but untouched, by the influences that were moulding the rest of the civilized world. Nor can it be said that Egypt lost by this. Her own social order, her own thought, art, and religion were probably superior to anything the Babylonian Empire had to offer her.

Before the coming of the XVIII Egyptian Dynasty, to which Tutankhamen belonged, the First Babylonian Empire had fallen. The peoples of Philistia, Palestine, Coelo-Syria, Syria, and even further to the north and west, were no longer in the grip of Babylon. In these lands everything was in a fluid condition. Probably, had Egypt not appeared, the region would have fallen under the sway of strong local rulers. It did so when Egypt fell: the house of David ruled from Jerusalem, and the kings of Tyre created the Venice of the East.

A combination of circumstances, therefore, led Egypt in the seventeenth century before Christ to build up, as it were in one night, the second great Empire and thus to impress her native culture on all the future of the West. Perhaps the chief of these circumstances was as we have hinted, the mere opportunity for conquest which so much territory rulerless or feebly ruled offered to a wealthy and centralised neighbour. A new spirit, moreover, was moving in the ordinarily unambitious Egyptian people. For a century a fierce war had been waged by the princes of the XVII Dynasty, ruling in Thebes, to throw off the suzerainty of a Semitic and tyrannous dynasty of the Delta.

Freed from their overlordship, it was impossible that the Theban princes should tolerate their enemies astride the river mouths. After long and fierce wars they succeeded in driving them out of Egypt altogether. In the very act of victory they created a veteran army, a people filled with a warlike spirit, a tradition of success in battle, and a fervour of feeling for the national royal house and the national god, which even imperial achievement did little to weaken for a long time. To all this must be added the fact that the first rulers of the reunited Egypt were unquestionably monarchs of more than average ability; for the XVIII Dynasty, which numbered among its members some of the most outstanding personalities of ancient history, had come to the throne.

In one reign, that of Thotmes III, the Conqueror, Egypt swept forward to world power. Her armies marched to and passed the Northern waters of the Euphrates. The entire lands to the south of the Orontes mouth were not only overrun but permanently subdued. It took Thotmes sixteen campaigns of strenuous and sometimes stubborn fighting to establish this Empire. Then the work was done so completely that his successors, the immediate predecessors of Tutankhamen, for a hundred years had little to do but to reap glory, influence and reve-

nue where he had sown. In their hands the empire became a tradition. All the conquered lands were soon in process of Egyptianisation, even as Alexander and the Seleucidae hellenized them more than a thousand years later. Egyptian garrisons were quartered in their strongholds, Egyptian tax collectors drained from them a yearly tribute incredibly vast, Egyptian fleets visited their ports and occupied their harbours, and the Egyptian gods were worshipped in their temples.

For New-Egypt without the gods was unthinkable, and New-Egypt without Amen-Ra[1] most unthinkable of all. This is a fact of paramount importance in discussing the significance of Tutankhamen's reign. Originally, it is true, Amen had been but the local god of the province of Thebes, scarcely known beyond the walls of his native town. But as the fortunes of the Theban princes prospered until finally the country was entirely subject to them, their god naturally shared in their advancement. He did not eliminate the old gods. Ptah continued to be worshipped at Memphis, Ra at Heliopolis and at Elephantiné, ram-headed Khnunu ruled the headlong cataract. But everywhere Amen-Ra came to be worshipped, either in association with or by identification with the local divinities. He became thus in some sort the Father of the Gods, the Jupiter of the Egyptian creed. His position was imperial; if there was a Jewish colony in the land that denied him worship, they must have been lonely in their obstinacy.

But Amen-Ra could afford to dispense with the devotion of Jewish serfs since his cult was pre-eminently a royal one. Through him the pharaoh was deified in a very definite way. Not only was it laid down that Ra in person had been the first Lord of the Two Lands, Upper and Lower Egypt, but from him all legitimate authority in them continued to be derived. The blood of the Sun-

[1] Ra, Amen-Ra and Amen are, practically speaking, synonymous titles of one being.

god, kept pure by constant intermarriage, flowed, theoretically at least, in the veins of every true pharaoh. Furthermore, in some mystic way, one of the god's "doubles" (those extra ghost-like souls which Egyptians believed everyone, human or divine, possessed) was actually re-incarnated in the king, Ra's son, and ruled Egypt again in his person. This divine union of the god and emperor was emphasised in practice at every turn.

It will easily be imagined that the monarchs were not slow to describe themselves as the favourite sons of Amen. On the stele that Thotmes IV set up between the outstretched paws of the great Sphinx, he records how the god had appeared to him there, when he slept in the shadow wearied with lion hunting in the desert, and promised him, even him a younger son and then far from the throne, the crown of the Two Lands. On the obelisks at Karnak the great queen Hatshepsut recorded how her divine father had himself asked for these marks of her devotion as she sat one day in her palace meditating on him in her heart. The empire-maker Thotmes III had been chosen oracularly in the god's temple by the very voice of Amen. It was Ra himself, boasted Rameses the Great, a little later, who led him to victory; Ra who, incarnate in the asp that adorned the royal diadem, drove back the Hittite chariots when the emperor was alone and hard pressed under the walls of Kadesh.

For such favours as these the pharaohs did not show themselves ungrateful. Buildings on a scale almost unimaginably gigantic grew up everywhere, till the plain of Thebes resembled one vast temple. First one pharaoh and then another lavished the wealth and energy of the kingdom on these colossal works. The great temple of Amen-Ra at Karnak, destined to be many times vaster than St. Peter's in Rome, was begun. Hatshepsut raised in its courts her delicate, gold-capped obelisks, and at Der el Behari dedicated to Amen a lovely colonnaded temple that anticipated Greece. All the

earlier monarchs of the dynasty to which Tutankhamen belonged followed her example. It was his grandfather who commenced, to Amen's honour, the magnificent temple at Luxor. Its massive pillars, with their beautiful papyrus-bud capitals, foreshadowed the great hall of Seti at Karnak. Within, between these columns, the temple must have been dark with the darkness of a virgin forest; and like a forest was it vast.

If the houses of the god were planned on this royal scale, their revenues were no less generous. After every campaign the god received a lion's share of the spoil, ransom money and tribute. Huge incomes were allotted to the upkeep of his temples; and the uttermost ends of the earth were ransacked for rarities to offer to him. Eastern Abyssinia saw for the first time an Egyptian fleet.

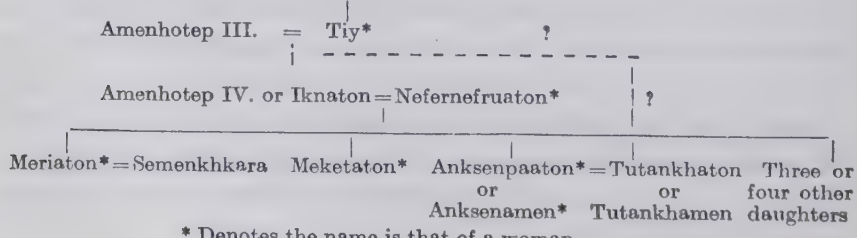
> Hatshepsut's galleys sent by Amen Ra and her,
> To bring from God's own land the gold and myrrh,
> The ivory, the frankincense, the gum.

Nothing was too precious, nothing on too extravagant a scale to be the son of Ra's gift to his father.

Before long the god possessed a not insignificant fraction of the wealth of the country. With the temple accounts before us we can understand how, three hundred years after Tutankhamen, when the Empire had vanished and the kingdom was impoverished, the Theban priesthood were able to set up an independent principality. Under the XVIII Dynasty, when the mightiest of the pharaohs occupied the throne there was no danger of that. Still the priests were enormously influential. The conservative character of the popular beliefs, generations of pious and generous pharaohs, and finally the extraordinary way in which the god had come to be united at every great moment of his career with the most absolute monarch in the world, all this had developed the Theban hierarchy, towards the close of the dynasty, into a body quite uniquely powerful.

Amenhotep III., the Servant of Amen, as his name signifies, the father of the first of the so-called "heretic" emperors, and grandfather of Tutankhamen's queen, was probably the most wealthy and powerful of all the monarchs who ruled Egypt. Under him the Empire touched its extreme frontiers. Moreover he possessed it for thirty-six years in peace. He hunted lions for his pleasure from Northern Mesopotamia to the Cataracts, and his sailors brought together to his palace the produce of Abyssinia and Minoan Crete. Before his tomb temple on the right bank of the Nile stood two colossal statues of the Emperor, known to antiquity as the Memnonii, against whose majestic bulk even an earthquake has proved powerless. Over fifty feet high they stood looking across the river, to Karnak and Luxor, to the shining city of his father, Amen, glittering white through the palm trees and the obelisks of Hatshepsut twinkling in the sun. Amenhotep III married for love, and Tiy, whom he chose for his bride, was the first of the Theban house to devote herself to the worship of a new deity, Aton.[1] She was destined to be the mother of the first and greatest of the "heretic" Emperors. She was not, as the Theban religion of the day prescribed, of solar blood. But it appears she was an Egyptian. Formerly it was thought that she was a foreign princess, or at least the daughter of foreign parents, and thus her son's following after strange gods was explained. This idea has, however, been abandoned since Mr. Davis's discovery of her parent's tomb. It is still just possible that the new faith borrowed from

[1] The Heretic Emperors.




* Denotes the name is that of a woman.

Hebrew beliefs as the earlier authorities supposed. Only if that is the case, we must trace the borrowing to its source in the colony of Jews in captivity in Egypt rather than to any remnant of the patriarchal stock that may have lingered in Asia Minor after Jacob's emigration.

On Amenhotep III.'s death his son succeeded him, quietly enough it would appear. Yet it is almost certain that from the very first the Theban priesthood would have looked askance at the child of a mother who was not, as we have said, of the solar blood. Moreover Tiy was a follower of Aton, and Amenhotep III himself had not been too scrupulous to give a limited worship to the god his wife honoured. Now the young pharaoh who succeeded him quickly proved that he was devoted to the new god and bent on establishing his cult. This "conversion," if we may so call it, was unparalleled in Egypt. It produced the most extraordinary paradoxes and inconsistencies both in the order of ideas and of actual facts. All the temporal and spiritual forces in the kingdom clashed violently. The pharaoh was supreme lord, he ruled from Thebes, and in his hand was the appointment or the ruin of every official, every general, every priest in the Empire; but all this was, theoretically at least, in virtue of his sonship of Amen-Ra. Now he was determined on using that power to destroy the god, to drive him from his city and to depose his entire priesthood. The priests and people stood firm. The pharaoh was their master and king, and remained such, but, as Maspero has pointed out, probably not the smallest village in Egypt would willingly have abandoned its god at the emperor's bidding. Thebes had been the city of Amen before it was the city of the pharaohs, and the city of Amen it remained.

The new emperor, after a futile attempt at coercion, shook the dust of his ancient capital from his feet. In all but religious matters, he was still obeyed there; but he preferred to dwell apart in the new city of Akhetaton,

"The Rising of Aton," which was situated on the site now known as Tel el Amarna. There he built a new temple to his new god and dedicated a virgin city to him. He himself, Priest, Prophet, and Teacher to the new creed, vowed never to leave the land dedicated to Aton. Amenhotep IV, Servant of Amen, as he had been called, became now Ikhnaton—Pious to Aton.

The break with the past was as complete as he could make it. With the old religion went most of the old conventions of court life and government. New ideas in philosophy and art outraged the dearest traditions of Egypt. Round the king at Amarna were grouped a little circle of artists whose work for originality, romantic beauty and emotional value has, perhaps, never been surpassed. The Emperor himself played Lorenzo to this Renaissance, and under his personal influence "the new Learning" developed at an amazing speed.

When Ikhnaton died it was thought that Semankhkara who had married his eldest daughter succeeded him. It would appear now, however, from the new discoveries that he was rather associated with his father-in-law during the latter's lifetime, much as Trajan was by Nerva. Such association was a common practice in Egypt and it may well have strengthened the Heretic's position against the Theban priests. It is certain that if Semankhkara ever reigned alone it was for a very brief period. Tutankhamen succeeded to the throne on or immediately after his father-in-law's death. Then began a second great change. That second change was the one event of supreme importance in Tutankhamen's reign. The new pharaoh returned to the worship of Amen. The old god was restored to his old supremacy. Sungod, he shone in the heaven, more clearly paramount if possible after his momentary eclipse. Akhetaton was completely abandoned, given back to the desert alive. With the new religion, the new art was destroyed as far as it lay within the power of Tutankhamen and the priesthood at Thebes.

Even the very memory of the attempted innovation was obliterated. Tutankhamen ruled at most a brief eight years in Thebes and was buried there. In those eight years the reaction was substantially completed. That is the real significance of his life.

Two outstanding problems concerning this great reformation and reaction remain. First, what exactly did the new religious tenets of Ikhnaton imply ? And, secondly, how did they affect the political empire of Egypt ? When these two questions are answered we shall be able to appreciate properly the grand refusal of Tutankhamen. Part of the importance of the new finds is that they may help us very much towards the solution of these two problems. Extraordinary care will be needed to handle and preserve the wealth of remains that crowd the chambers of the tomb which the late Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Carter have discovered. It may take years before all its treasures have been properly preserved and studied by the experts in Egyptology ; but when they do publish the final results of their work it is distinctly likely they will add a good deal to our knowledge on both these undecided points.

At present there is a good deal of difference of opinion as to the value of the new religion which Ikhnaton strove to establish and which Tutankhamen first followed and finally rejected. The worship of Aton, which was pictured as a solar disc radiating life, seems at first sight to be only a rather subtle variation of the cult of Amen Ra, himself a sun-god. In some ways the change seems to have stressed unimportant differences of theological formulæ. To Maspero, and more particularly to Brugsch and the older writers, the new creed seems to have meant something " even more gross than the worship of Amen." Others regard it as a return to an older form of sun worship, stripped of corrupt accretions of rite and symbolism. On the other hand, by a lavish explaining away of its more material expression as metaphorical or symbolic, a body

of expert opinion, among whom Professor Breasted is prominent, would make the religion of Ikhnaton appear as a spiritual monotheism. In this view Aton is a slightly vague and pantheistic, but still all-ruling and all-creating being. This theory is supported by much convincing evidence. In the later years of Ikhnaton's reign we find the polytheistic sign for gods obliterated from the monuments. Moreover in his own inscriptions other gods are not mentioned, as it was the custom to do in the old temples. One or two beings, spirits of abstract virtues, justice and learning, are, however, left. The strongest proof of this monotheistic theory is to be found in an extant hymn of Ikhnaton's, wherein Aton is addressed as :—

> O Thou sole God, whose powers no other possesses,
> Thou didst create the earth according to thy design.

and elsewhere Aton is spoken of as :—

> O Thou sole God, beside whom there is no other.

Furthermore, in the Amarna inscriptions the attributes of Aton seem to be that he is universal and not national, spirit and not matter, unique and not merely supreme. Against all this it must be said that language hardly less explicitly monotheistic is sometimes found applied in other inscriptions, with surprising inconsistency, to the divinities of an undubitably polytheistic creed.

It is to be hoped that the discoveries of the new tomb, by giving us further data concerning the Aton-worship, will enable us properly to appreciate what Tutankhamen refused when under him Egypt rejected the new faith of the " heretic " Emperor. This may sound a little too sanguine. Tutankhamen had made his peace with Amen before he died and was buried. Moreover, " the heretics," even including the returned prodigal, were so hated by the " orthodox " priesthood that their names and titles are frequently chiselled out on their monuments. In the same spirit representations of Aton worship were frequently,

if not invariably, destroyed when they came into the hands of the priests of Amen. Still we know that the Aton cult and the artistic forms that went with it was not utterly destroyed when Ikhnaton died, but under Tutankhamen and Aii his successor, slight traces of it survived. Already, too, we know that traces of his early faith have been found in Tutankhamen's tomb. His old Aton name is inscribed on some of the funeral furniture, showing it to have been made while he was still "a heretic." Even if the hope of papyri is ultimately to be disappointed, it is practically certain that the decoration and inscriptions on the boxes, furniture, and walls of the tomb will provide much matter for further research into the true character of the lost faith.

The second problem which may be answered by the recent discoveries is that which concerns the state of affairs produced in the Empire by the great heresy. It may well have been that the surrender of the new and more spiritual beliefs by Tutankhamen was an act of distinct political wisdom. Without this compromise with the religion of the majority, the kingdom might have been too weakened to maintain or recover the empire which was endangered under Ikhnaton. France under Henry IV, England under James II., demonstrate the purely political wisdom of a unity of faith between ruler and subjects. Was Tutankhamen's action justified at least in this way? It may well have been so.

It is certain that when Seti and Rameses were on the throne, less than fifty years after Ikhnaton's death, almost the whole of the lands won originally by Thotmes III had to be reconquered. Their loss was usually set down as a direct and immediate result of the "heretic's" complete disregard for political expediency in his quarrel with the priests and people of Thebes. Tablets found at Tel el Amarna support this theory. Among them are despatches from the government officials in the provinces to the court of Ikhnaton. These are full of complaints as to the

neglect their writers were suffering from. From this reign, then, it was customary to date the almost complete though transitory overthrow of the Egyptian power in Asia which took place before the XIX Dynasty attained the throne.

But it is possible this view may have to be modified. The Empire of Amenhotep III would not easily have been dissipated; and there is not really as yet evidence to show that the troubles in the Empire under Ikhnaton were more than discontents with occasional raidings and private wars. If this were the case, it would be hard to justify Tutankhamen's return to the Theban religion as a preliminary measure absolutely necessary for the ultimate political recovery of Egypt. The new tomb will probably give us considerable information on this point. Already it is clear that the burial is that of an Emperor, if an impoverished one—we have heard of furniture decorated with the heads of subject people, Asiatic as well as Nubian, of canopies made for and probably used in prolonged royal progresses. But it must be admitted that it may be the habit of mind generated by centuries of possession and not easily overthrown by a sudden disaster that is expressed in these imperial tokens. Egyptian kings were not above an oriental extravagance of personal glorification. Tutankhamen may have had no more claims to a real Empire than one of the later Ramessides. It ought, however, to be possible from careful examination of the tomb treasures to ascertain with fair accuracy what power he actually inherited from his heretic predecessor.

This then is the importance of the new find to the Egyptologist. He must learn from it much concerning the character of a great religious upheaval—unique perhaps in the history of paganism; much, too, concerning the genius of Ikhnaton who made a new heaven and a new earth; and, finally, much concerning Tutankhamen who, making the grand refusal, restored the empire of Amen, and so in some measure moulded the future fortunes of the whole world.

M. Bodkin

# AN IRISH AMBASSADOR AT THE SPANISH COURT

## VI—Imprisonment in Scotland, Escape to Spain, and Death in Oporto[1]

BY DANIEL A. BINCHY, M.A., PH.D.

THE last article dealt with Archbishop MacGibbon's activities in Paris. When next we hear of him the scene has shifted to Scotland—certainly not a place where we would think of seeking him. A letter (April 23, 1572) from Lord Hunsdon, Elizabeth's Commissioner sent to treat with the Covenanters, gives the first news of him. Two of his agents, writes Lord Hunsdon, have received news of the capture at Dundee of an Irish bishop, naming himself the Archbishop of Cashel, and four or five with him, who were about to take ship for Flanders and thence to Rome. The Regent Marr had taken him prisoner upon the information of certain members of the Stewart clan, who had already waylaid him and robbed him of three hundred crowns. "His commission and letters," adds the writer, "are also taken, by which all the conspiracy of Ireland may be known."[2] The reader will naturally wonder what chain of circumstances led to this singular event—the capture of this extreme Irish nationalist in covenanting Scotland. The answer is in part to be found in a letter written on the 26th of April by the Archbishop himself to his captor, the Earl of Marr, complaining sharply of his detention and demanding redress for the seizure of his documents. He had been sent, he says, with the King of Spain's commission, to Ireland and to the nobility thereof, and "having received answers to the

[1] For Parts I-V see issues of September and December, 1921, March, 1922 March and September, 1923.

[2] Hunsdon to Burghley, *For. Cal.*, 1572-74, p. 90.

answers and points contained in his commission," he was arrested by the Regent's forces at Dundee on the way to his master.[1]

With this information to guide us, we shall probably not be far amiss if we attempt to reconstruct MacGibbon's activities during the intervening year. On the final abandonment of the negotiations with Walsingham, he must have returned to Spain; but whether he saw the King and received his " commission " to the Irish nobility is a difficult question to answer. That there is no reference in the published Spanish papers to his presence in Spain cannot be accepted as a proof against his story, for the documents published consist chiefly of the correspondence to and from the ambassadors in London. In view, however, of the strained relations which had existed between Philip and the archbishop prior to his departure from Madrid, it is easy to understand how the King consented once more to make use of him. His intrigues in the French capital had been undertaken without the cognisance or consent of Philip, and when his activities became known, his enemies at the Court—Stukely and the Duke of Feria in particular—represented them as a deliberate attempt to turn traitor. About the time of Cobham's visit to Spain, Philip was advised by two of his Councillors, one of them being the Duke, to instruct his ambassador in France " to look at the hand of the Irish Archbishop, who is in Paris, and discover what understandings he has both here and there."[2] Shortly before this a letter written by MacGibbon to a friend named Salazar,[3] in Madrid, fell into the hands of the Duke of Feria. Unfortunately, if it survives, it has not yet been published; but its contents were sufficient to make the Duke conclude that the writer " has begun his tricks in

[1] *Ibid.*, p. 92.

[2] " Opinion of the Duke of Feria and Prior Don Antonio respecting English affairs." *Span. Cal.*, 1568-79, p. 308.

[3] He had been secretary to Guzman de Silva during the latter's term as ambassador to England, *cf. ibid.*, pp. 65, 66.

Paris."[1] Yet, notwithstanding all these attempts to convict him of treachery, it is not impossible that the Archbishop, upon his return from France, should have been received once more by Philip. There was no longer any danger from Stukely ; the King had since discovered his real character, as will be seen in the next chapter, and perhaps had repented of his coldness to the genuine Irish envoy.

At all events, whether the Archbishop had been reconciled to Philip or not, he must have landed in Ireland during the closing months of the year 1571. The utmost secrecy was observed as to his movements, and he succeeded in escaping the vigilance of the host of spies, both native and English, whom the Government had planted in every corner of the country. No reference to his presence is to be found in the Irish papers, save only a silly rumour communicated by Viscount Decies towards the end of March (1571) that " Maurice Reagh, pretended Archbishop of Cashel, sent by the arch-traitor James Fitzmaurice into Spain, is coming with a great navy of French and Spaniards the first wind."[2] Accordingly we have no information from which to trace the course of his activities in Ireland. One event, however, recorded by the Earl of Ormonde, was quite probably due to his influence. Some time in November James Fitzmaurice sent one Denis O'Dussane to the French Court with letters to the Cardinal of Lorraine ;[3] and we are probably justified in inferring that the Archbishop had informed his friend of the interest which the Guise party had of late manifested in the progress of Irish affairs.

When his business in Ireland was concluded, the Archbishop of Cashel determined to return to Spain with the new credentials which he had received from the chiefs. Why he should have chosen the circuitous route which

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[1] *Ibid.*, p. 315, Duke of Feria to Cayas, May 10th.
[2] *Irish Cal.*, p. 442.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 460.

landed him in Scotland is difficult to discover. Perhaps he feared that if he embarked for Spain at an Irish port, he would be captured by the English, who were now keeping a close watch on the passengers to and from Ireland. Or perhaps he may have been sent to Scotland to open negotiations with " the Castilians," as the Catholic party who were fighting for their imprisoned queen were called in derision. If this was his object, he met with little success. The extraordinary ill-luck which had attended his whole career did not desert him ; and at the moment when he might congratulate himself on having escaped from the countless dangers which threatened him in Ireland, he was, as we have seen, captured by the pro-English party of the Regent and flung into prison. He was shortly afterwards sent to Leith to have his documents " sifted," and a gentleman of the Earl of Marr's household was sent to confer with Lord Hunsdon as to what further disposition should be made concerning him.[1] About the same time the Regent wrote to Burghley, acquainting him with the capture of this Irish bishop, whom he regarded as a papal emissary sent into Scotland to raise rebellion on behalf of Mary Stuart.[2]

Elizabeth heard the news with no little satisfaction. She remembered the Archbishop's former intrigues, his petition for her pardon, his offer to make important revelations, and his final abrupt refusal of her conditions. Fate had again almost delivered him into her hands, and this time she was determined he should not escape. Immediately she wrote to her Commissioner, bidding him do all in his power to secure the surrender of the imprisoned Archbishop.

The matter, however, was not so simple as it appeared at first sight. To understand fully the complications, we should be compelled to enter into a detailed account of Scottish affairs which would be both irrelevant and un-

[1] Errinton to Hunsdon, April 27th ; Hunsdon to Burghley, April 28th ; *For. Cal.*, 1572-74, pp. 93, 94.

[2] Marr to Burghley, *April, 30th. Ibid.*, p. 96.

interesting to the student of Irish history. Briefly, however, the position was this. The Scotch Covenanters, who were agitating for the deposition of Mary in favour of her infant son and the proscription of Catholicism throughout the entire realm, depended to a large extent for their success upon the help of Elizabeth. But of late matters had gone ill between them and their nominal patroness. For men who possessed a rude national pride of their own, the English Queen was an almost impossible mistress to serve. She who has been lauded as the most masculine of rulers was, in reality, as those about her knew only too well, a timorous, petulant, irresolute woman. Almost every day she changed her mind about the imprisoned Queen of Scots; at one moment she was all for making an end of this intriguing woman, the "bosom serpent," whose machinations were troubling three kingdoms; at another, frightened by the thought of Philip's intervention, she resolved to abandon Mary's rebellious subjects and replace her on the throne. The effect of this eternal wavering upon the sturdy Presbyterians can be easily imagined. Soon they grew to dislike Elizabeth only a little less than they disliked Mary Stuart herself. The English Queen had antagonised them still further by her ill-timed parsimony; notwithstanding the remonstrances of her Council and her commissioners, she grudged every penny which had to be paid to these valuable friends. As a result, the relations between them were as bad as possible, and only their mutual fear of the Queen of Scots and the Catholic King averted an open breach.

The negotiations for the Archbishop's surrender were vitally affected by these differences. The English Commissioner found that Marr and his party were loath to surrender their captive without some substantial consideration. As it happened, they had another prisoner far more important in Elizabeth's eyes, with whom they were equally slow to part. This was the Earl of Northumberland, who had been so prominent in the Northern

Rebellion a few years before. Around his figure interest circled, and the Archbishop, doubtless to his intense relief, found that his case was regarded as comparatively insignificant. Still Elizabeth was determined not to lose sight of him. Lord Hunsdon, on making application for his surrender, was met with polite evasion on the part of the Regent, who said that the prelate was not yet fully examined, and that he himself had written direct to the Queen. Despite the Englishman's protestations, Marr continued firm, and finally Hunsdon felt compelled to advise his mistress to write "somewhat sharply" to the Regent for the delivery of the Earl and the Irish bishop. His counsel was seconded by Sir William Drury—of evil memory in Ireland—who strongly recommended that MacGibbon's surrender should be "earnestly called for," on account of the valuable information he might be able to give of the whole practice in Ireland.[1]

In the meantime the subject of all this wrangling had been brought to Leith, and confined in the Castle of Clyshe. Knowing that his documents would be immediately examined, he had sufficient sense to destroy them at the earliest opportunity.[2] To his captors he maintained a haughty attitude; he never ceased to impress upon them that he was a subject of the King of Spain, who would hold them accountable if they delivered him up to Elizabeth. Nor did he make any attempt to conceal his antipathy to that Queen; "he had rather," he told the Laird of Clyshe, "that any nation be their king—yes, rather the muckle devil—than her Majesty;" "and therefore", continued Hunsdon, who afterwards told the story, "that villain should be had."[3]

But the "villain" was difficult to secure. The more Lord Hunsdon pressed for his surrender, the more determined the Covenanters became to drive a hard bargain.

[1] Marr to Hunsdon, May 8th; Hunsdon to Burghley, May 10th; Drury to Burghley, May 3rd; *ibid.*, pp. 100, 105.

[2] Hunsdon to Burghley, May 1st; *ibid.*, p. 99.

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 119.

They temporised and delayed, until at last Elizabeth began to lose her temper. "The queen," wrote Burghley to Hunsdon, "finds somewhat strange the dealings of the Regent in the matter of the delivery of the Earl of Northumberland and the Irish bishop . . . Her Majesty much mislikes such a slender allegation to come from the Regent as that the Irish rebellious bishop is a servant of the King of Spain, considering he is a born subject of England, and depends only upon the King of Spain as being a papist in religion, and so a deep enemy to the Church of England and Scotland." At the same time she willed her commissioner by all means to continue his negotiations with Marr.[1] Hunsdon communicated the Queen's sharp message to the Regent, who at last promised to surrender the Duke of Northumberland on payment of a sum of money. This was immediately paid, and the unhappy Duke was delivered to his executioners. Regarding the Archbishop, however, the Earl was more vague, promising merely to send someone to confer with the Queen about his case; and soon the object of the delay was made known. The Bishop of Ross, John Leslie, Queen Mary's famous ambassador, was detained by Elizabeth as a prisoner in the Tower; and the Protestant party now put forward a suggestion that the two prelates be exchanged. Hunsdon was inclined to support this, for he believed that, if it were not adopted, they would not surrender the Archbishop of Cashel, save at a price which the miserly Elizabeth would consider prohibitive. "Unless the Queen," he writes, "will consent to deliver up the Bishop of Ross, there is little likelihood of obtaining the Irish bishop." In conversation with him upon the matter, the Earl of Morton had bitterly remarked that "the queen would have all things and part with nothing." And the Commissioner strongly advocated the surrender of Bishop Leslie; otherwise, he said, they would "make

[1] May 14th, *ibid.*, p. 109.

merchandise" of their prisoner, "for they do all for money."[1]

The Queen would not hear of parting with the Bishop of Ross, with whose dangerous ability she was but too well acquainted. And so it seemed as if affairs stood at a deadlock, neither side being willing to meet the other. Secretly, however, the English were working; Morton, who was regarded as "the chief hinderer" of the surrender, was privately approached by Drury, who, with quite unjustified optimism, told him that if he gave up the Archbishop, the Queen would allow some money to be disbursed to him.[2] The Earl, however, had perhaps sufficient experience of Elizabeth in the past to prevent him from accepting the bribe, and accordingly made light of his offer. Seeing that formal negotiations were useless, Lord Hunsdon had recourse to more devious methods. On June 20th he writes to Burghley that he has "laid out some hooks" to secure the prelate whom they "so uncourteously detain," and he adds, with manifest anxiety, that if he be compelled to expend £100 or £200 "in the compassion thereof," he trusts the Queen will not think ill of it.[3] Whether Elizabeth vetoed the proposed expenditure or whether the plot miscarried, we do not know; but at this stage the negotiations concerning MacGibbon came to a sudden and somewhat mysterious ending. The stolidity with which the Regent and his party refused to surrender their prisoner, at the risk of coming to an open rupture with their English ally, is surprising, and the only reason which can be alleged for it is that they hoped the King of Spain would pay a much higher ransom for this important messenger than they could ever expect from Elizabeth.

Philip, however, if he heard of MacGibbon's imprisonment, gave no sign, and the Archbishop remained in close

[1] Hunsdon to Burghley, May 19th; *ibid.*, p. 119.
[2] Drury to Hunsdon, June 7th; *ibid.*, p. 126.
[3] Hunsdon to Burghley, June 20th; *ibid.*, p. 132.

confinement at Leith. In the early days of July he made a bold bid for freedom: by a substantial bribe he won over his gaoler, who was a relation of Douglas, and with the help of the latter arranged to escape from his prison. At the eleventh hour all the plans were discovered, the venal gaoler was himself thrown into chains, and the Irish prelate was guarded with redoubled vigilance. For the next few months he remained silent, and no reference is made to him in the state correspondence. But about the middle of September a co-religionist got into touch with him, and plans were laid for his rescue. This time he contrived to effect his escape, and in company with his rescuer fled to Aberdeen,[1] and shortly afterwards left Scotland forever.

He took ship for Spain, and for the next nine months was busily engaged in intriguing for aid for the Irish rebels. His activities came under the notice of Monsignor Ormanetto, the Papal Nuncio, who set enquiries on foot as to his character. Unfortunately the Nuncio, knowing no better, went for information to the most prejudiced quarter. As far as we can judge, Stukely and the Duke of Feria were his informants. They painted such a lurid picture of his previous history that on the 7th of May, 1573, Ormanetto wrote to the Cardinal of Como as follows: "I have heard that this Archbishop of Cashel, who solicits the aid for the Catholics of Ireland, is a person that has no sort of fitness for the purpose. From persons that know him and are well worthy of credit, I have received a disadvantageous report of his character."[2] This opinion, however, seems to have weighed little with either the Pope or his Secretary of State, who had probably received a more reliable account of MacGibbon from the Irish in Rome.

It was probably early in the year 1573 that the Archbishop attached himself to the Duke of Alba's suite,

[1] Sept. 29th, Killigrew to Burghley; *ibid.*, p. 183.

[2] *Vat. Arch.*, Nunz. di Spagna, VII., p. 236.

hoping to induce him to endorse the project of aid for Ireland. That cold, self-seeking politician had ever looked askance at such propositions; he may have been a good Catholic, but he was certainly no crusader, and his vote had always been cast against such a risky speculation as attempting to drive the English from Ireland. The King, he urged incessantly, had enough to do to mind his own territory without seeking to enlarge it; let him, therefore, devote his attention to crushing the Netherlands—congenial work for a militarist of Alba's type—instead of pursuing the impracticable ideas of Irish exiles. With such a stern realist MacGibbon had set himself a hard task, and it is not likely that his importunities had any effect. Rome, however, looked with favour on the prelate's endeavours; and Gregory XIII., perhaps at MacGibbon's own request, wrote personally to Alba on behalf of Ireland. The Pope's letter is dated the 12th of August, 1578, and is of sufficient interest to quote in full :—

GREGORY XIII., POPE, TO OUR BELOVED SON THE NOBLE DUKE OF ALBA.

The charity of Jesus Christ, which commends to us all the Catholics of the world, and by which we doubt not your Lordship is moved, makes us recommend to you those Catholics who are now being savagely persecuted in Ireland, whose cause, we understand, has already been pleaded with you by our venerable brother the bishop of Cashel, in whom we would have your piety recognise Christ Himself, who says that in His followers He is injured and aided. We, therefore, commend them to you as the cause of Christ demands, as charity urges us, and your own piety realises.[1]

An English spy, by name Edmund Woodshaw, writing to Lord Burghley on the 3rd of September, 1573, gives a detailed account of MacGibbon's activities. "Seven weeks past came the Archbishop of Ireland, and was weeks at Brussels, much made of by his Excellency." During his stay at this city, he was invited by many of

[1] Theiner, *Annales Ecclesiasticae*, Tom. I., p. 188.

the English exiles who had quarrelled with their unworthy countryman Thomas Stukely. Amongst them were Lord Morley and his brother Dr. Parker and the Earl of Westmoreland, all of whom had left the Spanish Court in disgust at Stukely's pretensions; but Sir Francis Englefield refused to go, "because the Archbishop and Stukely are not friends." Many conferences were held, attended also by "divers priests from Louvain"; but though the spy contrived to be present at some of them, he was unable to discover their plans. That they were plotting to undermine Stukely's credit he thought probable, and his conjectures may well have been accurate. There was no abatement in the hostility between the Irish nationalist and the English adventurer; Stukely had endeavoured to discredit MacGibbon at Rome by denouncing him to Monsignor Ormanetto; and the Archbishop retorted by conspiring with the discontented English exiles to secure his downfall. So successful were his efforts that some of the adventurer's friends wrote in alarm that "the Archbishop would allure all our noblemen on his side." Stukely behaved with characteristic astuteness. He besought his friend and patroness, the Duchess of Feria, to send the wavering Earl of Westmoreland a present of five hundred crowns, on receipt of which that impoverished nobleman, "being very inconstant," promptly changed sides, and thus the conspiracy lost its most influential supporter.

"There is some great enterprise for Ireland," continued Burghley's informant, "and the Archbishop and his friends and Mr. Stukely and his friends want the sole doing of it." This he had on the testimony of a "learned young Irishman," a certain Mr. Derby, who had come in the Archbishop's train. Thinking to glean some useful information, the spy had invited him to supper. "After much drinking," the visitor grew confidential. He told his host "that Stukely wanted to discredit the Archbishop, but that Lords Morley and Westmoreland and

others would take part with him, and that he hoped ere long the heretic English would be driven out of Ireland."[1]

While the cautious Alba dominated Philip's counsels, such optimism was entirely unmerited, and MacGibbon soon discovered that, however courteously the Duke might receive him, he turned a deaf ear to all appeals on behalf of the Irish Catholics. Abandoning hope of convincing him, he returned to Spain and arrived at the Court in March, 1574. The King, no longer deceived by Stukely's invectives, received the Archbishop with honour and assigned him a pension of 300 ducats yearly.[2] Shortly afterwards he was employed on a mission, the nature of which was reported to Burghley by an anonymous correspondent. According to the latter's account the Earl of Desmond had written an urgent letter to Philip, bidding him "if ever he intends coming, to come now." Philip replied by inviting Desmond to come over to Spain, or if that was impossible, to communicate with him in writing. As a result, continues the informant, "the Archbishop of Cashel is gone into Galicia to attend the Earl there, or for some letters from him."[3] As to whether he returned with any correspondence, we are unfortunately left in ignorance.

This is the last record of MacGibbon's political activity which we possess. He was now an old man, worn out with his arduous years of diplomacy and the rigours of his imprisonment in Scotland. For the brief span of years that remained to him, he lived in absolute retirement, probably in the city of Oporto. By a curious oversight, a Papal brief was issued on the 8th of April, 1575, granting him faculties for absolving from heresy throughout the entire province of Cashel, from which we might infer that he had returned to his native land. That this was not so, however, is proved by another Brief addressed to the

[1] *Domest. Cal.*, Addenda, 1562-79, pp. 469-71.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 468.

[3] Advertisements from France concerning Ireland; *ibid.*, p. 461-2.

Bishop of Limerick, Hugh Lacy, giving him faculties not only for his diocese, but for the whole province of Cashel, "*quamdiu Venerabilis Frater noster Archiepiscopus a sua et Ecclesia et Universa Provincia abfuerit.*[1] Towards the close of the same year MacGibbon sent his procurator to the Court of Rome with a letter, dated the 29th of Nov., "*ex civitate Portuensi,*" which explained his own inability to be present in person. At the time of his consecration, he writes, he promised on oath to repair to Rome every three years for the purpose of manifesting his reverence and respect for the Apostolic See, and although Pope Pius V. had dispensed him from compliance for a certain period, that period has now elapsed, and again it becomes necessary for him to undertake the journey.

But owing to my bodily feebleness, the result of imprisonment and the frequent hardships which I endured in the troubled times through which we have passed, I am unable to travel to Rome in person. Accordingly I am sending you a learned friar minor, Cornelius Ryan, from the bosom of my diocese of Cashel, one of the most promising of our countrymen, that in my stead he may present my obedient regards to your Holiness. Wherefore I beseech your Holiness, for the love of Christ, deign to accept this tribute of my devoted obedience from the hands of the said friar, and grant me a dispensation on account of the distance and the perils of the journey, so that for the future the vow which I made when preparing for consecration may no longer bind me. May Almighty God preserve your Holiness to govern his Holy Church for many years.

Most Holy Father,

The humble servant of your Holiness,

MAURICE, ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL.[2]

The "learned friar" in question may have been none other than the future Bishop of Killaloe, Cornelius O'Mulrien, who was afterwards so prominent an advocate of Irish freedom in Rome and Spain. In the late years of the Desmond war he became specially important as the representative of the Catholic and national party. From

[1] *Spic. Oss.*, I., 71. [2] *Spic. Oss.*, I., 70.

the old man to whose last years he ministered he received a high tradition of labour which entirely governed his subsequent career.

Of MacGibbon himself we hear no more. About the year 1578, according to most authorities, just on the eve of the expedition for which he had so long vainly negotiated, the veteran Archbishop died in the seclusion of his home in Oporto.[1] In the midst of the general excitement caused by the expedition, the passing of this old man was completely unnoticed; yet, notwithstanding his mistakes, he had done as much to secure aid for his country as any other man. He had striven earnestly, though not always tactfully, for religious and political freedom. His political services have been completely forgotten, and his name appears in few works on Irish history. The Church, however, has been more mindful of a devoted son, who endured so many trials and reverses in her service. His claims to be numbered amongst the Blessed are at present under consideration.

D. A. Binchy.

[1] Some diversity of opinion exists as to the place of MacGibbon's death. The majority of writers—Rothe, Holing, Copinger, Ware, and De Burgo amongst their number—state that he died peacefully in Portugal. On the other hand, Allen (*Ad persecutores Anglos pro Catholicis Responsio*) says that he was executed, while Bridgewater (*Concertatio Ecclesiae*) declares that "after enduring various exquisite tortures, was at last hanged, and with him two Irish bishops, martyrs." Fr. Anthony Bruodin (*Propugnaculum Catholicae Veritatis*) gives even a stranger account still:—"Maurice Gibbon, a native of Munster and Archbishop of Cashel, was confined for many years in Cork, because he refused to take the oath of Supremacy, and endured therein endless misery. He ended his life very holily there on May 6, 1578" (p. 432). In a memorial presented to the Vatican about 1580, probably by MacGibbon's successor, Diarmuid O'Hurley, we read that the Archbishopric of Cashel is vacant "per obitum D. Mauritii Gibbonis, qui in *Hispania* exivit. Defunctus est anno superiori." (*Nunz. d'Inghilt*, I., fol. 305, *Archiv. Hibern.*, V. 165).

# CHRONICLE

## I.—The Significance of Woodrow Wilson

Woodrow Wilson is dead. Much will be written about his work, both in connexion with the war and the peace, and his fourteen points and his Covenant, and all the rest of it. I could write a great deal about that. But his main significance to the world, and to us in particular, is likely to be overlooked by the commentators.

The significance of Woodrow Wilson is the proof which his career affords of the enduring bond which is made between nations by a common language and a common culture. The English do not like the Americans, and the Americans do not like the English. They did not like each other before the war, they did not like each other during the war, and they do not like each other now. Their relations, up to 1914, were seldom cordial. Yet America from the first day of the war fought with England, for her "neutrality"—covering and safeguarding, as it did, her manufacture of munitions for England at a time when England could not manufacture them herself—was of more assistance to England than her active interference would have been; and when the day came that that active interference was worth more to England than her neutrality, she declared war on Germany. Why? That is the question I would like everybody in Ireland who hopes for the survival of this nation to ponder.

There were in America enough Irishmen and enough Germans to have made America really neutral and to have prevented her from declaring war on Germany if they had tried. They did not try. They were busy in proving themselves to be 100 per cent. Americans, and they joined in every stunt that the American war-makers produced. Why? Not that they loved Ireland or Germany less, not that they loved England more, but simply that they formed part of a nation which is as integral a portion of the British Empire as are Canada and Australia.

The language of the United States of America is the English language. It sure has a local variation, but the American dialect of English is not nearly so far from the London or Birmingham dialects as are the Yorkshire and the Devon, and the educated and literary languages of England and America are the same. The culture of the United States of America is the English culture, and its history

is the history of England. *It* does not begin with Columbus, but with the Pilgrim Fathers. "New Spain" has vanished out of ken, and in its place are Maryland and Virginia. American literature begins with Piers Plowman, even though its own local contribution to the main stream does not begin for many centuries after his time.

That is the real significance of Woodrow Wilson. Himself a man of small ability and of character too rigid to be great, a nonconformist preacher type, with the customary pedagogic intolerance and overbearingness, he goes down to history a great man simply and solely because in a great world crisis he was the real American and interpreted accurately the real wish of his nation, which was to save England. Everything he did was only a manœuvre to effect this, and every principle and point he enunciated was of value to him only so far as it helped to effect this. The governing class of America knew, when war broke out, that they were English. Wilson knew. He waited until the people knew. And the rest is writ in blood and treachery and broken and partitioned nations all over the map of Europe.

What chance, then, has Ireland of surviving? Here she is, seventy miles from some forty millions of English speakers on the East and two thousand from some hundred and fifty millions of English speakers on the West—what chance has she of escaping alive? Just one. The Irish language. Either it becomes the language of the Irish people or the Irish Nation vanishes— even though we might get an Ireland as free politically as the United States is. Not physical boundaries but spiritual boundaries define a nation.

We have broken each others' heads, and almost cut Ireland's physical throat, about the difference between two shillings and one florin. Ultimately there is no difference. Neither the two shillings nor the florin will buy us security or survival. The Irish language will. Nothing else will. P. S. O'HEGARTY.

## II.—The St. Reinilda Congregation of Holland

BY G. VAN GESTEL, S.J.

POPE BENEDICT XV. in his decree on the heroicity of the virtues of Cardinal Bellarmine, 22 December, 1920, brings out clearly the religious needs of Europe. Speaking of this great champion of God's Church and setting him up as a pattern of Catholic apologists, the Holy Father says: "Against the spreading of false doctrines, against the seducing methods by which the enemies of the Church are trying to tear away from the hearts

of the children that precious gem, the faith of their forefathers; it is necessary that the number of the defenders of the Catholic religion should increase . . *Against this unbelief action must be taken. In the country as well as in the cities an army of Catholic lay-apostles must act together against the tremendous harm that is done by the propagandists of error and unbelief.*"

It is as if Mgr. Callier, Bishop of Haarlem, a year before the Pope spoke these words, felt a presentiment of the wish of His Holiness when he gave his approbation to the statutes of the *St. Reinilda Stichting*, the lay-mission for Holland, founded by the distinguished scholar and zealous apostle, Father Jac. van Ginneken, S.J. The *St. Reinilda Stichting* is a Congregation of young women who have consecrated their lives to the conversion of the pagan children of Holland. It is composed of two branches —the contemplative members and the active members.

The active members are called "Companions in Arms of St. Reinilda"—*St. Reinilda's Strijdgenooten*. More than a thousand years ago this noble woman, with her sister and her father's knights, began a sacred crusade against paganism in the Low Countries. They traversed the country in every direction, shattering the idols, proclaiming the faith in the cottages of the pagans, educating and instructing the children, and distributing alms amongst the poor. When afterwards St. Lambertus came with his priests, he found the paths smoothed and the fields ripe for a rich harvest of souls. After their work of preparation and instruction the holy women built a monastery on the banks of the Meuse, and by entirely dedicating themselves to prayer and mortification they made the active work of conversion carried on by others bear rich fruit.

It was the idea of the old Christian Catechumenate that was followed by St. Reinilda, and it is this same idea that has been realized anew in the *St. Reinilda Stichting*. The Catechumenate existed in the Church as long as there were pagans, and especially pagan children, to be converted. Again we see our big cities crowded with pagan youth. Therefore we must apply to the present need the old methods of salvation, moulding them so as to suit the conditions of our modern civilization.

After a detailed plan of campaign had been presented to and approved of by his Lordship the Bishop of Haarlem on December 8, 1919, Father van Ginneken set to work to put it into operation. A corps of highly educated young women must be mobilized, full of enthusiasm to arm and fit themselves as champions of Christ's cause, the conversion of the pagan children of Holland.

They must receive a special course of instruction and formation in a training house destined for this purpose. The house formerly known as "*Kijkduin*" near Haarlem has, since the beginning of 1920, changed its name to that of "Bethany," and is appointed as a training house for this army of Catholic women. Just as the old Bethany lay on the top of the Mount of Olives, so this new Bethany lies on one of the highest dune tops of Kennemerland.

In the first place the Catechists must be instructed in the history of the Old and New Testament, in the dogmas of the Catholic religion, and in the main outlines of Church history, in order to obtain the episcopal diploma which qualifies them as teachers in the Catholic religion. Secondly, they must be thoroughly grounded, theoretically and practically, in all the various forms of social activity connected with their future work—in pedagogy, knowledge of games and sports, club-organization, music and song, gymnastics, wood-carving, the art of dressing wounds, laundry work, dietetics, gardening, children's readings, Frobel and Montessori systems. Moreover, as far as it can be done, they will be instructed in social matters in general, *e.g.*, relations between employers and workers, choice of profession, social hygiene, housing question, relief of the poor.

Of greater importance than this lay education is the cultivation of a religious heart and a true Christian spirit. The fundamental idea which governs this spiritual training of the novices is intimately connected with the ultimate end of the Institute; it is based on the consideration that Holland must be converted by the practice of those virtues which are the direct opposite of the national faults. These national sins—Fr. van Ginneken has published a complete list of them—must be rooted out in the children. Prayer and Christian asceticism are the principal means to this end.

Although they are and remain laywomen, the Catechists during their noviceship at Bethany are dressed in white and wear a white veil. Later, during their active work in the city, they wear ordinary dresses. They have no vow of poverty, and no perpetual vow of chastity; but in order to fulfil their heroic task and devote themselves unreservedly to God's work they must, on entering the Congregation, have formed the firm resolution not to marry in the near future. An annual vow of chastity will strengthen this resolution.

A militant body demands military discipline. Hence, after their noviceship, all bind themselves by a solemn oath of fidelity and obedience to their Superior General. This obedience, however,

may never impede or stifle personal initiative. All are free to develop their own talents and powers of organization and to propose to the Superior any plan of work thought out by themselves.

And so, after a preparation and training of two years, the *Strijdgenoote van St. Reinilda* takes her place again in the world, to carry the Light of Christ into the dark slums of our cities. The "Companion in Arms" can make her way into houses and streets where a nun would be insulted and a priest refused.

### The Contemplative Members.

In Bethany the contemplative members, who hope to become true religious after their noviceship, live with the active members or Catechists. They wish to make the greatest sacrifice, the sacrifice of their lives, for the conversion of the pagan children; they offer themselves as victims for the expiation of the sins of the world. Like Mary of Bethany, they spend themselves in contemplation and mortification, in silent prayer and study. After their noviciate they take the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, and add a fourth vow that they wish to sacrifice their lives in praying, suffering and working for the conversion of Holland. Their model and patron is St. Lidwina of Schiedam.[1]

The Contemplatives at Bethany are there to help the active members. The Companions of St. Lidwina (*St. Lidwina's Lotgenooten*) educate the Companions in Arms of St. Reinilda (*St. Reinilda's Strijdgenooten*). It is they who teach the love of sacrifice by word and example. It is they who give the greater number of lectures and thus prepare the active members for their future work. It is they who make the songs and hymns so successfully used by the Catechists, and compose the music and musical plays in which the children delight. It is they who prepare the lessons of the catechism to be used in the instructions at the Catechumenates. In a word, they are the inspiring force rousing the Catechists to enthusiasm in their life of charity.

Except for a violet veil the dress of the Contemplatives is the same as that of the Catechists.

The statutes prescribe a full month's spiritual holiday at the training house every year for the Catechists, and recall them every sixth year from the slums to spend a year in the "City on the Mountain," to refresh and strengthen their ideals. And while the white veils thus come and go, the violet veils always remain.

1 The idea of adding the Contemplatives to the Institute originated with the parish priest of Bloemendaal, Fr. L. J. Willenborg. Fr. van Ginneken had been working at the foundation of the Catechumenate for about a year when he met Fr. Willenborg and adopted his suggestion.

### THE CATECHUMENATE.

In no missionary field is it possible to begin by converting the adults. We must try and win the children. This was, as St. Augustine tells us, the method adopted in the earlier ages of Christianity. Cardinal Lavigerie restored it when, in Africa, he began to educate the native children in Catechumenates; and the fact that at present quite a number of those young natives are honoured on our altars as Martyrs of the Church proves beyond a doubt that the method has lost nothing of its efficiency. We have therefore re-established the Catechumenate in Holland and have begun to educate our little infidel children by degrees and according to a regular scheme. They are first instructed as "Beginners" (*Nieuwelingen*) in the Old Testament, then as "Initiated" (*Ingewijden*) in the New Testament, and finally as "Elected" (*Uitverkorenen*) in the Sacraments.

The very name "Catechumenate" calls up memories of the unselfish heroism and undaunted zeal of the first Christians. Then, women of the higher ranks of society opened their homes to the neglected waifs of the streets. Under their tender care and in their comfortable homes the souls of the little children grew susceptible to the influence of a better world than that of paganism; nobler tendencies were awakened and gradually developed; and finally their hearts were opened to the grace and revelation of the Catholic religion.

The Church to-day stands in need of such homes. The idea of reviving this work cannot but appeal to every Catholic. A mere look into the future, when the destitute children of our days will have grown up into men and women, is sufficient to make everyone realize the far-reaching influence of a Christian Catechumenate. Both Church and State will profit, and profit greatly, if the children are taken in hand while their little souls are still adaptable and susceptible to religious instruction and the higher ideals of life.

### LIFE IN THE CATECHUMENATE.

In the autumn of 1920 the first Catechumenate or Reinilda House was begun in the Hague, 126 Elandstraat. Three Catechists, trained at Bethany, formed the regular staff. On Sundays and Wednesdays two public meetings were held, which in the beginning were attended by an average of 200 children, boys and girls under 15. The majority of these were absolute pagans, whilst the religious education of the others had been entirely neglected.

A difficulty was how to get the children to come to the Catechumenate for the first meeting; but it was solved in a very

simple way. Circulars were distributed in the proper quarters, announcing that an entertainment with pictures would be given for young children at an entrance fee of 1 cent (one fifth of a penny). At the appointed hour some 200 little street-urchins asked to be admitted. The way to Elandstraat was now known and success assured.

A rough description of the life in the Catechumenate may give the reader a fairly adequate idea of the work and its influence. At the general meetings the children sing for all they are worth; they are always cheerful, feel at home, and are absorbed in the fables and narratives that follow each other alternately. These are not at all to be styled pious or goody-goody. In the beginning the stories are only concerned with dogs, cats and mice, and "Madam"—*Mevrouw*—is interrupted from all sides with rather striking examples from the children's own experience, as "Once there was an awfully queer cat in our house" or "In our street there lives a woman, and once a huge mouse, that length, ran over the table." Nursery-tales with a deeper meaning follow, and gradually stories of the Old Testament are brought in. And when the Catechist, after an exciting Old Testament story, hears one boy say to another: "I bet you the Philistines will win in the end," then she feels that next time their hearts will be ready to hear how the Philistines did not win, and she lets them have just a glimpse of that higher Power we call God, which is an extremely important lesson for children who have never heard of God or His Commandments. And so, in a very familiar way, the first seeds of supernatural faith and devotion are sown and cultivated with tender care in the souls of the poor children.

Apart from these general meetings there are every night needle-work classes for girls and lessons in handicraft for boys. These hours also are very much enjoyed by the children. And no wonder. To their hearts' content, and with nothing to pay, they are given heaps of material; they can do rough carpentry, cut, build, model in clay and wax, saw, knit and the like. In the course of these ingenious exercises there comes a moment when the cleverest of the little architects can grasp the deeper thought that there is a Great Builder of the Universe Who has made and modelled them, to Whom they belong more really than their own little creations belong to them, because they got the material from "Madam," whilst God got it from Himself and made it Himself.

On Sunday and Wednesday afternoons the children are busily occupied in the large common room. They can be seen drawing, pasting, making little baskets, and learning all sorts of clever

and amusing needle-work. All these little works are an enjoyment, but at the same time an education ; for they develop neatness, accuracy, patience and self-control, diligence and perseverance. Wood-cutting teaches the fidgety boy to restrain himself and follow a certain model, not his own wayward nature. The object is not only to keep the children from the streets at this time of the day, but to train them outside school-hours into useful members of the family and of society. "Since the children have been going to you, there is a much better and pleasanter spirit at home," said one of the mothers.

Busy life and noise is going on in the cardboard workers' department. The little workmen are all between 12 and 15 years old. Regular young ruffians they were when they first arrived, vulgar in speech, clothed in rags, with dirty hands and faces. They enjoyed themselves during the first lecture by smearing each other with paste, breaking the pencils and making an uproarious noise with the "*karaletten*," their term for rulers. It was a relief for the Catechists to dismiss the little band and breathe freely again. But before the end of six weeks they had become gradually tamed and civilised. Their hands were not half as dirty as they used to be, for they had learned that with dirty hands they could not get the beautiful coloured paper. Not a single pencil was missing, as they had discovered that the pencils must be returned undamaged. They soon found out that using the paste on the paper is easier and more satisfactory than applying it to each other's clothes. There is a jealous competition to finish their plasterwork quickly and neatly. And while their hands are busily occupied, their little tongues are wagging continually. They tell each other of their occupations during the day, their life in workshop and family circle, their little hobbies, the cigarettes they smoke, the pictures they have seen, the books they are reading and the like. And in doing so, they reveal their characters, and this gives the Catechists an opportunity of saying a good word or offering some prudent advice.

There are also gymnastic clubs for boys and girls, a wood-cutting club for little boys, and for the bigger ones even a football club. A new children's reading-room, with a choice collection of books and illustrations, has been installed, which is considered by pedagogical experts to be the finest Holland possesses. A sailing club, under the direction of some gentlemen interested in the work, is at present under consideration.

In summer all the children, with little spades and pails, go on excursions to the dunes. The older girls may sometimes use

the bicycles of the "Madams" and bring the smaller ones home on the saddle or in the luggage basket.

Little by little the Catechists began to understand their pupils better, and they decided to select 70 totally pagan children who had never heard of God or His Commandments before they came to the Catechumenate. These were picked out and invited to become "Beginners" (*Nieuwelingen*). Since then, these children receive every Sunday morning instructions on the chief duties of man. The Catechists tell them about God the Great Rewarder of good and Punisher of evil, Who through our conscience speaks to us and orders us to do what is written in the Ten Commandments. The four last things and the end of life are the subjects for meditation and hymns. They learn to say the Our Father and to make an act of contrition. Some of the Catechists have a special talent for telling the history of the Old Testament in an attractive way, intelligible to children. Others narrate beautiful stories with a moral lesson, taken from literature and adapted to the little brains of the children.

### The Parents of the Pagan Children.

The apostleship of the Catechumenate affects the parents also. Their slumbering consciences are gradually awakened by the religious hymns and pious chatting of the children; all bitterness of heart and self-deceit are driven away by the happy smile and laughter of the little ones. For example, a child of an unpractising Catholic family takes her parents with her to church; another large pagan family has been converted through two of their little daughters who regularly attend the Catechumenate. Here again we see verified the saying that he who possesses the child possesses the future, nay more than the future, he influences the present.

For this reason our Catechists keep in touch with the parents, visit them and invite them to the entertainments, where they may enjoy themselves with their own children. It is touching to see how well these "children of the street" do their parts in plays and recitations, and how the parents in happy pride look on and listen to an operetta or gaze in amazement on a series of moving pictures representing the life of Our Lord. Benefactors from the Hague have made it possible to organize a Christmas feast every year at which most of the parents are present, and at which clothes are distributed amongst the children. For the plan of work here is much the same as that of the foreign missionaries: by material help the closed hearts begin to open, and then often an opportunity arises of winning them for God. We, like the missionaries, have

to draw the children to us by small rewards ; for unless they first *come*, how shall they *hear* what we want to teach them ?

### FURTHER EDUCATION.

In course of time new " Beginners " are selected out of those who attend regularly the general meetings, and the present " Beginners " become " Initiated " (*Ingewijden*). If there are amongst the " Beginners " children who are particularly talented and of a very good character, whose education would be seriously endangered in their family environment, they may with the approbation of the parents be accepted as boarders or intern students. These boarders form a picked band of " Beginners," and they are brought up with more than ordinary care. Together they form a family of which one of the Catechists is the mother.

The hymns, stories and lantern lectures for the " Initiated " centre round the New Testament. It is at this stage that children begin to adore Jesus as the Little Child of Bethlehem, and accompany Him with their childlike hope and sympathy to Egypt and Nazareth, to Genesareth and Jerusalem, to Thabor and Golgotha. Our little " Initiated " want to become, to some extent, like to the little Jesus of Nazareth in patience and meekness, in order that when they are older they may also be like to Jesus when He was older.

If after one or two years they show evident improvement in character and knowledge of the Catholic religion, leave is asked of the parents to baptize them. In case the parents refuse, the children remain " Beginners " till they become of age. One of the answers given by a father is very characteristic and shows the sort of difficulty that comes in the way of the Catechists : " You may baptize my child on one condition ; I am unemployed and cannot find a job ; Rome is powerful and rich ; you find me a job and you may baptize my child."

If no objection is raised, the children are received amongst the " Elected " (*Uitverkorenen*), the third period of the Catechumenate. Here they are instructed in the Commandments of the Church, in the Sacraments, in the doctrine of Grace and in Liturgy. And so we come at last to the act which crowns the Catechumenate work—Baptism.

After the necessary preparations had been made in a house near the Hague, Baptism was administered to the first Catechumens on Easter Saturday, 1921, in complete old Catechumenate style as it was done in the first days of Christianity. There the

neophytes remained during the whole of Easter week, in their white garments, daily comforted by Holy Communion.

Easter and Whitsuntide are marked out for this unique and impressive ceremony at Overvoorde near the Hague. Three times already the first Catechumenate of the Hague has seen its work bear fruit in the baptism of a number of catechumens.

The sketch of the *St. Reinilda Stichting* is now complete. But two questions may easily suggest themselves to the reader. How can the children remain good after they leave the Catechumenate ? And certainly, if the children were left to themselves, the good achieved would be rapidly lost, and the work of the Catechists would seem doomed to failure. It may suffice here to say that this difficulty has been provided for by another Institution annexed to the *St. Reinilda Stichting*, whose object is to instruct the children in the profession for which they are best fitted and to keep them together in the craft-schools, clubs and various unions.

The other question is the financial one : Where does the money come from ? It is not intended to enter into the details of the financial side of the Catechumenate work. In general it may be said that the Catechists provide for their own livelihood, so that all the gifts and funds that are raised by the numerous benefactors are spent on the pagan children only. The success of the Catechumenate depends entirely on the generosity of its benefactors. Fr. van Ginneken made a strong appeal to the national responsibility of the Catholics of Holland, which was well responded to.

At present there are two Catechumenates at the Hague, one in Rotterdam, and one will shortly be established in Amsterdam. Preparations are being made to set them up in various other towns. But why should this work, which has no essentially Dutch character, be limited to the small boundaries of that country ? For Belgium not only a carefully worked out plan has already been drawn up, but also a group of candidates, a house and a spiritual father are ready and waiting for episcopal approbation. At Bethany three Catechists are preparing themselves to transplant the work to Germany, and in Berlin itself a house has been found, and several candidates have been accepted. It is only on account of the present economic and political disturbance that the Catechumenate has not yet been opened there.

The establishment of the work in France and Denmark is under consideration, and we may trust that the near future will witness its introduction into other countries. G. VAN GESTEL.

# REVIEWS

## Biography

*ST. COLETTE AND HER REFORM.* Translated from the French by Mrs. Conor Maguire. London : Sands. 1923. 7*s.* 6*d.*
*THE LIFE OF MOTHER AMADEUS.* By an Ursuline of Alaska. New York : The Paulist Press. 1923. $1.50.

It sometimes happens that the splendour of a man's achievements is so striking in the eyes of the world as to have the paradoxical effect of shrouding him in a mist of oblivion. This certainly has happened, to a notable degree, in the case of St. Ignatius Loyola and the Order which he founded ; for the Jesuits have their thousands of admirers and haters, the Saint, perhaps, his tens. The same fortune, we imagine, has befallen St. Colette. Even amongst pious Catholics little is known, outside her own country, about the very remarkable woman who has given her name to one of the most widely known Orders of nuns in the world. Yet, as can be seen in Mrs. Maguire's graceful and attractive translation of a first-class French biography, the life of St. Colette has an interest and an appeal for the modern world which is far from being merely historical. She was a saint ; but she was a woman too, and a very human woman.

The similarity between St. Colette's external life and work and that of St. Teresa is, of course, obvious, and comparison is inevitable. The constant wearying journeys over bad roads at all times and in all weathers ; the immense difficulties in tactfully handling very diverse communities in very delicate situations ; the troubles from secular and religious authorities ; all the crosses, from friend and foe, which every reformer meets, these encounter us alike in the life of Spanish and Picardian saint. But it is the dissimilarity between the two women, the contrast between them, that is of greater interest. For it shows so clearly that saints are not all cut out according to one pattern, and that the human interest of a person's life does not evaporate, as it were, at the moment of canonisation.

Two other points in the book emphasise this fact : Fr. O'Neill's artistic translation of Claudel's exquisitely human little poem, and the contrast provoked by the meeting of St. Colette with St. Joan of Arc at Moulins. The emaciated, contemplative, " enclosed " nun of about fifty years of age, and the dashing young maiden-knight of seventeen, with all her youth and beauty and bravery, stand up together in that century and country " d'armées, d'alarmes, et de larmes " (as the old writer phrases it)—and both are saints of God.

II.—In far other times and in a very different country and civilisation was passed the life of Mother Amadeus Dunne; but the spirit that animated these two women, the ideals that inspired them link their names together across the centuries. Instead of silent, cloistered Franciscan nunneries, we find, it is true, the wigwams and noisy native hamlets of the Red Indian; but in nunnery or wigwam the same fragrance of "the humanity and benignity of our Saviour" lingers wherever Poor Clare or Ursuline set her foot. We miss, too, the mediæval streets of the cathedral towns of France or Flanders, or the muddy lanes and sodden downs of Burgundy, and meet in their place the gleaming rails of the Union and Central Pacific or the slushy tracks and icy month-long nights of some Alaskan mining-camp or fur station. But what we do not miss is the faith of the Breton peasant-wife, the hope that creates "from its own wreck the thing it contemplates," and the love that no floods can quench.

The work which Mother Amadeus accomplished is never likely to become so widely known or so justly appreciated as to draw away attention from the worker herself, as happened in the case of St. Colette and others. Yet her work was by no means insignificant. But the personality, the character of the woman is well worth the attention of those who know how to profit from a study of the good, the beautiful and the true as expressed in a human life. A woman of something very like heroic mould; tameless yet docile; swift in noble enterprise, yet calm and prudent; proud of her mission and vocation, yet profoundly humble, she seems to have possessed just the noblest of those qualities which we are wont from boyhood to associate with her beloved charges, the North American Indian. She sleeps to-day in a hillside cemetery in Montana, shoulder to shoulder with the braves of the tribe she loved and was loved by, and as a monument and memorial of her this little life has been sent forth, that even in death she may still inspire. E. J. C.

*ARIEL OU LA VIE DE SHELLEY.* Par André Maurois. Paris: Grasset. 1923. 9 fr.

A BIOGRAPHY which the author puts forward in his preface as "the work of a novelist rather than of a historian or a critic" awakens at the outset a sense of uneasiness positively amounting to discomfort. And yet such biographies—is it a manifestation of the revived taste for incident, for "a story" in the novel?—have been comparatively numerous in France in the last few years. It is a *genre* which lends itself admirably to the picturesque evocation of bygone

times and to the French facility for psychological analysis ; and as M. Maurois—in an appendix—gives us the means of verifying his facts, we can hardly do other than yield ourselves up to the charm of his narrative. It is indeed something of a surrender. The gently ironical penetration, the alert wit, the detached and yet sympathetic interest which mark the creator of Colonel Bramble make one suspect at certain moments that he is also " creating," if not Shelley, at least some of the persons and things about him.

Yet what a delightful and wholly intelligible account we get of Shelley's youth ! A boy gifted with such precocious reasoning power, such imagination, such keen sensitiveness, was fated to be alternately over-developed and exasperated by his surroundings. The pompous, respectable, would-be liberal father, the eccentric grandfather, the uncomprehending mother, the adoring sisters and cousins, and the Eton of Dr. Keate inflamed his spirit of independent thought into one of open revolt against established usage and established religion—or what passed for religion. Shelley's thirst for idealism made him proclaim the loud atheism which in his sadder and slightly wiser manhood he was to admit to be merely a " bogey to frighten off fools."

All the earlier part of the book reads like a humorous commentary on theorists, whether they be mad and lovable ideologists like Shelley, political and social reformers like Godwin, pure intellectuals like Hogg, brain-and-love-sick women like " Claire " Clairmont and Cornelia Turner, or merely outraged fathers like Mr. Timothy Shelley. One and all see their theories collapse at the first rude touch of reality. The story, lightly amusing at first, rapidly becomes tragic as we follow the course of Shelley's unhappy loves, the series of suicides and deaths in his circle, and his wanderings in England and on the Continent in search of the peace and the friends that eluded him. The lessons of experience are summarised in a quotation and a reflection on the occasion of Harriet Shelley's suicide : " ' In breaking traditional bonds, one looses unknown forces in human beings which act so that one cannot foresee the terrible consequences.' . . . Life had brought him so much suffering, his good intentions had caused so many calamities that he had acquired a horror of action. He felt a confused but strong need of freeing himself from those formidable groups of human beings whose reactions were impossible to foresee, whose movements of passion were terrible. Transforming the real world seemed so disappointing that he had no further desire to satisfy his love or his hatred otherwise than in a malleable and docile universe."

In all this there are but the slightest and most inevitable refer-

ences to Shelley's poetic production, and when his poems are referred to it is from the external point of view, as occasioning or occasioned by some incident or experience of his life. But M. Maurois is concerned with showing us the man, not the poet; and in the man the emotions and sufferings rather than the intelligence or the imagination. He excels in posing his characters; in portraits, drawn with a light and sure touch; in humorous or pathetic scenes; in descriptions; his frequent pithy or ironical observations on human nature deal sometimes with fundamentals and are then worth quoting. The account of Shelley's first visit to Southey is a fair example of the author's matter and manner :—

Southey utterly surprised Shelley, who associated the idea of a poet with things most delightful and ethereal. In a sufficiently rich and well-warmed house, he found a Mrs. Southey who was more like a housekeeper than a Muse. She had been a dressmaker, and bound her husband's books with bits of stuff. Her linen-cupboards were the places sacred to her genius, and she talked about money, cooking, and servants like any other detestable matron. The poet seemed not to notice this degradation. He appeared to be a worthy man, but illogical. He admitted that society needed to be transformed, but added that it could only be transformed slowly. He used the horrible formula, "Neither you nor I will see it"; he was hostile to the emancipation of the Irish Catholics and to every really radical measure. Worst of all, he professed himself a Christian. Shelley went away in despair.

Good Southey was far from suspecting the impression he had produced. "A queer fellow," he thought, after his visitor's departure. "His greatest trouble seems to be that he is the heir to an immense property, and he is as upset by his six thousand a year as I was at his age by not having a penny. . . Except for that it is as if I saw my own ghost. He thinks he is an atheist; he is only a pantheist. It's a youthful malady that we all go through. . . It's lucky he came here; he couldn't find a better doctor. I prescribed a course of Berkeley for him, and in a week he will be a Berkeleyan. . . He was quite surprised to meet for the first time in his life a man who understood him. . . . Well, God help us! The world needs improving. This young Mr. Shelley is not setting quite the right way about it, but I don't despair of convincing him that he can do a lot of good with his six thousand a year."

Thus, Youth and Middle Age having met on the road, Youth looked on Middle Age with impatient respect, while Middle Age studied Youth with benevolent irony and counted on dominating it easily by the force of a more formed mind. Middle Age forgot that the minds of successive generations are as impermeable to one another as the monads of Leibniz.

M. R.

## Celtica

*A HISTORICAL READER OF OLD IRISH.* Edited by Julius Pokorny, Professor of Celtic in the University of Berlin. Halle: Max Niemeyer. 1923. 3*s*.

"THE scope of this little book," says the editor, "is to provide students of Old Irish with more interesting texts than were hitherto

at their disposal." It contains 18 pages of texts, beginning with specimens of the Ogam inscriptions, the rest being selected passages of prose and verse from about the year 700 to the early tenth century, elaborate notes, a full vocabulary, paradigms and an index. Most of the texts are from Middle Irish MSS., but they have been methodically normalized according to the Old Irish standard. To one of them has been added a phonetic transcript giving the supposed pronunciation of the ninth century. This is an interesting experiment, though probably some of the details are not quite accurate.

Dr. Pokorny's chief work for some years has been the elucidation of the phonology of O. Ir., with special reference to the archaic period, and here we have his latest conclusions. He has devoted less attention to the syntax, and in this matter his remarks at times lack precision. Thus, on p. 41 he says "*aire*, 'watch, heed,' verbal noun in function of a passive infinitive," having previously stated that the preceding *mo* is objective genitive. With a pass. inf. one would expect a subjective genitive. P. 35, *gabáil di-sside* does not mean "to keep her away (lit., her being kept away) from her," but simply "to prevent the latter." On p. 32 we find a construction called "*nominative* with infinitive!" As well might one call the O. Ir. *imgabáil uilc do dénum* or the Mod. Ir. *lucht na gceann do ghearradh* examples of genitive with infinitive. The truth is there is no infinitive in the language, and scholars have only complicated the question by trying to square Irish syntax with Latin, English or German. As for the passive, one might as well say that the sentence, "The prisoner was re-arrested immediately after his release," contains a passive infinitive, because "release" could be so turned in Greek. The construction of the verbal noun in Irish is explained in a masterly article by Eoin Mac Néill in the *Gaelic Journal* for 1892 (Vol. IV.), and in later volumes.

The chronological arrangement is sometimes doubtful. Two quatrains, evidently from a lost historical romance, quoted in the annals under the year 621 or 622, are edited in archaic spelling, the editor holding the rime *gen* : *Torten* as "conclusive evidence" that "the verses must have been written after 700 and before or not long after 721 A.D." Surely this is a *reductio ad absurdum* of textual criticism. Languages do not change in this clockwork fashion. People of all ages live together in a community, and barring a mysterious plague which twice in one generation cut off the whole population over, say, ten years old, there must have been thousands living in 740 to whom the speech of 710 and even of 695 was familiar. In the second place, is a poet confined to the very latest fashion in

colloquial speech ? Is a line in Shelley containing the word *armèd* to be dated earlier than a line of Shakespeare with the monosyllable *arm'd* ? Or do all Mod. Ir. songs in which *labhairt* rimes with *sagairt* date from the year 1521 ? Thirdly, despite Dr. Pokorny, the rime *gen* : *Tortan* (*sic* MSS.) is possible ; such rimes are found in Saltair na Rann (A.D. 988). And lastly, if *ru-tibi* : *bile* (MSS. *ro tibe* : *bile* ; *ro tibhi* : *bili*) in the same quatrain are meant to form internal rime, the metrical test points to a date nearer to 900 than to 700.

In a few cases the text may be emended : p. 9, 13, read *etir Ulad erreda*, " among Ulster's chariot-warriors " ; and p. 10, 17, omit *co*. These corrections are due to the late Prof. Strachan.

A great part of the notes is taken up with etymological speculations, hypothetical restorations of Prehistoric Irish, Old Celtic and Indo-European forms. Such attempts to restore lost languages gave hopes of success about the middle of the last century, but by the seventies the whole mass of earlier restorations had to be abandoned as erroneous. A comparative study of the Romance languages shows that, if Latin had left no records, it would be impossible to bridge the few centuries that separate it from its medieval forms ; from Fr. *noms*, Sp. *nombres*, and It. *nomi* no one could guess *nomina*. Later scholars have recognised that the task of comparative philology is not the tracking back of words through two or three thousand years of prehistoric change. These starred restorations are useful so long as they are treated as brief formulæ of the scholar's doubts and inferences. But too much dabbling in them may lend them a fictitious value. In an elementary book there is no room for argument, nor is there room in a short review to discuss the merits of many dogmatic statements. I will take only two specimens. On p. 40 we are told that *mescae*," drunkenness," is a late formation, otherwise it ought to be **misce*, because it comes from I.E. **mik-skijā*. Here the phantom is more real to its author than the fact. *Mescae* may have nothing to do with **mik-skijā* —if there ever was such a word. Pedersen compares it with Gr. μεθύσκω ; and the Old Celtic name of the *Orgenomesqui* (" drunk with slaughter," according to Thurneysen) points to *mesc* and *mescae* as being by no means late forms. On the same page is the following note :—

*mo* " my," objective genitive to the verbal noun *are*, poss. pron. l. sg., a proclitic development of Pr. Ir. **movijī*, gen. of **movijos*, a *io*-derivative from **move*, a transformation of I. E. *mene*, due to the influence of the 2. sg. **tove* I. E. **teve* (*cf.* Welsh *teu*), the old gen. sg. of the personal pronoun *tū*.

Here, as often, the author has forgotten his objective. He is not editing interesting texts for beginners. He is writing for

colleagues of his own, hardened philologists "who sound the linguistic ocean to its most horrid depths." To others the note is simply inept. It explains the known by the unknown and the unknowable. Though, according to a remark on p. 96, he has "elaborated the notes so carefully as to enable students to acquire a sound knowledge of Old Irish without using any other publication," it is obvious that before the student can hope to understand much of the etymological matter imbedded in these notes, he must have studied various text-books and journals of Indo-European and Celtic philology. Now most of the students who are beginning Old Irish live in Ireland, and it is probably for these that Dr. Pokorny has written in English rather than in German. Yet not one of them is equipped with any philological training. Nor is it necessary for their purpose that they should be; few classical scholars understand the elements of philology.

However, I do not wish to discourage students from purchasing the book. It has many merits, and is a marvel of cheapness in these post-war days. They should read it carefully, skipping what they cannot assimilate, and treating all asterisked forms as danger-signals which the traveller passes at his own risk. O. J. B.

*EOGHAN RUADH UA SUILLEABHÁIN.* Nuadh-eagar, in a dhá imleabhar, ar a chuid amhrán, maille le cóir mhínithe: an t-Ath. Pádraig Ua Duinnín do chóirigh: imleabhar I., na h-amhráin agus tráchtas ar cháilidheacht an fhile: ar n-a chur amach do Chonnradh na Gaedhilge: seacht is raol.

Aoibhneas croidhe do gach duine thuigeas cad is fíor-Ghaedhilg agus fíor-fhilíocht ann is eadh a chlos go bhfuil dánta an rí-fhile seo le fagháil arís. Uime sin, na gaedhilgeóirí ag a raibh macsúil den chéad-eagar aca, tráth, acht nár thug an t-aireachas ba chuibhe dhó; na nua-ghaedhilgeóirí, idir shean is óg díobh, d'eirig suas chughainn ó chuaidh an chéad-eagar as cló; na sean-ghaedhilgeóirí do rinne faillidhe, agus ná fuair dóibh féin riamh aon mhacsúil den chéad-eagar chéadna—beid uile an-bhuidheach den Chonnradh toisc an nua-eagar so do sholáthar dóibh. Beid buidheach de, agus, gan amhras, glacfaid an t-slighe is fearr chum a mbuidheachas do chur in iúl dó—ceannochaid an leabhar.

Ní gá, an t-am so dhe lá, cromadh ar Eoghan Rua do mholadh mar fhile. "File éachtach do b'eadh é," adeireadh na daoine. "Ní raibh aon teora leis." Mar le deise dhe, 'sé do chuir an buille scuir ar an aisling. Ba iomdha buadh eile do bhí aige. Cuir i gcás nach aige bhí an t-eolas ar an nGaedhilg, agus nár mhaith an sás é chum beichte is binneas is ceol na cainte do thabhairt leis.

Féach leat mé, a léightheóir, a chroidhe ! Ar thugais féin fé ndeara an rud is mó atá in easnamh ar scríobhnóirí Gaedhilge na linne láthairighe ? An teanga do bheith go ró-bhocht ar fad ag a bhfurmhór. Ní h-abraim gur meon nó cuspaí eachtrannacha bhíos ghá ndalladh uile. Bíd fós ag déanamh íodhal-adhartha ar dhéithe bréige cois baile. Dá dheascaidh seo ní bhíd ag dul siar ar an nGaedhilg thar bhunú Chonnartha na Gaedhilge. Agus cad eile cad atá annsan acht " Eirghe den linn agus luidhe ar an láthaig " ? Ag só leigheas ar an ngalar san. Léighdís saothar Eoghain Ruaidh agus a chomh-fhilí. Óir creid-se uaim-se é, a léightheóir ghroidhe ! níl teacht amach gan é. " Ní Geadhilg go crua-Ghaedhilg," adeireadh an Dochtúir de Hindeberg ; agus gan dul chomh fada san ar fad leis an scéal, an t-Ath. Peadar féin, do bhí gan puinn measa ar a ndeachaidh roimhe de phrósairí, d'airigheas-sa féin é ag tabhairt ard-mholtha thar na bearta do sna filí. Ar ndó in san uile theanga, léigheamh próis na rí-údar, cuireann sé ar a leas, gan amhras, mar le leagan chainte is ceol fhocal, na prósairí theagann na ndiaidh. Ní fheadar féin, áfach, nach mó fós chuireann ar a leas iad léigheamh na mór-fhilí. Bíodh san mar atá ; sa Ghaedhilg, mara bhfuil aon téagar de mhór-phrós taobh thiar dínn sa litríocht, tá filíocht ann ar a laghad. Tá Eoghan Rua ann, agus é ar fagháil anois. Léightear é agus gabhaim-se orm nach fada bheas giollaí an phinn ag turtaoibh againn le cúpla céad focal.

Mo aon locht-sa amháin ar an nua-eagar so Eoghain Ruaidh, a dhaoire. Ní ar Chonnradh na Gaedhilge ba chóir a mhilleán san do chur, áfach, acht ar pé dream mhór-shochair churas costas cló thar theorainn an chirt ar fad—agus ar lucht na Gaedhilge, ar laghad a n-éilimh ar na leabhair ! " Ní glaine niamh fíona a h-ór " ná maise na ndán so Eoghain. Acht cadé an mhaith sin nuair ná ceannaightear iad !

MICHEÁL MAC CRAITH.

## Classics

*GREEK RELIGIOUS THOUGHT FROM HOMER TO THE AGE OF ALEXANDER.* By F. M. Cornford, M.A.
*GREEK ECONOMICS.* By M. L. W. Laistner, M.A.
London : J. M. Dent & Sons. 1923. 5*s.* net each.

THESE two handsome little volumes are the first of a promising series under the general editorship of Principal Barker, the object of which is " to put before English readers, in an English translation, the most typical and the most important expressions of Greek thought in all the many fields of its activity—historical, religious, philosophic, economic, political, ethical, scientific, and

artistic." Such a series should be of the greatest utility not only to the Greek scholar or the general reader, but to the student in any of the departments mentioned ; it will collect in a handy form much valuable educational material not before collected in English, and the books are such as to lend themselves easily to a rapid survey of first-hand information.

Each of the volumes before us is provided with a good introduction, and each supplies a bibliography. In both, of course, the limitation to literary sources brings with it a certain narrowness of scope, which is felt rather more in the case of Greek religious thought because the subject is more vast and complicated, and because our knowledge of Greek religion is in essence so largely dependent on archaeological rather than literary remains. It goes without saying that we learn nothing from this volume regarding cult or origins, and this necessary want is hardly made up for as much as it might be either in Mr. Cornford's introduction or in his bibliography. His modern authorities belong all to one particular Cambridge school (we except, of course, Dr. Burnet), and are calculated to give a rather one-sided and confused view of a subject in which confusion is the besetting sin. Apart from this, his introduction deals well with the function of the Greek poets and philosophers as sources of theology ; though he hardly emphasises sufficiently the thoroughly religious character of drama nor the religious aspect of the state itself.

The essence of the religious problem in fifth-century Athens was the attempt of the city-state to superimpose Homer on its own primitive welter of cults and legends. To this attempt each of the great dramatists reacted in a different way : Aeschylus by reconciliation and by the prominence he gives to Zeus the All-Father and to the notion of sin ; Sophocles by a system of ideal and distant divinities and a morality not far removed from determinism ; Euripides by a passionate questioning and rejection in the light of Ionian reason, which at this time had left Homer far behind and which, through the sophists and Anaxagoras, was exercising an immense influence in the direction of sceptical intellectualism on contemporary Athenian society. Outside all of these there ran all the time a growing stream of mysticism, with a belief in immortality, in sacramental and ascetic practices, and with an optimistic view of life, which we find mainly in the Orphics and Pythagoreans and in a few passages of Pindar. It was left to Socrates and Plato to produce a wider synthesis than the city-state had attempted, and to unite religion and science in one great school. Aristotle in religion, as in almost everything else, is an original and largely

isolated figure, who had but little influence on subsequent Greek thought. Mr. Cornford's selections do full justice to this many-sided development, which raised in turn almost every religious and moral problem that modern thought knows of.

Mr. Laistner's book deals with a less thorny and far-reaching subject, and is in every way admirable. His introduction supplies just the right amount of preliminary information, and stresses exactly what was most characteristic in Greek economics—its moral pre-occupation. Modern political economy is new only in that it prides itself on prescinding from ethics—a highly questionable boast. The Greeks did not write manuals of political economy, because they regarded " Chrematistike " as a branch of ethico-political science ; but they understood and discussed such questions as the nature of wealth, currency, the organisation of production, public loans, free trade, and communal ownership, and most of what they said is still worth reading, as the brilliant works of Graham Wallas testify. It is a most hopeful sign to see such important documents as Xenophon's " Ways and Means " and the pseudo-Platonic " Eryxias " published in their proper setting ; and who will not be interested and amused at the mixture of feminism and communism of which Aristophanes' Praxagora is so headstrong an exponent ? Naturally Plato and Aristotle occupy the chief place, and their views are thoroughly explained ; and the student is enabled to trace back Greek thinking on economics at least as far as Hippodamos of Miletus, town-planning expert, engineer, and intellectual intimate of Pericles.

Both books are produced in the manner which one naturally associates with the name of their publisher. M. Ó T.

## Education

*THE EFFECT OF OBJECTIVE PRESENTATION ON THE LEARNING AND RETENTION OF A LATIN VOCABULARY.* By Austin G. Schmidt, S.J. Chicago : Loyola University Press. 1923. Pp. 192. 1 dollar.

THE main interest in this report of an elaborate series of classroom tests, January to March, 1923, with over 10,000 pupils engaged in combat with Latin nouns, adjectives, and verbs, lies in the reported result, which on the whole is not favourable to the fashionable doctrine that illustrations are a help in language work. The details are too ample to allow of adequate summary here : and it is to be hoped that the acquired skill of the experimenter will be used to carry his investigations much further. The seasonal and other

conditions reported on (pp. 58-59) were hardly the best that could have been selected with a view to uncontested results : and in view of the final sentence on p. 157 and other incidental references, it is not clear that the vital purposes of class teaching in Latin were given their due prominence by the large number of subordinate investigators who, from the statements on p. 60, were not fully trained for the investigation. Sharper distinction, too, between the processes of memorisation for immediate recall and for durable retention would seem necessary.

The pictorial method is, in the introductory stages, assigned to Comenius. It was in full use long before he wrote, as the *Margarita Philosophica* of Gregor Reisch, repeatedly issued between 1500 and 1512, with illustrations far superior to those used by Comenius in the *Orbis Pictus* one hundred and fifty years later, would show ; and the volume of Reisch is far from standing alone in its epoch. If, as Comenius appears to have said, he meant the *Janua Linguarum*, 1628 and later, to embody his doctrine, he failed to exhibit it : the *Janua* mentioned at least 5,000 objects (8,300 words in all) and quite omitted illustrations. It had not even a frontispiece.

There is an inclination, in experimental work, to treat vocabulary as consisting of single words and to make phrases subsidiary. Experiments should run on the lines of durable command of knowledge ; and the phrase, not the word, is the sole unit in language processes of an intelligent character. All the single words in a dictionary do not make up a language : they are hardly even its raw material. The experiments of Dr. Austin Schmidt clearly indicate (p. 157, No. 12) that the verb is the effective thing in the objective method ; and this is because verbs are, in the main, words of action : they carry nouns and adjectives with them as camp followers. Hence the dramatic and emulative processes of the Renaissance schoolroom, bringing action to the front, were far more effective than any objects or pictures in such profuse use in later times. The former have been too lightly cast aside, even by those whose whole tradition rested on their use ; and hence, too, Dr. Schmidt rightly observes toward the close of this interesting report, that " it is a great tribute to the nobility of the Latin language and its inherent power as an educational instrument, that pupils still elect it as they do."

T. C.

*ART PRINCIPLES IN LITERATURE.* By Francis P. Donnelly, S.J. New York: Macmillan. 1923. Pp. 144.

*THE ART OF INTERESTING: ITS THEORY AND PRACTICE FOR SPEAKERS AND WRITERS.* By Francis P. Donnelly, S.J. New York: Kenedy. 1921. Pp. 328.

THESE volumes are composed of a large number of brief papers, all converging on what is obviously the writer's line of practical work, the teaching of literature. To the serious student of literary form as presented in the class-room or in the academic lecture, they offer many advantages. Father Donnelly has cultivated a rapid, terse, direct style, in which the sentence tends to a minimum length and a rigidly unitary statement. It is the style of the expert teacher: it is not so clear that it is the best for presenting what must often be a complex enunciation of doctrine, with many safeguards and limitations.

The basic principles of his treatment of literature in relation to education, stated in both treatises at full length, have received the same imprint. There is a decided tendency to maintain the view that liberal and general education is substantially found in literary studies; that literature is an art, and not a science; and that the sciences are for later specialist study. This is a definite and intelligible view; but it does not accord with the concept of a liberal education in the Christian Middle Ages, or in the Renaissance, or with the practice of the Renaissance Schools when fully developed in the later 17th and in the 18th centuries. A liberal education culminated in, and included, the express and exclusive study of sciences, pure and applied; and it included both sciences and philosophy, treated in close connection. Language and literature were the instrumental and preliminary portion of the "Seven Liberal Arts and the Three Philosophies" which made up the Faculty of Arts: and in the days of the production of great scholars, from Aquinas and Scotus down to Bossuet and Du Cange, the distinctly literary studies were well over by sixteen years of age. When an education system becomes literary in its entire scope, as in the Oxford of Newman's day, the results, personal and national, are of mediocre value. Philosophy and Sciences are essential to a liberal education, and that in good measure and with ample time and concentrated effort. This truth was repeatedly vindicated by the serious scholars of the Renaissance, who saw the need of solid studies, as against the school of "orators" and "poets," who gave no enduring result. Within the limited field which literary studies should occupy, and for their limited function, these volumes will

be found to be highly practical and stimulating in their clear and direct appeal. T. C.

*THE LIFE OF MOTHER CLARE FEY: Foundress of the Congregation of the Poor Child Jesus.* Translated from German sources. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. 1923. Pp. 288. 6s. net.

*AN AMERICAN APOSTLE. The Very Rev. Matthew A. O'Brien, O.P.* By Very Rev. V. F. O'Daniel, O.P. Washington: Dominicana Press. 1923. Pp. 358.

*THE HISTORY OF MOTHER SETON'S DAUGHTERS: The Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati, Ohio,* 1809–1923. By Sister M. A. McCann, M.A., Ph.D. Vol III. 1870–1897. London: Longmans. 1923. Pp. 330. 16s. net.

Two of these books are expressly concerned with Catholic Education as their main objective: the third, on Fr. M. A. O'Brien, makes the work of education a leading feature of its announcements. The two works which relate to America concern chiefly that area which centres round Ohio: and they have been examined with special care for information on the subject of education. Comparatively little was thus secured: and there is more of actual treatment of school work in the biographical sketch than in the formally historical volume. The latter names at least forty-five schools, in an appendix list, as opened between 1870 and 1897 in the Ohio Valley and elsewhere: details as to their scope, methods and work would have been very welcome, but only casual and general phrases are given, and that very sparingly. In view of what the contents ought to provide in full measure, it is tantalising that pages should be given up in ample measure to such extraneous topics as the Bell telephone at Philadelphia Exposition; the diplomatic telegrams about President Garfield's illness and death, and many other public and secular matters that had little connexion indeed with the life work of the Cincinnati Sisters of Charity. The life of Fr. O'Brien contains some details as to the humble beginnings of popular education on the Ohio mission fields, and has a valuable paragraph, all too short, on the educational value of the set dialogue (p. 247). When so much remains to be said about the wide and deep work done in popular and more advanced education in Catholic America, one cannot but regret to see such an abundance of fine printing devoted to matter of little or no permanent value, often collected with evident expense and labour.

The account of the excellent and flourishing teaching congregation founded in the Rhineland by Clare Fey, and since spread

far and wide owing to the disgraceful policy of Bismarck and Falk in 1873, is much more helpful to the student of Catholic Education. This is all the more evident since a main work of the Congregation has always been Poor Law Schools, Evening Schools, Technical and Continuation Classes, Adult Schools for Commerce, for Housekeeping, for Needlework; Supervision Centres to enable very poor children to use the hours out of school to advantage, and other eminently democratic and Christian types of work. A fair amount of detail is given: we would be grateful for a full treatise on both organisation and method, based on collective experience of such evidently high quality. This is the greatest need, on the historical and progressive side, of Catholic Education to-day, both in America and in Europe. There must be abundant material for professional writing of permanent worth. T. C.

## Fiction

*RICEYMAN STEPS.* By Arnold Bennett. London: Cassell. 1923. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

Mr. Bennett has produced fifty-five volumes to date and is likely to produce many more; for he is in the prime of life and, as this novel shows, at the zenith of his powers. He counts his readers in hundreds of thousands. It is unlikely that more than a moderate percentage of these have been able to keep pace with his amazing output. When he is long dead and his fame as a writer thereby duly and irrevocably established, no one except professors of English literature will pretend to acquaintance with his entire production. Perhaps not more than three or four of his books will then be read by all who love literature. *Riceyman Steps* will inevitably be among them.

For this is a noble work. Nothing could be added to it or taken from it without detriment. It neither begins nor ends abruptly; nor halts, nor stumbles anywhere on its course. It has light and shade in just, if indivisible, proportions. It has the colours of life, not in streaks nor in patches, but mingled and moving. And it is polished till it glows, not with mere surface brightness but with, as it were, an inner radiance.

The characters are few; the plot is simple; the scene is homely. The culminating effect is one of impressive grandeur. It is, in the real sense of the word, a "good" book from which one rises mellowed and strengthened, with a deepened consciousness and a widened experience.

Riceyman Steps is a passage from Kings Cross Road to

Riceyman Square, in the great metropolitan, industrial district of Clerkenwell. On one side dwelt the widow Mrs. Arb, who owned a confectioner's shop; on the other Mr. Earlforward the bookseller. A common passion of parsimony united them in marriage and hurried them to death. They loved each other; and their love, sincere in its degree and comprehensible, was undermined, overshadowed and finally submerged by the man's obsession for money. Mr. Earlforward does not cheat nor steal, nor is he tempted to do so. He is pleasant enough in appearance and in manner, balanced and competent in affairs. Yet the roots of avarice strike deep into his being and at last suck him dry of every tender virtue.

The book is built upon the tragedy of the Earlforward household; but its real theme is the loveliness of charity—incarnate in Elsie Sprickett the maid-of-all-work. "She had never read the Sermon on the Mount, but without knowing what she was doing she practised its precepts—it was instinctive; she had little consciousness of being righteous, and much consciousness of sin; and the notion of behaving in such and such a way in order to get to heaven simply had not occurred to her." She had in her, too, sweet impulses of fancy and romance. Her devotion to the poor wastrel Joe makes one of the most moving love stories that have ever been written: and though we leave them on the verge of their life together, with material obstacles of the most portentous kind looming ahead, we feel sure that the brave Elsie will go quietly forward, laying this terror, circumventing that danger, persisting, undaunted and indefeasible, against the very face of destiny. Mr. Bennett has the grace to make her comely in body. He has the sense to allow us to laugh a little at her ingenuousness. In this he shows a cunning wisdom; for we must, indeed, laugh at times lest we weep. Elsie deserves the tribute which Pompillia paid on her death-bed, with her last words, to the gallant Caponsacchi. What more can be said?

The minor characters are not less competently drawn. Dr. Raste recalls the memory of Mr. Robert Levett, but he has an admirable, hard efficiency which his shadowy prototype must have lacked. Joe deserves Elsie if only for his devouring appreciation. It is not everyone who needs must know the highest when he sees it. A few words show Mr. and Mrs. Belrose, in Mrs. Earlforward's old shop, riding carelessly and easily over the billows of calamity which whelmed the more able but more arid and anxious couple. Even the Reverend Augustus Earlforward, the missionary brother of the bookseller, in his brief allusive incursion through the closing pages, lives, moves and has authentic being.

Mr. Bennett's technical method may be studied in its matured perfection in *Riceyman Steps*. His most striking characteristic as an author is his marvellous power of comprehensive observation. In some earlier novels, for instance in *The Old Wives' Tale*, he achieves his effect by the patient, searching accumulation of detail. Others, for instance *The Pretty Lady*, when seen in retrospect dissolve into a series of brilliant passages rather than resolve into concrete entities. In *Riceyman Steps* the old power of observance is undimmed ; but it is governed by a power of selection and emphasis, a reticence, a precision which produces by imperceptible stages a book from which it is impossible to pluck isolated passages without rank injustice to them and to the work as a whole.

THOMAS BODKIN.

*THE FATAL MOVE AND OTHER STORIES.* By Conall Cearnach. Dublin : M. H. Gill. 1924. 2*s.* 6*d.*

THE public is more familiar with Conall Cearnach as an essayist than as a story-teller. In the former capacity we have had many opportunities of becoming acquainted with his clear-cut, incisive style, and his delightfully fresh outlook on men and things. It is somewhat of a contrast to find him weaving tales of mystery and sensation, administering shocks to our feelings rather than making appeals to our intelligence. In this little book—and pity 'tis that 'tis so little—Conall Cearnach comes to us as a species of Edgar Allan Poe with a touch of Sir Conan Doyle. There are only six short stories in this volume, and of these four rely on the mystic or supernatural, one has a new element of crime, while the sixth may be termed " the comic relief." This last, " *The Rejuvenation of Ivan Smithovitch*," is to my thinking the weakest story that the author tells. The humour is at once feeble and forced, and the " monkey-gland " theme is not handled very effectively.

The tale which gives a title to this work is highly ingenious, but suffers from what is the defect of the series, and that is a certain *jejune* quality, a want of working-up, so to speak, to the crisis. Conall Cearnach is quite frankly determined, like the Fat Boy, to make our flesh creep but does not strive sufficiently hard in his efforts to do so. The reason is perfectly simple. When writing essays the author is cold, logical, calm. He brings these qualities to bear on stories which require for their proper development the " tricks " of the fictionist's craft. An " atmosphere " should be created. The reader should be " doped " into a state of receptivity in the fashion that Poe, by the cunning of the scene, makes one ready to believe anything.

"*Professor Danver's Disappearance*" is, perhaps, the most original and striking story told by Conall Cearnach. A little more elaboration, more than a mere hint of the offence which led to the Professor's persecution by a Secret Society, and we would have a "shocker" such as we have often been thrilled with by Poe or W. W. Jacobs (when in that vein). As it is, the author is in too great a hurry to get his story through. In "*The Homing Bone*" Conall Cearnach gives us a mystery but attempts no solution. The reader is left to explain to himself (if he can) how the purloined "femur" is returned to the graveyard from which it was stolen. This is, in itself, not a fault, save that in the case of "*The Homing Bone*" no theory other than what ordinary mortals would deem the incredible would seem to fit the case.

These criticisms notwithstanding, Conall Cearnach has, one should say, a future before him as a writer of short stories, provided he does not make them too short and devotes a little more attention to detail. W. D.

## History

*LIBERTY ORDER AND LAW UNDER NATIVE IRISH RULE. A Study in the Book of the Ancient Laws of Ireland.* By Sophie Bryant, D.Sc., Litt.D. London: Harding and More. 1923. 25s.

A FATAL accident in the Alps brought an end to the distinguished life and services of Mrs. Bryant too soon, I think, for her to have quite completed her work on this book. At all events, the "bibliography" on page xxiii names two recent publications of mine in which certain theories regarding the fundamentals of ancient Irish law and institutions are discussed and refuted, but these same theories are accepted by Mrs. Bryant without reference to my criticism. So, in recommending her book to readers, I must first utter a word of caution. The book is based throughout on the modern and false notion that the form of Irish polity reflected in our ancient laws was a "tribal system" or a "clan system." Not the faintest suggestion of such a system is to be found in the laws themselves. On the contrary they show that membership of the *tuath*, the Irish *civitas*, was not conditioned by race, much less by any narrower scope of consanguinity. The error is based on the loose use of the word "tribe" by the translators. They use this word sometimes as the equivalent of *tuath*—which they more often mistranslate by "territory"—sometimes as the equivalent of *fine*. In *Celtic Ireland* I have shown that the *fine* was a small family group, normally restricted to the range of "second cousins," for

some purposes extending two degrees farther but no more. No wider consanguineous group than this, which was not a tribe or clan in any accepted sense of the words, finds recognition in the laws. Indeed, they expressly state, and Mrs. Bryant quotes the passage, that beyond these bounds there is no legal nexus, only a natural community (*dúthaig dóine*).

At p. 218 Mrs. Bryant quotes and accepts the views of Richey (who follows Sir Henry Mayne) in the Introduction to the *Book of Aicill* in Vol. III. of the *Ancient Laws of Ireland*, where he claims to have ascertained "(1) the entire absence of any legislative or judicial power; from which it follows (2) that the law is purely customary, and theoretically incapable of alteration; and (3) that all judicial authority is purely consensual, and the judgments are merely awards founded upon a submission to arbitration, whose only sanction is public opinion; (4) that all the acts defined by us as crimes are classed as torts; and (5) that the form which all judgments assumed is an assessment of damages." The disproof of every phrase in this statement is not even a matter of research. It lies on the surface and can be found in abundance by anyone who looks for it with open eyes.

An equally fundamental error, borrowed likewise from the translators and editors of the *Ancient Laws of Ireland*, is the rendering of *céle by* "tenant" and the treatment in chapter IV. of the relation of *céle* (whether *soerchéle* or *doerchéle*) to *flaith* as a "tenancy" or "tenure" of land. The translators, O'Curry and O'Donovan, both died before the "editors" began their part of the work. The editors, not excepting Atkinson, who "edited" Vol. V. and drew up in Vol. VI. a "glossary" to the five volumes, were incompetent to deal with the technicalities of the Irish text, and relied almost blindly on the translations and on their defective terminology. Even so, it should have been as evident to them from the tenor of the material as it has been to Thurneysen, who has given a study of one of the texts in the last number of the *Revue Celtique*, that the *céli* were landowners not tenants of land. The relation of *céli* to *flaith* was a political nexus based on agricultural credit. The same relation seems to have existed among the Gauls in the time of Julius Cæsar, who speaks of the *clientes* and *obaerati* in the following of a Gaulish noble. Economically, the *céle* was debtor to the *flaith*. Politically, the relation is identified by Cæsar with that of the Roman *cliens* to the *patronus*, and the resemblance is sufficient to justify us in rendering *céle* by "client." The rendering "tenant," applicable to the *fuidir*, who lived on the lands of the *flaith*, is wholly misleading in the case of the *céle*.

It is evident that a work which accepts such radically erroneous views of the structure of society and of the nature and function of law in ancient Ireland cannot be regarded as a trustworthy exponent of the form of early Irish institutions. Mrs. Bryant, indeed, makes a different claim and writes with a different purpose. Her book, she says, is " written by one who has made no professional study of law, but whose life work has made her something of a student in the ways of human nature " She is concerned more with the spirit that underlies the provisions of Irish law and with the effect of Irish law on education and character than with the technical aspects that interest the students of jurisprudence and of history. One thing, however, she has not failed to note. Ancient Irish law, rather than the ancient law of Greek or Italian cities, represents a native and natural development of that ancient " Aryan " civilisation which has exhibited such pre-eminent progress in the arts and sciences, in economic and political life, and which even seems to have been chosen as the chief medium for the spread of Christianity. That Mrs. Bryant has taken the right view of the civilising character of Irish Law, needs no better testimony than that of Sir John Davies which she quotes. We must remember that Davies was no friend to Irish law and was one of the chief agents in its final suppression. Surely the merits of a system of law are best attested in the attitude towards law of those who have lived and whose tradition has been moulded under it. Davies wrote : " There is no nation of people under the sun that doth love equal and indifferent [*i.e.*, impartial] justice better than the Irish, or will rest better satisfied with the execution thereof, although it be against themselves, so as they may have the protection and benefit of the law when upon just cause they do desire it."

Mrs. Bryant is true to her standpoint, which is purely ethical, and in this respect at all events she firmly yet gently pushes aside the portentous judgments in which Richey and others, with Mid-Victorian superiority and self-complacence and a grand belief in the enlightenment of English jurisprudence, have sought to decry ancient Irish law as archaic and unprogressive. Their standpoint is in what the French call *étatisme*. We may call it State-worship, for in its outward effects it has become a religion, which challenges the First Commandment and substitutes at need *raisons d'état* for all or any of the other nine, as was plain enough already to Seathrún Céitinn when he wrote : *Réasúin stáit ag stiuir a n-eathar, i n-áit an iuil ná creachadh cill.* The ancient Irish had not made the discovery that the State or the king was the source of law and judicial authority. If it is true, though Richey and his school

could not find it, that their kings sat in justice and ruled in judgment, yet they did so, *Crith Gablach* tells us, because it was a duty they owed to the people; and kings were above the people, the same tract says, because they were upraised and upheld by the people. This modern form of idolatry, in which the State, even though it be reduced to an abstract formula, becomes something absolute and paramount, overriding rights that are older and more inherent in communities, in families, and in individuals than any duties to the State, is a part of that Pagan recrudescence that accompanied the Renaissance, and Machiavelli is its prophet. It is, however, a gross and patent error to say, with Richey, that ancient Irish law saw in a wrong or unlawful act only a "tort," an offence against an individual or a number of individuals, never a "crime," an offence against the community; and consequently that the amends for an act adjudicated unlawful always took the form of damages, of private not public satisfaction. Certain offences, as Mrs. Bryant notes—and as Richey might have noted—involved loss of status. Others involved outlawry. The laws speak in various places of offenders ransomed from the gallows. The death-penalty therefore was not unknown. Loss of status, outlawry, death by judicial sentence—these were public punishments for offences against the common good.

Mrs. Bryant takes very seriously the legend of the revision of Irish law by Saint Patrick, and the compilation of *Senchus Mór* in his time by a joint committee of three kings, three jurists, and three bishops. This legend is an expanded and embellished version of a shorter and simpler account, which, since it is contained in *Senchus Mór* itself, in the section entitled *Córus Béscna* (Vol. III.), must be regarded as of better authority. The actual wording of the shorter and earlier story—which, by the way, is one of the oldest pieces of biography of Saint Patrick—is repeated in part by the longer and later story. Though both accounts profess to record that, in accordance with Patrick's wish, the law set forth in *Senchus Mór* is purged of all that conflicted with the law of Scripture and of the Christian religion, the one section of the code in which one might most expect to find conformity with scriptural and Christian teaching, *Cáin Lánamna*, which deals with the law of marriage, is partly pagan in character. Mrs. Bryant holds that the law and custom of fosterage had beneficial tendencies and might well be adapted to the solution of some modern social problems. She dwells on the harmony of Church and people in relation to ideals of national unity. An interesting passage considers the ancient co-partnership in land as an historical basis for gilds and repre-

sentative institutions. Had the official editors not lost sight altogether of the *airecht*, the king's court, with its constitution and procedure, it would have been recognised that a system of representation already existed in the ancient *tuath*. The importance of the social grades, with their concomitant valuation in "honour-price," as a factor in the operation and administration of law, is inadequately treated. In discussing torts and crimes, Mrs. Bryant opposes educational and humane conceptions to the notions of "the modern lawman." His descriptions of Irish law, which she accepts, are certainly not more valuable than his thoughts about it, which she rejects. In the law of sick-maintenance and medical treatment, she finds evidence of an advanced and enlightened spirit; rightly indeed, though the argument is not enhanced by citing such a date as "about 300 B.C." It is but natural that the remarkable scope of legal rights accorded to women in ancient Ireland, rights of inheritance and bequest, the right to own property and to add to it during matrimony, etc., should win the praise of a gifted woman. Hardly less noteworthy is the relaxation of the *patria potestas*.

The truth is that Irish law, when it was first reduced to writing in the seventh century, was by no means an archaic survival, as "the modern lawman" would like to believe. It had reached a notable stage of development from the primitive form of "Aryan" society. Like every other system of law, it retained primitive features. Law is a social convention, and it is the nature of social conventions to be conservative. We are apt to take notice, usually unfavourable notice, of what is primitive in conventions that are not our own, and to be almost or wholly unconscious of the primitive in our own conventions. How many among the millions who reckon by the Julian year ever reflect that the division of the year into its twelve unequal months is a fossil convention that has nothing but antiquity to commend it? The progressive character of ancient Irish law is all the more notable for that this was the law of distinctively rural communities. A further distinguishing trait of the early Irish law tracts is their thorough and minute interest in every aspect and detail of the people's life. There seems to be no end of new histories of Ireland, but there will be no right beginning of Irish history until Irish law is much more fully studied and understood. Mrs. Bryant's book treats the subject in intelligible arrangement and with abundance of quotation *in extenso*. It is brightly written and, subject at least to the reservations that I have stated, it is solidly instructive. EOIN MACNEILL.

*THE HISTORY OF IRELAND.* By Stephen Gwynn. Dublin: Talbot Press; London: Macmillan. 1923. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

Mr. Gwynn's reputation as a poet, essayist and journalist led us to expect to find this last work of his rather a picturesque narrative than a sober history. In this we have been disappointed—but, on the whole, not unpleasantly disappointed. Of "sunburstry" in the writing of Irish history there has been rather more than enough; while sober, matter-of-fact writing has been lacking. We would not be understood to imply that this book is dull or heavy. Most certainly it is not; but it is one to be read for reliable information, not for mere amusement or the fostering of political animosities.

As a general rule the author is fairly impartial, giving men and parties, Gall and Gael, what is due to each. There are, however, exceptions. A notable one is his treatment of Shane O'Neill. Mr. Gwynn sums up his account of this last of the great Celtic chiefs by declaring that he was "a barbarian, cruel and tyrannous," and that "all the details known about him illustrate his savagery." Even if by "all details" only those furnished by his enemies are meant, this is not true. Campion, by no means favourably inclined towards the native Irish, speaks of his great charity to the poor; how "sitting at meat, before he put one morsel into his mouth, he would slice a portion . . . and send it to some beggar at his gate, saying it was meete to serve Christ first." More remarkable still is Sydney's testimony:—"He ordered the North so properly that if a subject could approve the loss of money or goods within his precinct, he would assuredly either force the robber to restitution or of his own cost redeem the harm." We have extant several of this savage's letters—in Irish and in Latin. Their style is terse and vigorous. Many sayings of his, too, are recorded, most of them full of a kind of bitter and sarcastic wit. Shane, no doubt, was a man of his day. He was a barbarian only in the sense that Raleigh and Drake and Essex were barbarians. Indeed none of the actions of which he is even accused equal in savagery some of the proceedings of Essex in Ireland.

If we were asked to point out a defect in Mr. Gwynn's book, we should say this, that it lacks to some extent perspective. The author frequently fails to give important events their true position, and allows minor ones a prominence which they do not deserve.

This is, however, only a drawback for readers with little or no previous knowledge of Ireland's story. To others the author's comments, explanations and deductions will be of the greatest interest as suggesting new points of view and connections of cause and effect of which he had never himself thought. Well worthy of

remembrance, too, are some of Mr. Gwynn's epigrammatic remarks, especially those on events of recent times. Thus (page 437) we read: "From 1830 onwards there was a beginning of what came to be called remedial legislation. This meant, not the laws for which Ireland asked, but the laws which Englishmen thought would be good for Ireland." And again (page 504): "When Ulster said, in reply to any suggestion of Home Rule, 'We won't have it,' they meant that they would maintain Protestant ascendancy where it still existed. The English public in general did not understand this; they were told that Ulster was indissolubly attached to that government from Westminster which Ulster, like the rest of Protestant Ireland, had been dragooned or bribed into accepting." When speaking of the 1916 rising our author remarks: "It may be doubted whether his [Pearse's] attempt would have been successful had it been otherwise met . . . The British Government, however, completed Pearse's work for him."

Two other statements dealing, in these cases, not with opinions, but with facts, should, we think, be laid to heart; the one by the young politicians of present-day Ireland; the other by a certain class of Englishmen. They are these:—"It was the essence of his [Parnell's] policy that the Irish Party in Parliament should remain permanently in opposition . . . and further, that every member should be bound in honour to accept no office from Government—an obligation which, in nearly forty years, was never broken by any member of a group consisting almost without exception of poor men" (p. 478). And: "According to the figures furnished by the British Treasury, on a summary, during the fifty years from 1820 to 1870, 287 millions were raised by taxation in Ireland, and only 92 millions spent in Ireland—the balance going to Imperial purposes" (p. 464).

In a work of so wide a scope as this some inaccuracies are inevitable. One (page 177) is a very old friend. It is the statement that Poyning's Act "annulled the Act passed by the Irish Parliament of 1450, which declared that Ireland should be bound only by the Acts of its own parliament"; and that "henceforth till 1782, although there was an Irish Parliament, the English Parliament had the right, acknowledged by an express Act of the Irish Parliament, to override all laws passed in Ireland." Poyning's Act itself is concerned only with the powers of the two Privy Councils, those of Ireland and of England; it never mentions the English Parliament at all. The same Drogheda Parliament which passed it (1494-1495) did indeed, by another Act, adopt all the legislation passed "of late" in England, but did not thereby bind itself to accept future

English legislation. Still less did it acknowledge any right in the English Parliament to pass Acts to bind Ireland.

Again, it is not a fact that " Dissenters could be neither electors nor elected " for the Irish Parliament (page 366). The Act of 1704 required the Sacramental Test as a qualification *for office*. It did not interfere with the exercise of the franchise. It might indeed be considered as applying to membership of Parliament, but does not seem to have been so understood, at least in the later eighteenth century. Almost in every Irish Parliament of Hanoverian times a few Protestant Dissenters sat.

The account given of what is known as " the Veto Controversy " (page 423) is in several respects inaccurate. The Irish Catholic hierarchy never accepted the proposal made (unofficially) by the British Government that they should, as a condition for receiving state endowment for their Church, allow the said Government a power of veto over the election of bishops. It is true that, in 1799, the episcopal trustees of Maynooth, ten in number, agreed to suggest to the Pope the acceptance of a certain modified veto by the Government on such appointments. But their action was never endorsed by the Hierarchy as a whole. On the contrary, when in 1809 the question came for the first time officially before them, they decided, after discussion, against the acceptance of any veto at all. The account of Monsignor Quarantotti's rescript is also misleading. On page 220 there is an evident confusion between Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex, the Planter, who died in Ireland in 1576, and his son and successor, Elizabeth's brilliant favourite.

Archbishop King (page 364) was never Primate. As Archbishop of Dublin he was a contemporary of Primate Boulter. M. T. H.

*BULLETIN OF JOHN RYLANDS LIBRARY.* Vol. 7, No. 3. Manchester: University Press. 1923. 2*s.* net.

THE traditional view as to a knowledge of Greek in Ireland during the early mediæval period was rudely shaken by Roger (1905), Manitius (1911), and Esposito (1912), and hence in recent years investigators have more or less acquiesced in the surmise that the ancient Irish had little or no Greek. Mario Esposito, in his remarkable article in STUDIES, denied to the mediæval Irish any credit for Greek scholarship and, when confronted with the undoubted example of John Scotus Erigena, placidly asserted that this wonderful scholar knew no Greek till he went to the Continent. Further, his iconoclastic views are in opposition to the contemporary statement of Eric of Auxerre, as quoted by Traube in his *O Roma Nobilis* (Munich, 1891, p. 58).

Traube deserves the credit of having been the first serious scholar who adduced sound arguments to prove that " a knowledge of Greek in the earlier part of the Middle Ages was, in the West, confined to the Irish monks and their pupils." However, the most important contribution to the whole subject is a learned paper in the *Bulletin of the John Rylands Library* for August, 1923, by Mr. L. W. Laistner, M.A., Reader in Ancient History in the University of London. In this paper a careful collation of the Vatican MS. *Onomastica Sacra* and the *Corpus Glossariorum Latinorum* by Goetz has enabled Prof. Laistner to throw new light on Greek studies in the West and, incidentally, to vindicate the traditional view as to the Greek scholarship of Irish Monks in the period miscalled the Dark Ages.

Goetz regarded the Vatican MS. (Cod. Vat. Reg. 215) as an ordinary glossary ; but, as pointed out by Laistner, in reality the manuscript " contains a collection of notes, most of them in alphabetical order, from the lectures on Greek given by Martin at Laon." These lecture-notes are called " Scholica Graecarum Glossarum " by the compiler, and are also to be found in a MS. at the British Museum (Royal 15 A XVI.), which was unknown to Geotz. The enormous importance—to Irishmen at least—of the " Scholica " by Martin is that he bases his knowledge on John Scotus Erigena's commentary on Martianus Capella. Further, Scaliger's glosses were borrowed from the lecture-notes of this Martin. Moreover, the British Museum MS. of the " Scholica " contains a full page drawing of the monastery of Laon, the famous Irish foundation dating from *c.* 860.

Now, who was this Martin of the Irish monastery of Laon ? Let Dom Gougaud answer in the following extract from his *Les Chrétientés Celtiques* (1911) :—" No city of this region proved such an attraction to Irish students as Laon. The most celebrated of the Irish exiles of that period, John Scotus Erigena, sojourned there in the *entourage* of Charles the Bold, who had appointed him Professor at the school of the palace, attracted thither by the Bishop of the place, Hincmar the Younger, his friend, as also by his compatriots residing in that city. No stranger, if we except Alcuin, exercised in Carolingian France a more remarkable intellectual influence. Among his disciples may be reckoned Wilbald, who became Bishop of Auxerre, and two Irishmen : Helias, who was one of the masters of Eric of Auxerre, then Bishop of Augoulême, and Martin, the Irishman, who died in 875, one of the most erudite representatives of the Irish colony of Laon."

Thus the author of the " Scholica " was an Irishman, Martin.

Prof. Laistner writes :—" A pupil of John Scotus was the Irishman Martin who taught at Laon and died there in 875. A well-known MS. at Laon (Laudun, 444) is partly written by Martin and contains, amongst other items some poems by Martin himself, explanations by him of Greek words in John Scotus' works and a short bilingual glossary which, as Prof. Lindsay suggests, was transcribed and perhaps compiled by Martin from LXX and the Itala Bible." It is interesting to add that in the " Scholica " there is an interpretation by Martin of a line from a poem by his master, John Scotus, while it also includes a small number of medical glosses.

In addition to the MS. of " Scholica " at the Vatican, Prof. Laistner mentions one at Paris, *circa* 1000, another at Barcelona, X. century, and a third at the Bodleian Library, Oxford, Saec. X–XI.—all testifying to the popularity of Martin's lecture-notes on Greek, *circa* 870. W. H. Grattan Flood.

*THE WOMEN OF THE GAEL.* By James F. Cassidy, B.A, Dublin : The Talbot Press. 1924. 5s. net.

In the prefatory note, which Mr. Padraic Colum has contributed to Father Cassidy's eulogy of the womanhood of Ireland, he quotes a saying of the late Professor Max Müller : " There will be no one to tell it, but bear this in mind: if ever Ireland comes to anything it will be because of her women."

It is not possible alas ! for all of us to share Mr. Colum's comfortable conviction that Ireland " has come to something " *yet* ; but readers of Father Cassidy's book will agree with its sponsor in recognising in its publication a complete refutation of the positive part of the Max Müller prophecy. There *has* been found somebody to tell, with enthusiastic appreciation, the notable part played by Irishwomen in their country's history from the twilight of its saga period to the noontide of Easter Monday, 1916. In his twelve chapters, Father Cassidy has gathered together a great body of testimony, from annalists, poets, hagiologists, students of manners, both native and foreign, to the beauty, virtue, bravery, wisdom and steadfastness of the Women of the Gael and of the Sean Ghall. He marshals a splendid pageant of heroines, from the mother of King Conor MacNessa to the mother of Patrick Pearse ; from Queen Maeve to the Countess de Markievicz. Warrior women, saints, scholars, great ladies, poetesses, patriots parade in that stately procession, and—grateful thought—the end is not yet. The woman of to-day, in the author's opinion, " is as true to the ancient heritage of her people " as any of her predecessors, " and clings as staunchly to the century-long hope that when freedom abides again with Eire,

its benisons will come in full measure to those who have been, and ever shall be, loyal Women of the Gael." The style and tone of this, its last paragraph, are characteristic of the whole book.

HELENA CONCANNON.

## Philosophy

*COSMOLOGY. An Introduction to the Philosophy of Matter.* By Rev. John O'Neill, D.Ph., Professor of Special Metaphysics, Maynooth College. Volume I. The Greeks and the Aristotelian Schoolmen. London: Longmans. 1923. 12s. 6d. net.

WE shall eagerly await the second volume of this work. The thoroughness of the first volume convinces us that its successor will be of equal excellence. And both these volumes will undoubtedly constitute a permanent addition, complete in itself, to first class cosmological literature.

The author's idea is to give a complete history of Cosmology from its beginning as a rational science in the 6th century, B.C. down to our own day, reinstating it at each period of its history in the scientific setting out of which it arose. His thesis is to show that Modern Scholastic Cosmology, founded on the teaching of Aristotle, systematised and expanded by St. Thomas and the Schoolmen, revified by Leo XIII., after a period of partial neglect, and taught to-day, substantially unchanged, in all Catholic schools of philosophy, embodies the best attested results of Modern Science.

The introduction traces the relationship between Natural Science and the Philosophy of Matter. From the existence of Science and Philosophy as synomyms in Ancient Greece, we follow their courses until they become irreconcilable rivals in late sixteenth century Europe. Then, having witnessed the subsequent ratification of frontiers, we come to the chasm which has resulted now-a-days between the ideals of the Natural Scientist and Cosmologist.

Dr. O'Neill limits his work to the study of inanimate matter, not because of a conviction that irrational life belongs to Psychology rather than to Cosmology, but because the study of both would be too long and too complex. The method employed is to give historically the answers of all prominent cosmologists to the question: Of what are inanimate bodies made? And those answers are so grouped as to be the history of the origin and development of the theory of Primordial Matter and Form. The present volume brings us down to the time of Suarez, and naturally divides itself into two periods: the Greek period from Thales to the Neoplatonists, and the Scholastic period from Albert the Great to Suarez.

In dealing with the Greek period, Dr. O'Neill follows the

chronological order. In the first place the pre-Aristotelian theories of matter are set forth with an accuracy that is all the more remarkable that the sources are both fragmentary and scattered. Then follows Aristotle's criticism of these theories, one by one. The next chapter is devoted to the Stagyrite's views on the Theory of Scientific Proof and the Terrestrial and Celestial Universe. Finally, in chapter IV, there is an exposition of the proofs, facts and factors of Aristotle's Hylemorphism. This chapter is a remarkable achievement of orderliness, clarity, depth and thoroughness. We have not read anything as good on this subject.

The treatment of the period of the Schoolmen is excellent. What has pleased us most is the complete manner in which Dr. O'Neill has grouped together the ideas, objections and answers of the various great Scholastic schools on each important point. Especially interesting are the *discussions* on the Eduction of the Form from the Potency of Primordial Matter, on the Distinction between Essence and Existence, and on the Principle of Individuation. We often felt, especially while reading chapters V and VI, as if we were studying an accurate report of a triangular debate between St. Thomas, Scotus and Suarez. And we admired in general the author's fairness to each school. Dr. O'Neill does not take sides in this volume. He merely gives the various views historically. He displays a real appreciation of each school. And so successfully does he hide any leanings he may have towards one school rather than another, that for all the reader could gather, he might be a Thomist, or a Scotist, or a Suarezian. We suspect, however, that he is a philosophical eclectic.

There is a part of the volume to which we wish to call particular attention. We wish to give it special praise, tempered, however, with a small alloy of blame. It is the section called Notes, filling twenty-seven pages at the end of the book. These are references rather than notes, although they do contain a certain amount of comment on the text. They give the reader a most complete bibliography. The extent of this bibliography and the number of references are an undeniable proof of enormous industry. The notes are devided according to the titles and sub-titles of the chapters. Thus the reader can find immediately most accurate references to any book of any value on any hylemorphic point on which, for instance, he might wish to write a thesis. We feel almost more indebted to Dr. O'Neill for his notes than for his text.

But we have a grievance. The text contains numerous quotations. There are no references on the pages on which the quotations are made ; in many cases there is no mention of the author quoted ;

and often quotations of various authors follow each other immediately, with no other sign of break than inverted commas and a small bracketed number. The reader has to turn to the end of the book for the author's name and reference; and although he is sometimes rewarded by finding both a reference and a comment, the process is too laborious. We should suggest that comments on and references to actual quotations be put at the end of the page. But—and we deem this very important—we would have the author leave the notes in their present arrangement, with the exception of the comments, for the repetition of which there is no special reason. JOHN J. HANNON.

*THE NATURE OF "INTELLIGENCE" AND THE PRINCIPLES OF COGNITION.* By C. Spearman. London: Macmillan. 1923.

PROF. SPEARMAN'S book is a most important and epoch-making work, which is sure to have a far-reaching effect on the development of Psychology. Setting out with the primary aim of solving the question of the nature of intelligence, he finds that of the numerous psychologists who have devoted themselves to the testing and measuring of intelligence, none gives a satisfactory account of what it means. Instead, the greatest confusion prevails regarding it. The fault lies to a large extent with the unsystematized condition of theoretical psychology, and especially with the lack of a well-grounded psychology of cognition. Most of the book, therefore, is taken up with a radical revision of the foundations of psychology and an original reconstruction of the psychology of knowledge.

All the discussions in the book are characterized by extraordinary depth and subtlety. This is combined with a rare clearness of expression and masterly finish of style. The work is programmatic, and on many points the author barely outlines his views, promising fuller treatment in later works. A vast area is covered, and everywhere new points of view are opened out. The book is, naturally, somewhat difficult in parts on account of the profundity of the questions discussed. It is hardly necessary to say that a study of the work is indispensable to every psychologist.

Theoretical psychology and experimental procedure have tended to ignore each other. Yet the former without the latter is empty, the latter without the former is blind. The present work shows a unique combination of philosophical insight with full knowledge of the results of experimental investigation in all departments of psychology. In regard to experimental method, Prof. Spearman's affinities are largely with the school of systematic introspection.

His theoretical views show entire emancipation from the associationist bias traditional in English psychology. On many points his views are akin to those of the leading Scholastics, with whose doctrines he shows accurate acquaintance, and for whom he expresses deep admiration.

Psychology, if it is to be a science, must be based on general principles, ultimate laws. The quest for these results in the discovery of three qualitative and five quantitative principles. The former are those of the apprehension of experience, the eduction of relations and the eduction of correlates. In connexion with the first of these principles, we are brought over the old ground of the controversies regarding inner sense, introspection, and unconscious and subconscious processes. Much light is thrown on all these questions, which are probed to a considerable depth. The difficult problem of the existence of " pure sentience "—sensation as " lived experience " prior to the stage of cognition—is discussed with great fulness in the chapters on Sensation and on Experiments in Objectivating. One gets the impression that even if further experimental inroads into this difficult problem were not always to confirm the author's conclusions, yet the position reached on this question could be detached without interfering with the main structure. What is most central and original in Prof. Spearman's work is the treatment of the second and third principles, those of the eduction of relations and eduction of correlates. The fundamental importance shown to belong to these processes marks the breakdown of associationism. At the same time they accord fully with the Scholastic point of view. The principle of eduction of correlates seems so obvious when one has read the interesting chapters on it in this book, that one is surprised at no one having formulated it before. Some few psychologists (Stout, and also Selz) had, it is true, foreshadowed it ; but the proof of its fundamental character is found for the first time in this work.

The five quantitative principles are those of Mental Energy, of Retentivity, of Fatigue, of Conative Control, and of Primordial Potency. Both these sets of principles, with the processes corresponding to them, provide a complex apparatus for analysis and explanation of mental facts, the efficiency of which is shown in its application to a great variety of problems. In the light of these principles we get a new view of the analysis of perception and of movement, the nature of memory and of imagination, the relation of thought to sentience and imagery, the problem of " meaning," the nature of conception, and the analysis of the various intellectual processes. It would be useless to attempt, by a summary, to convey

an idea of the wealth of matter in all these interesting chapters. The chapter on Clearness gives an extraordinarily suggestive treatment of a difficult problem, and as a specimen of deep analysis could scarcely be surpassed. J. SHINE.

*PRINCIPLES OF NATURAL THEOLOGY.* By George Hayward Joyce, S.J. London: Longmans. 1923. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.

FATHER JOYCE has made it his aim to set forth the Scholastic teaching on Natural Theology "in a form which shall be intelligible to anyone who cares to follow the argument." He does not presuppose, on the part of his readers, familiarity with either Scholastic terms or Scholastic maxims. Terms and maxims alike are explained with the utmost accuracy.

The author devotes a good deal of attention to theories put forward by various English philosophers. His sound criticism of these theories gives special value to his book.

Father Joyce's arguments are always terse and generally very well chosen. It is to be regretted, however, that the only argument advanced to prove the infinity of God presupposes a real distinction between essence and existence in finite beings.

On the question of divine concurrence with the free acts of creatures, Father Joyce is unable to agree with either Thomists or Molinists. He rejects equally physical predetermination and simultaneous concurrence. His own theory is propounded in the following terms:—"Wherever the intellect recognizes an object as good, . . . the rational appetite is at once, in a greater or less degree, attracted to it. There arises forthwith in the will an indeliberate movement towards the object. . . . This indeliberate act, we contend, proceeds from the operation of the First Cause, and is, in fact, an initial premotion. It does not constrain us. We are free to co-operate with it, and so to act instrumentally in its regard. But we may, if we will, refuse our correspondence."

The theory here advanced is not fully worked out. In fact, the explanation seems to stop short just where the real need for explanation begins. It is very difficult to understand how God, merely by concurring with the indeliberate act, can concur *physically* with the deliberate act that follows. P. B.

## Theology and Scripture

*DAS LOS DER OHNE DIE TAUFE STERBENDEN KINDER. Ein Beitrag zur Heilslehre.* Von Dr. theol. W. Stockums. Freiburg: Herder. 1923. 2 frs. (Swiss).

DR. STOCKUMS, who is Director of the Collegium Leoninum in Bonn,

has written a scholarly monograph on Catholic teaching as to the future state of children who die without having received the sacrament of baptism. To judge by references in his footnotes, the subject is a very living one in Germany to-day : all the more living, we fear, because of the terrible infant mortality due to recent Anglo-French policy. Two questions sum up the whole problem. Are we justified in believing that unbaptised children may be admitted to heaven by a merciful God, Whose grace is not bound to any sacramental system ? If not, what theories are we free to hold as to the future state of these children ?

Dr. Stockums begins by stating the problem in the light of general theological principles. He then discusses the various opinions of Catholic theologians, from St. Augustine down to the present day. As is well known, there has been a sort of ebb and flow in Catholic teaching on this obscure question. St. Augustine's rigid view was dominant until the beginning of mediaeval scholasticism. Then the general principle expressed in the formula *Deus non alligatur sacramentis suis* begins to find new favour, and the greatest names in scholastic theology—Albertus Magnus, St. Thomas and St. Bonaventure—speculate as to the possibility of *sanctificatio in utero* as a means of salvation for those infants at least who die in the womb. These speculations lead to more positive conclusions in the later stages of scholastic theology. Nominalists like Durandus and Biel, the famous Chancellor Gerson, and the Dominican, Cardinal Cajetan, put forward theories as to the probability of such a privilege being commonly granted, which, though never formally condemned by the Church, have failed to influence later Catholic tradition. Dr. Stockums illustrates this historical development by full quotations from the writers named, and his chapters on these mediaeval theories are the most valuable portion of his book. He is perhaps unduly anxious to explain away a text in which St. Thomas clearly admits the possibility of sanctification for infants who die in the womb ; but in general his commentary on the texts quoted is fair, and one rises from a study of these documents with a new respect for the humanity, as well as the originality, of mediaeval theology.

The Reformation provoked a reaction in Catholic thought, and Dr. Stockums describes the well-known views of Bellarmine, Petavius and Bossuet, all more or less under the influence of St. Augustine's severe teaching. We miss a reference to the opinion of Cardinal Toletus, whose view that a Catholic mother may lawfully pray for the salvation of her child, even though it should die without baptism, is surely as worthy of respect as the harsher view of Suarez

or Vasquez. Dr. Stockums has also a full analysis of the various solutions attempted by Catholic theologians, mainly his own fellow-countrymen, during the nineteenth century. None of these solutions carry conviction, and Dr. Stockums ends by accepting the common opinion of modern Catholic theology, which refuses to consider the possibility of salvation for unbaptized children, whilst extending as far as possible their claims to a natural happiness in the future life.

A. G.

*EVANGILE SELON SAINT MATTHIEU.* By M.-J. Lagrange, O.P. Paris: Gabalda. 1923. 45 fr.

*A HANDBOOK OF SCRIPTURE STUDY.* By H. Schumacher, D.D. Professor of New Testament Exegesis in the Catholic University of America. Vol. I. General Introduction. London and St. Louis. B. Herder. 1923. 8*s*.

*A CONCORDANCE OF THE PROPER NAMES IN THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.* By Rev. Thomas David Williams. London and St. Louis: B. Herder. 1923. 25*s*.

THE appearance of a new work by Père Lagrange is an event of prime importance in the world of biblical studies. It seems but a little while ago since we welcomed his monumental St. Luke, and now here is a monumental St. Matthew. Up to the present we had in English two commentaries of outstanding value by conservative but non-Catholic scholars, Plummer and McNeile, and a good Catholic commentary by Father Maas, S.J.; but in French there was no Catholic commentary at once critical and on a large scale. In his brief bibliography Père Lagrange mentions no modern Catholic commentary at all, with the exception of Father Knabenbauer's great Latin work (1892). Catholic students of Scripture now possess a commentary equal, if not superior, in scholarship and critical value to any work of scholars outside the Church. Père Lagrange shirks no difficulty, ignores no conclusion of modern criticism. M. Loisy, for instance, is frequently quoted, and not infrequently with approval. But the author keeps in constant touch with Christian tradition as represented in the commentaries of Chrysostom, Jerome, and Origen, and with Catholic dogma.

In his introduction Père Lagrange deals with the usual questions, the authenticity, text, plan, spirit, and teaching of the Gospel; but he devotes 117 out of 182 pp. to "critique littéraire" of a most minute and technical kind. In this he is unique among Catholic exegetes. Moreover, throughout the entire work much attention and space are devoted to literary criticism and in particular to the Synoptic question. So much so that the author in his preface

expresses a fear—not, we think, without foundation—that thereby the interest of his work will be impaired for a very great number of persons. But then it is not intended for the general public. All Catholic exegetes will welcome this monument of Catholic scholarship, and if, which God avert, this work be, as he anticipates, the author's last, it may certainly be regarded as the crown of a great work for the Cause.

In a recent number of STUDIES we commended the third volume (the first to appear) of Dr. Schumacher's *Handbook*. Vol. I. now lies before us. It is on the same lines as Vol. III., the subject-matter being presented in tabular or analytic form. This form, aided as it is by excellent typography, lends itself to clearness and concision. It is obviously not suited for the discussion of difficult and delicate problems. But the book is not a tentative, pioneer work: it is a conspectus or synopsis of facts and of ascertained results. As such it is admirable. The present volume deals, in the short space of 180 pages, followed by 80 pages of documents (in Latin) and an Index, with the following departments of the subject:—History of Biblical Introduction, History of the Text, the Canon, the Apocrypha, the Agrapha, Hermeneutics, Inspiration, Comparative Study of Religions. At times little more than headings and references are given. The chapter on Hermeneutics is somewhat inadequate, but then there exist many excellent treatises on the subject. The chapter on Inspiration is very useful, but we think it is somewhat misleading to summarize in five propositions the theories of Lagrange, von Hummelauer, Durand, Prat, Rose, Zapletal, Poels, Sanders, Zanecchia, Höpfl, Dufour, Peters, Engelkamper, Holzhey (p. 132), and then add (p. 133) the statement: "These theories have been condemned by the Encyclical *Spiritus Paraclitus*, Sept. 15, 1920." On page 3 the author says, "the book of Melito of Sardes (*sic*) entitled Κλείς, giving the key for the explanation of biblical tropes, is lost." Happily we can reassure him. A fine edition of this quaint book lies before us as we write. It takes up the second volume of Cardinal Pitra's *Spicilegium Solesmense* published in Paris in 1855. In the Preface to that work the Cardinal relates the interesting story of his long hunt for MSS. of the famous *Clavis* and of his ultimate success in finding no less than seven.

The last chapter would be sufficient of itself to render this book invaluable to students of the Bible. Undoubtedly the study of comparative religion is the principal battlefield on which the fight for the Scriptures is being fought out to-day. To quote our author's plea:—"It is an invaluable advantage to be familiar with the historical environments of the New Testament literature. This

will demonstrate *ad oculos* its supernatural character. It will deepen and strengthen one's grasp on the significance of the New Testament facts and doctrines. In short, objectively considered, the comparative study of religions supplies the most helpful light for the intrepretation of many obscure and baffling problems, and the confirmation of the absolute and unique character of the New Testament."

*A Concordance of the Proper Names in Holy Scripture* is the work of an American priest to whom we are already indebted for a valuable Concordance to the contents of Holy Scripture. This is a very useful addition to our biblical literature, and that for two reasons, viz., that no concordance on quite the same lines existed hitherto, and that such non-Catholic concordances as do exist suffer, so far as Catholic students are concerned, from the drawback that they omit a number of books included in the Catholic Canon and that the form of many proper names differs in the Catholic and Protestant versions. Thus, to illustrate the latter point, where in the Catholic versions we find Abdias, Ezechias, Osee, Aggaeus, Sedecias, the Protestant Bible prints Obadiah, Hezekiah, Hosea, Haggai, Zedekiah, all of which have a different initial letter from the Catholic forms. The distinctive features of the present work are that after each Hebrew or Greek name of person, place or people we have its meaning, followed by some concise information about it. Then all the Scripture passages where it occurs are given in full. Particularly useful is the section at the end (pp. 982-1055) giving the various names used to designate the Godhead in the Bible. S. J. B.

## Miscellaneous

*WHEEL TRACKS.* By E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross. London: Longmans. 1923. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE work of the two Irishwomen of genius who are known all over the world intimately as Somerville and Ross has come within the last few years to be matter for history. They, more than their contemporaries, have created a life-like picture in their habit as they lived of the Anglo-Irish gentry of yesterday, the racy life they created about them. That Ireland has passed, and whatever Ireland lies before us that Ireland seems to be gone for ever. When future historians would recreate the life in which the Anglo-Irish and the Celtic-Irish lived side by side, they will turn to *Mount Music* to *An Enthusiast*, to *Irish Memories*, and the whole galaxy of brilliant books created by these cousins and co-workers. In their books one gets the whole mind of the Anglo-Irish, whom, century by century, Ireland drew to herself to be her own.

They were a strong and a dominant race, and the life they created about them was rich and characteristic. Great patriots were sprung of them and narrow patriots. The narrow patriots loved the country without loving the people, that is to say, the Catholic and Celtic people. The less narrow loved the people while blaming anything in which the people fell short on a religion they never understood. Some few loved the people and the country without reservation, but these would be necessarily few. They were patriots even at the narrowest, and in my knowledge of them they loved and love the country doggedly no matter what happened or happens to them personally. On the whole they were people of marked characteristics, and they stood for much of Irish civilization. They brought the English qualities, and in course of time acquired others from their adopted country, which helped to make them gallant, gay, reckless and generous. They brought the English love of gardens and pleasaunces, of animals, of fine houses and stately buildings, of country pursuits and established order—all, in fact, that makes for permanence. It is a type the future historian and the future novelist will not allow to die, and it is kept for us in the novels of these women of genius as it is kept in Sir Jonah Barrington and Maria Edgeworth.

*Wheel Tracks* is Miss Somerville's memories of a day that is over, beginning with childhood in the old house at Castle Townshend, which she still inhabits. It is discursive, as such memories must be discursive, and while no one who is a true Somerville and Ross person will need to be told that it is rich in humour, it is in its effect on the sensitive reader a sad book. It is so full of the passing of things. One loses the happy sense of the open air, the beautiful landscapes, the fresh morning wind, the sunsets and sunrises that were always such a delight in a new book by Somerville and Ross. Exhilaration is gone, and even behind the laughter is sadness.

Perhaps the Celtic part of Ireland, so much of it as reads, is hardly aware of what it possesses in the books of Somerville and Ross. They are too apt to be regarded as humorous writers, even in England. They are far more than that. They are serious writers, although in our day they represent practically alone Irish humour and Irish whimsicality and the ever-fresh surprise of the Irish way of looking at things. I except James Stephens: his humour is perhaps hardly Irish. Later Irish novelists have assumed gloom as a garment. But when they are forgotten one does not doubt that the work of these two Irishwomen, who saw Anglo-Irish life of their period with such rich comprehension, is sure of its place in an Irish galaxy.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

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